TIPLITZ LANDED SO HARD WITH THAT LEFT UPPERCUT HE KNOCKED CHANEY INTO RETIREMENT

WILD LEFT UPPERCUT MAKES JOE TIPLITZ, ENDS GEORGE CHANEY

Another Star Discovered When Glassman's Protege Flattens K. O. Boy at Shibe Park—18,000 Fans See Tendler Batter Welling and Lewis Beat Latzo

By ROBERT W. MAXWELL.
Sports Editor Evening Public Ledger
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A LEFT uppercut, started from the floor and hurled in a most haphazard manner toward no place in particular, scored a bull's-eye at Shibe Park last night and brought into the limelight of popularity a mediocre boxer. That same uppercut, picked up from the same floor, marked the passing of a game little slugger who had scored many knockouts in the same identical way. George Chaney passed out of the picture and little Joe Tiplitz stepped out in front to take his bow before the cheering thousands.

A left uppercut always will remain a left uppercut, the only difference being in the one who uses it. Sometimes it flies harmlessly by, other times it is cleverly blocked with the arms, and on rare occasions some unfortunate guy sticks out his chin and the party is over. Chaney did this in the third round, and he was through for the evening. The blow lifted George off his feet and he flopped to the mat, face downward. He arose before the count of ten, staggered into a shower of lefts and rights, and when the beaten man was lying helplessly against the ropes Referee Pop O'Brien stopped the contest. It was the only thing to be done.

Joe Tiplitz was the star of the evening, although other boxers with bigger reputations performed. He eclipsed the surrounding cast because he had the nerve to outguess and outgeneral one of the leading sluggers in the country and take a chance when all hope seemed lost.

For two rounds Tiplitz gave an exhibition of how a left jab should be used and had Chaney's face glowing like a ripe red apple. He kept the Baltimore boy away, never allowed him to get close and use his deadly left, sidestepped, ran backward, slid to the right and left, always keeping the left jab in his opponent's face. In the third he tired and George began to drive home some telling blows. He staggered Tiplitz with a left to the head and followed with a hard smash to the body.

The boy looked like a certain loser and the gents at the ringside remarked that only a miracle could save him. Chaney rushed him to the ropes and operated on his ribs. Then he soaked him on the jaw and they clinched. On the break Chaney, with visions of victory staring him in the face, leaped toward Tiplitz to land the final wallop.

* * *

IT NEVER reached its mark. No one knows exactly what it went, but at that instant Joe picked up that left uppercut from the canvas, hurled it desperately in Chaney's direction and it was time to sweep up. The second bout was over.

Tendler's Work Best Argument for Leonard Bout

THERE were other bouts on the card, other bouts which received much advertising, but the Tiplitz-Chaney affair was the headliner. The huge crowd of 18,000 which packed the arena thought so, too, and it did not hesitate to show it. The crowd, by the way, was the most orderly that ever attended an open-air boxing show. There was no rushing for good seats, and late comers experienced no difficulty in having their coupons honored. The police, under Captain Kenney and Sergeant S. R. Wilson, did wonderful work and deserve lots of credit. They held the crowd in check and kept every one in the stands. Taking it from every angle, Phil Glassman's second show was a huge success.

Lew Tendler performed in the wind-up, and in six rounds put up one of the strongest arguments for a bout with Benny Leonard that we have seen for some time. Lew met and vanquished Joe Welling, of Chicago, winning by a good margin, but was forced to do his best from the opening gong until the final bell. Joe is a game, willing battler, never quits and, although he took plenty of punishment, there was no let-up in his work.

Tendler is a good boxer. He is the best in the lightweight division with the possible exception of Leonard, and deserves a chance at the title. He is there forty ways and it will take a champion to beat him. He started on Welling with his right jab and was very liberal with his left slam. Joe, however, met every attack and never faltered. He, too, handed out some punishment, finding a mark with his left jab almost every time he used it in the earlier rounds.

In the second Lew was on the defensive for a time, Welling rushing him against the ropes and soaking him indiscriminately. It looked as if Tendler was in for a stormy voyage, but he rallied near the end and landed a flock of stinging slams which evened things up. Lew was looking for a chance to send home a few hard wallops, but was considerably annoyed by that left hand, which constantly was smeared on his countenance.

* * *

THE local boy changed his tactics in the third, and after that the result no longer was in doubt.

Tendler's Alternating Attack Baffles Welling

INSTEAD of wasting his time with futile lefts and rights to the head, Lew launched an attack on Welling's body. Six straight times he sent home his left to the ribs, and Joe was beginning to wish he had never left his Uncle Sam's navy. Another soak in the ribs was in prospect when the ex-sailor dropped his guard. Quick as a flash Tendler changed the direction of the wallop and it landed on the chin. This was the turning point of the fight. Welling did not know where the punches were coming from, and instead of forcing the mill adopted defensive tactics.

Joe took everything handed out, came back for more and his gritty, uphill battle made a hit with the crowd. In the fourth, however, after being stung by a right and left to the head, Welling tore into Tendler and landed three wallops to the body and head. He forced Lew to clinch, but on the breakaway Glassman's pride scored with a hard left to the head and a right to the body. A quick left and right to the jaw—the famous "one-two" punch—made Joe step back and behave.

A wallop over the eye made a deep gash, which bled profusely, and Welling also began to bleed from the nose. He was tired, while Tendler seemed to improve. In the fifth and sixth Lew raised a lump over Joe's other eye, soaked him a few more times in the body, and at the end was the victor by a pair of city blocks. But he met a good, game boy and did not have a cinch.

The opening bout was a tough one, introducing Harry Pierce, the sparse-haired wonder from Brooklyn, and Eddie Moy, of Allentown. Harry took enough punishment to knock out a dozen fighters, but he remained with us until the end, stopping everything with his face and making it as unpleasant as possible for Eddie. Mr. Moy, however, copped the verdict without a dissenting vote.

* * *

MOY seemed to improve as the bout progressed and gave a nice exhibition. He is a willing battler, has lots of nerve and can take a beating. We should see more of Eddie in the future.

Lewis Drops Twice, but Beats Latzo

BUT there was another bout, one which never will be forgotten by the enthusiastic fans. Ted Lewis, after taking the count twice in the first round and looking like a hen-pecked sardine trying to get out of a jam, came back and whacked the daylights out of Steve Latzo, an exceedingly rough person from Hazleton, Pa. Ted once was the world's welterweight champion. He fought Jack Britton once too often, took the high dive and was relegated to the has-been class. He made an attempt to come back last night and every one will agree that he arrived.

Ted started out furiously, and in a mix-up which occurred nine seconds after the bell stopped a right hook and sagged to the floor. He was all but out, but struggled to his feet, only to get walloped again in the same place. As he lay on the ropes, apparently dead to the world, Charley Harvey, his manager, rushed up to him and shouted in his ear:

"You're still the champion, Ted! Take a couple of more seconds. You're all right and can lick this guy!"

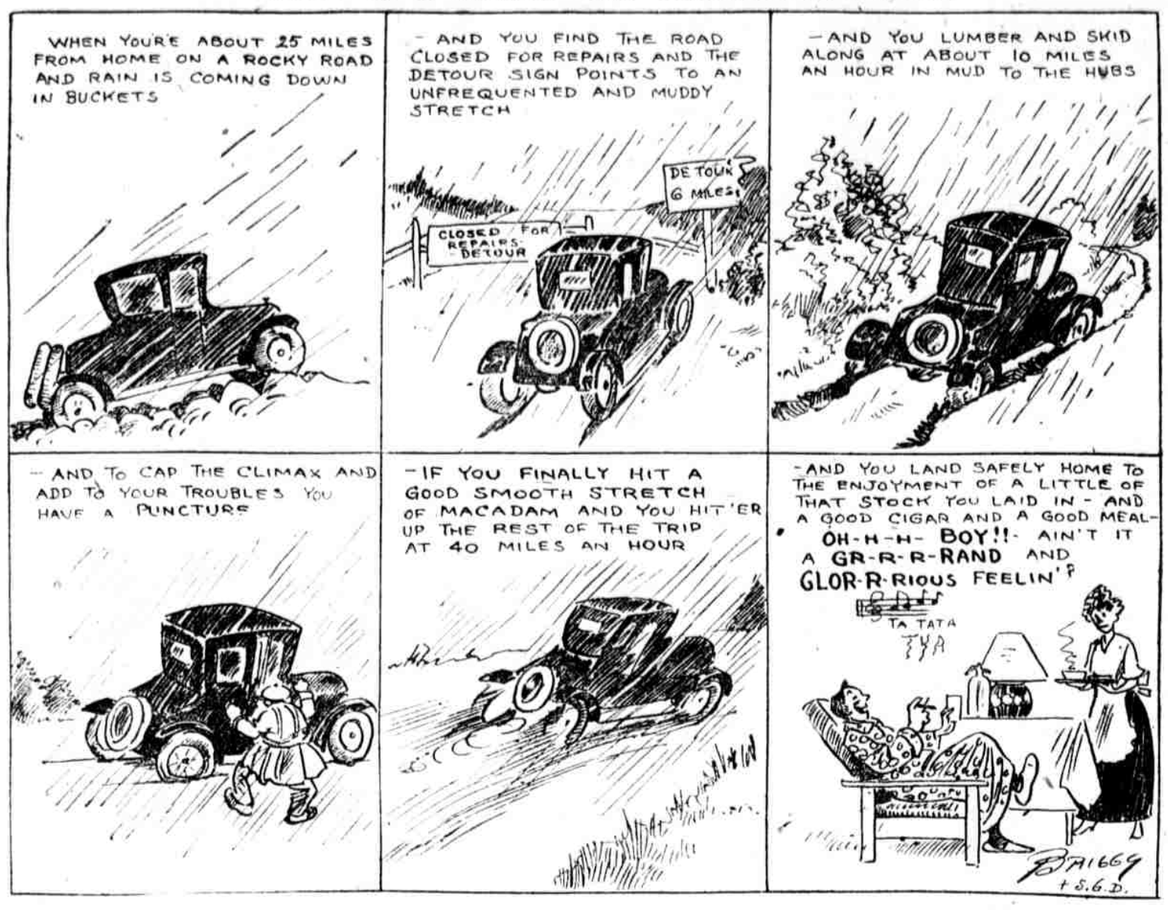
Ted got up and managed to weather the storm. Latzo should have scored a knockout, but was too wild. His blows lacked accuracy, and there was nothing doing at the bell.

Beginning with the second round Lewis showed what champions are made of. He outgeneraled his husky foe, made him do all of the leading and just stood off and peppered him with everything he had. At the end Latzo was bleeding from the nose, mouth and over the eye; he was all tired out, while Lewis was unmarked. It was one of the gamest up-hill battles ever fought, and Lewis was the winner. It was a big surprise.

* * *

IN THE semi-wind-up Battling Levinsky and Harry Greb fought a draw, or something like that.

AIN'T IT A GRAND AND GLORIOUS FEELIN'?



SWIMMING HONORS FOR ST. RITA'S CLUB

Outscore Corley and St. Monica Mermen in First Catholic Club Meet

RYAN IS DOUBLE WINNER

St. Rita's Catholic Club scored the highest number of points last night in what was billed as a four-cornered swimming meet at Broad and Federal streets, but it developed into a triangle affair when the Aquinas Club failed to appear. St. Rita, Corley and St. Monica competed and finished in the point scoring in the order named. St. Rita scored 34 of a grand total of 63 points.

James Ryan, of St. Rita's, won the 25-yard sprint in 16 seconds, beating McCotter, of the same club, by 2 yards. He repeated in the 50-yard dash, winning by 4 seconds, negotiating the distance in 43 seconds.

Sixteen-year-old Jerry Delaney, representing St. Rita, copped the 100-yard dash by 2 yards from Jimmy Ryan, also of the same organization, in a spectacular event, in the time of 1:42. Considering that the events were raced in a 75-foot pool the time was very good.

100-yard dash—First heat won by Jerry Delaney, St. Rita; second, Tom Delaney, Corley; third, C. Ryan. Time, 1:55.

Second heat—Won by Frank Caputo, St. Rita; second, O'Neill, Corley. Time, 1:43.

Third heat—Won by James Ryan, St. Rita; second, Halpin, St. Monica. Time, 1:50.

Final—Won by Jerry Delaney, St. Rita; second, James Ryan, St. Rita; third, Frank Caputo, St. Rita; fourth, Maxwell, St. Monica. Time, 1:42.

25-yard dash—First heat won by Hugh Fisher, St. Rita; second, Loughron, St. Monica. Time, 16s.

Second heat—Won by J. McCotter, St. Rita; second, J. Johnson, Corley. Time, 16s.

Third heat—Won by Frank Caputo, St. Rita; second, Halpin, St. Monica. Time, 19s.

Fourth heat—Won by James Ryan, St. Rita; second, Kelly, St. Monica. Time, 23s.

Final—Won by James Ryan, St. Rita; second, McCotter, St. Rita; third, Caputo, St. Rita; fourth, Halpin, St. Monica. Time, 16s.

50-yard dash—First heat won by James McCotter, St. Rita; second, Johnson, Corley. Time, 39s.

Second heat—Won by James Ryan, St. Rita; second, Cleary, Corley. Time, 46s.

Final—Won by James Ryan, St. Rita; time, 43s; second, McCotter, St. Rita's; time, 47s; third, Johnson, Corley; fourth, Cleary, Corley.

Plunge for distance—Won by John Delaney, Corley, 48 ft.; second, Halpin, St. Monica, 42 ft.; third, Johnson, Corley, 36 ft.; fourth, O'Neill, Corley, 32 ft.

300-yard race—Won by Jerry Delaney, St. Rita; second, Gilmore, St. Monica; third, W. McCotter, St. Rita; fourth, McCann, Corley. Time, 5m. flat.

Bingles and Bungles

"If Mack would take my advice," chirped the guy with the brown derby, "he would hire Lew Tendler as a side show to entice some spectators to his ball park when the A's return."

Back-fire from a Packard yesterday caused a blow-out in the Cincinnati machine. The Reds were blown out of first place.

It doesn't make Doug Baird sore to go back to St. Louis. That's his home town.

Gerry Gerrath probably figures his Meadows will be able to swamp opposition.

If Terry Turner turns loose perhaps a few victories can be turned Mackward.

While Connie Mack was chasing around the country looking for sluggers he might have stayed at home and discovered Joe Tiplitz at his own Shibe Park. If Tiplitz can't hit, George Chaney is a real bender.

If C. Mack had stepped into the Shibe stadium in the twilight of last evening he would have felt that he was back in the days when world's series and crowds were common at Twenty-first street and Lehigh avenue.

The A's infield isn't so bad at that. Not one roller has been booted and not one ball thrown wild in four games in St. Louis.

The only time a Mackman stopped on a third was when the Browns were at bat. Not one member of the Shibe family got any farther than second.

George Sisler cuts off many a run for the Browns. His one-handed catch of Severeid's wild shock prevented the A's from scoring in the eighth.

There's one thing Elmer Jacobs likes about St. Louis. He won't have so far to go home when the season ends.

Naylor's walk to Weidman in the eighth resulted in the winning run. It was the first and only pass issued by Roland. At that the fourth ball was a close one, but Owens decided in favor of the Browns.

At that it's only natural that the Giants should tower over other men in the National League.

Winters probably is a cold weather pitcher. He didn't look any too good in sweltering New York yesterday.

Brooklyn Downs Cards—Headline. The reformers certainly are getting in their work.

Harry Harner's portside shoots were just made for Indian weapons yesterday. Twelve hits were made off him it half as many homers in Cleveland.

CROWD ENDANGERED BY CUSHION ATTACK

It Was Fight Night at Shibe Park, but Aerial Drive Mars Star Show

PASSING OF CHANEY

By JAMES S. CAROLAN

IT WAS fight night at Shibe Park. From the time the army of fight fans started its drive on the gates until this same army passed through the exits, it was just a series of battles.

First, hasty patrons bearing Annie Oakleys bombarded the press gate and there forced the combative Eddie Walker to subdue a number of warlike individuals. Then the boys in the roped arena put on their five distinct acts. Following this regulation affair the fans in the upper deck opened an aerial bombardment with cushions that for a time wrecked the straw hat coverings of many unsuspecting and innocent spectators.

Silently and without even a faint warning the "bombing" began. The black-covered missiles pounded and crashed against unprotected patrons as they hastened across the field. Then the boys with the strong arms finally got the range of the fans collected around the ring. A dozen well-directed shots forced the hero worshipers to scatter speedily.

Dangerous Attack

Every fight was under the control of the police. The cushion attack, a dangerous practice, went on uninterrupted. The police merely remained well back and told the retreating fans to make for the exits, that all would be well.

The rush for the exits was a risky one. Between the congestion and the continuous pattering and smashing of the heavy cushions from above, the helpless and harmless cash customers on the sward were completely at the mercy of attackers from above. The police could not reach the upper pavilion, for to do so would have left the field unguarded. The guardians were in as much danger as the helpless and inoffensive civilians.

Here is just a little tip for the next fight—let the fans see twenty or more rounds of boxing on a hard seat. Do away with the cushions on fight nights. Against a dark sky and a green background, it is almost impossible to locate one of the falling missiles until it is within a few feet of the ground.

Crowd Well Handled

The cushion attack was the only distressing incident. The crowd was an orderly one and accepted every act cheerfully. The police and the ushers saw that there were no raids upon the reserved seats, and in order to get down the east aisles, which were guarded by at least four men wearing official badges, it was necessary to show the reserved seat check.

If Connie Mack could have gazed upon that wonderful gathering it would have brought back to memory the world's series days of 1910, 1911 and 1912, when the loyal Mack rooters flocked to this same park.

The fans want the fighter or the team with the punch. When the famed Athletics of a few years ago carried the k. o. wallop they had a following. The boys on last night's fistic card were famed for their punch. The crowd of 18,000 came to see battles and was not disappointed.

Captain Kinney and his small army of bluecoated huskies maintained order. Two rushes from the leftfield bleachers were frustrated. The boys came in droves, but it didn't take the bluecoats long to spot the invaders and chase them back to their moorings.

Glassman Makes Good

Phil Glassman, promoter of the show, lived up to his promises. He had a small army of police and ushers present, and the crowd always was under control. When Joe Tiplitz put the skids under George Chaney the youthful promoter forgot all about the crowds, the revenue and other minor affairs. Promoter Glassman had visions of another champion. With Tendler and Tiplitz, the "T. T." twins, he has two very brilliant lightweights.

The ropes around the ring were faulty. They were too loose and this helped to make the fighters just a little timid. Steve Latzo once went crashing through and out into the field. Ted Lewis had a couple of close calls. Tendler once just missed crashing his head against the iron post near the timers as he backed against the loose ropes in a clinch.

Despite the handicaps it was a great night fistically. The bouts radiated action, breathed suspense, were just gruesome enough to satisfy the bloodthirsty and thrilling enough at times to make the fans forget home and other cares.

Critical Fans

The Quaker City fans are the most critical in the country. They know good fights when they see them and they detect the flaws in the bad ones. Fights to go over here must have action and must be regular frays.

Many of the preliminaries to the Willard-Dempsey battle were tame, sad affairs, but to the majority of that gathering they went over big. All fights looked alike. As long as gloves were flying and gladiators were moving it was called a fight.

Not so here, however. Mr. Greb and Mr. Levinsky learned this before the end of the third round. Messrs. Greb and Levinsky were sincere in their efforts, but one wanted to fight, the other didn't and the fans suffered. They gave the perpetrators of the dull act the "Grand Hiss" and the "Royal Stamp." Three hisses and two stamps every ten seconds. It made life most unpleasant for the pair.

Passing of Chaney

The crowd knew that a real battle was on when Chaney and Tiplitz were exhibiting. When Chaney went out in the third round more than one voice was heard to exclaim: "Well, it looks like good-by to the ring for Chaney. Two crashes to the floor within six weeks is enough to dishearten any fighter."

Just fifteen minutes after Tiplitz had been acclaimed the winner, Bobby Reynolds came forth from Chaney's dressing room and informed us that Chaney has decided he has had enough of the ring game.

The passing of the famous Baltimore boy marks the end of a great fighter and a gate attraction.

Kilbane and Fox Meet at Phils' Park July 28

Johnny Kilbane and Joey Fox have been signed to clash at the Phillies' Ball Park on July 28. This was announced at Shibe Park last night. This match has an international flavor, as Kilbane is the American featherweight king and Fox the English champion.

James F. Dougherty, the Leiperville sportsman who staged the Kilbane-Leonard bout here two years ago, will promote the Kilbane-Fox show.

It also was announced that Jamaica Kid, Dempsey's sparring partner, and Panama Joe Gans would meet in the semifinal.

PHILS' GAME OFF

Paulette and Meadows Arrive—Two Games Tomorrow

The rain of this morning caused the postponement of the Phils-Reds' game this afternoon. The battle will be played off as part of a double bill tomorrow afternoon.

Gene Paulette and Lee Meadows, the two Cards obtained in the trade that sent Jacobs, Woodward and Baird to St. Louis, arrived this morning. Paulette will play first base tomorrow.

The three departed Phils were sent away last night. They will join the Cards in Brooklyn.

NATIONAL LEAGUE PARK
TODAY AT 3:30
PHILLIES vs. CINCINNATI
Seats on Sale at Gimbels' and Spaldings'

CAMBRIA OPEN AIR ARENA — Burns & Verney, Mgrs.—Fkd. Ave. & Cambria St.
Friday Evening, July 18th
JACK WARD vs. JOHNNY MEALEY
Four Other Crackerjack Bouts

Phila. JACK O'BRIEN'S $1.5
SPECIAL SUMMER COURSE
Send Yellow Page Card for Phone Book
S. E. COR. 15TH AND CHESTNUT STS.

TURNER TO PLAY FOR MACK ON THURSDAY

Veteran Terry Will Exhibit With A's Against Former Teammates in Cleveland

ONE-RUN DEFEAT AGAIN

St. Louis, July 15.—At the bottom for four successive years, Connie Mack is satisfied that there are not enough phenoms in the minors to lift him out of the tail-end position for this season.

The first move to improve the Athletics may cause a series of laughs around Shibe Park, for Terry Turner, an American Leaguer for years and years, recently released by the Indians, has been signed by Mack. Turner will join the Macks in Cleveland Thursday and will join the box score immediately.

"I have toured several minor league circuits," said Connie yesterday, "and I cannot see anything hanging around that is better than what I have in my line-up now. We must remember that owing to the war the young ball players were fighting for Uncle Sam and were not being developed. Now and then we may run into a young star, but I doubt if the supply is sufficient to go all around the circuit.

"Take the big minor leaguers and what do we see. Their leading pitchers are major league discards and it would be foolish to bring them back to the American League."

WALLY HINKLE LOSES

Defeated by Young Joe Borrell in National A. C. Wind-Up

Young Joe Borrell defeated Wally Hinkle in the wind-up at the National A. C. last night. Wally used his left to good advantage up to the sixth round. In the other bouts Lew Stinger and Johnny Piazzi fought a sizzling draw. Eddie Mitchell outclassed Eddie Hood. Young Sherlock outpointed Young Mack in six rounds, and in the opener Jack Diamond gave Eddie Kirby such a drubbing in two rounds that the latter's seconds did a Jess Willard with the towel.

Frankie Burns Downs White

Jersey City, July 15.—Frankie Burns, the veteran Jersey bantamweight, last night outpointed Jabez White, of Albany, in an interesting eight-round bout at the open-air arena of the Armory A. A.

Twilight Ball for Christ Church

Christ Church A. A. will give twilight baseball a trial Thursday evening on its grounds at Tenth and Butler. Marshall E. Smith will be the attraction. The game will start at 6:15.

Tendler, Glassman & Feinstein

LEW PHIL BOB
OUR JULY SALE STILL ON
All Furnishings Greatly Reduced
$1.50 Neckwear now $1.00
$1.00 Neckwear now 65c
$10.00 Silk Shirts now $7.45
$2.50 Madras Shirts with collars to match $1.85
$5.00 Bathing Suits, consisting of white worsted shirt, blue flannel pants with money pocket and belt, now ... $3.45
818 CHESTNUT ST.
See Our Windows

BIG ADVANTAGE OF BALL CLUB MANAGER COMES WITH QUITTING

Frank Chance, Four Steps This Side of Old Age After Dropping Reins Over Yankees, Is Growing Younger on Orange Grove

IN THE SPORTLIGHT—By GRANTLAND RICE
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The Way of the Crowd

When all the game is young, kid,
As Kingsley said so well;
When all your praise is sung, kid,
Before they give you hell;
It's just as well to know, kid,
That those who cheer today
Are waiting for the blow, kid,
That sends you on your way.

They'll like you for a bit, kid,
And back you with a will,
As long as you can hit, kid,
And furnish them a thrill;
But when you start to slip, kid,
You'll find the first to turn
Are those who tossed the yip, kid,
When you had speed to burn.

The moral of this song, kid——
They like to see 'em flop;
Don't kid yourself too strong, kid,
While you're still on top;
Don't think they mean it all, kid,
While you are still the crush,
For when you start to fall, kid,
They'll be the first to push.

* * *

"WHY do they call a blow delivered at the back of the head a rabbit punch?" queries a reader. Very likely because one of the quickest ways to kill a rabbit is to soak him in the back of the bean. If this isn't the reason some one will have to interview the rabbit.

After the Hurly-Burly

THERE'S one big advantage about managing a big-league ball club. You feel so good when you quit.

When Frank Chance left the Yankees after his tempestuous session with that ill-fated machine he looked to be about four steps this side of old age.

When we saw him in Toledo some time ago inspecting the wares offered by Messrs. Willard and Dempsey he looked to be the age of a kid recruit just breaking in.

"There's less bother in handling oranges than there is in handling a ball club," said Chance. "I had my fun out of the game with the old Cubs, but I can't say I had any wild joy in trying to lift the Yanks. The orange grove looked pretty good to me when I finally quit.

* * *

"I'VE been losing age out there in place of putting it on."

In Which Something Is Said

Many are called, but, alack and alas!
Most of them want to get in on a pass.

The Man-to-Man Test

FRANK MORAN brought out a good point recently when he remarked that of all nerve tests and strains before the contest opened the fight game carried the hardest.

It is always the man-to-man test that hits each contender harder the night before or the minute before when he knows that at last he has come to the big splash with no one to help him—no one to cover his mistakes.

Football and baseball are both competitions between machines. In these affairs no one man carries the burden.

* * *

BUT in a fight it is man against man, with no outside help. And the fight game isn't the only test in this respect.

Other Man-to-Man Affairs

THE same holds good to a lesser degree in tennis or golf. There is no physical contact in either of these sports, but the old element of man vs. man still holds.

When you make a slip there is no mate to cover your misplay up. There is no one else to attract attention and divert the spotlight for the moment.

That is why many golfers who are stars in four-ball matches, or tennis players who are cracks in doubles, are far below par when tossed out upon their own.

* * *

THE spotlight hits them, standing alone, and the cave-in follows. You can talk to old football or baseball players and they will tell you they are far more nervous before a tough golf or tennis match than they were at either of the former sports.

AMATEUR BASEBALL NOTES

West Philadelphia C. C. will meet the strong Nativity C. C. on the latter's grounds Sunday. The club has July 19 open for any first-class home club paying a guarantee. Ralph A. Panzullo, 3816 Lancaster avenue.

Scott-Powell Dairy, formerly the Ryan A. C., will play Victrix C. C. in a twilight game Thursday at the former's ball park, Forty-eighth and Brown streets. Manager Nicholson will book the best teams that can be secured.

Tulpehocken Reds, traveling club, has July 19, 20, 25, 27, also August dates open and would like to hear from home clubs willing to pay guarantee. F. William Kalbacher, 4414 Cleveland avenue.

Blauner's baseball nine still has open dates for any second-class team having grounds and paying guarantee for any Saturday or Sunday in July and August. T. P. McCarney, superintendent delivery, Blauner's, 833 Market street.

The G. B. C. Rovers will play twilight ball on the club grounds Tuesday and Thursday and would like to hear from leading teams in the Manufacturers' and Main Line leagues and the best independent semi-pro traveling teams. G. Wilkenson, 5041 Wade street.

Arco A. A., a semi-pro traveling club, has July 19, 26 and Sunday dates during July and August open. J. H. Dailey, 719 Belgrade street.

Jacquard A. A., a first-class traveling team, desires games with home teams paying a guarantee for dates in August. W. Kreutz, 1852 East Orleans street.

Cramp A. A. has July 19 open. Phone between 6 and 8 p. m., W. Johnson, Kensington 3860.

The Media A. C. will play the Newton A. C. (colored team) at Sixtieth and Oxford streets July 19 at 3 p. m. Media will present the following line-up: F. Molim, 1b.; W. Morrison, rf.; A. Weaver, p.; C. Hayling, ss.; C. Almond, c.; H. Potterer, lf.; Frank Molim, 3b.; R. Standers 2b.; E. Potterer, cf.

Dalton Club, a first-class traveling team, has July 26 and 27 and a few dates in August open for teams paying a guarantee. J. H. Carroll, 747 North Thirty-sixth street.

Elma F. C., a first-class traveling club, has July 19, 26 and August 2 open for home teams in or out of the city. William Hill, 2958 North Third street.

Miller A. C. is without games for July 19, 20, 26 and 27. Want games especially with New York Ship, Merchant Ship and Camden City. H. Kish, 175 West Lippincott street.

Anchor Giants are without a game for Saturday, July 19 and 26, and would like to hear from teams having grounds and paying a guarantee. F. Robinson, 130 East Chelten avenue.

Huster Club, a first-class traveling team, has all Sundays in July and August open for home teams paying a guarantee. R. L. Beecher, 2007 South Franklin street.