ONE EYE BUTTS IN WITHOUT WARNING

Saves Arkansas City's Sheriff the Trouble of Hunting Him Up.

TROUBLE SEEMS IMMINENT

Enters Saloon Where He Had Been Subject of Discussion—Particulars of What Happened Will Be Chronicled Later.

BY DAVID A. CURTIS.

"Everybody," said old man Greenlaw, in speaking of the one-eyed man, "has a way o' doin' things, an' they's some has another way. I don't p'tend to say what they's any 'xcuse fo' One Eye bein' alive. Th' ain't. The hull world 'd be a heap mo' comfable if he was daid. But, as the Good Book says, 'tain't them things what he does what 'd ought fo' to be helt ag'in him. It's the low down, ornery way he does 'em."

The one-eyed man was frequently the subject of discussion in old man Greenlaw's little saloon in Arkansas City, when, as it now happened, there was nothing for anybody to do except to talk, or to smoke in silence. Generally, under such circumstances the old man and his friends preferred smoking, but when the old man felt inclined to express such thoughts as occurred to him, neither principalities nor powers were potent enough to prevent him from utterance.

Often a monologue ensued, but on occasions there would be a dialogue, or even a general conversation. If the one-eyed man was mentioned at all, it was likely to be a conversation, because each one of the little company that gathered nightly in the saloon had pronounced views concerning the noted desperado, and each one was outspoken in the matter.

Each from a different angle, they detested him heartily, and many unkind things had been said about him at different times, but the old man had this time opened up a new line of thought by differentiating between the crimes One Eye had committed and the manner of their commission. It seemed a somewhat subtle distinction, and his hearers, as their custom was, reflected for a period before commenting.

JOE BASSETT FIRST TO SPEAK HIS MIND

Joe Bassett was the first to speak. His hatred of the common enemy was perhaps more virulent than that of the others, and he was of a very positive nature, being impatient of subtleties.

"What the hell!" he exclaimed angrily, after what seemed to be a vain attempt to understand the drift of the old man's remarks. "If a man's gwine to steal a hoss it don't make no diff'rence if he grabs him by the nose, or by the halter. One Eye ain't no mo' of a hellyon long o' bein' a sneak, nor he is just nachul. He ain't nothin' but plain pizen, nohow, an' th' ain't no way o' makin' out what he's no wuss, nor no better'n he is."

"Well, I dunno," said Jake Winterbottom thoughtfully. "I'd a heap druther a man 'd come at me with a gun if he p'poses fo' to git my wad nor I would fo' to have him lift it offen me when I was drunk an' didn't know nothin' 'bout it. 'Pears like they's c'nsid'able diff'rence."

"Mebbe they is," said Jim Blaisdell, who had his own ideas and cherished a secret admiration for the only man in the Mississippi Valley who was his peer at the poker table, "but One Eye ain't 'nitirely thataway. I ain't a sayin' but what he's a hellyon," he added hastily, as if fearful of being misunderstood, "but he sho' is capable. They is a heap c'n be overlooked into a man what plays cyards like he does."

"They's only one thing about that un what I'd be willin' to look on," said Sam Pearsall with vicious emphasis, "an' that'd be his daid body. I c'd look at that with a heap o' satisfaction, mo' special if I was to been the mone what done it."

"That's one thing I don't onderstand about yo' all, Jim," he added half reproachfully. "How yo' all c'd stomick to set in with him to a poker game like yo' done recent, after what he's done did to we uns f'm time to time, beats me. I ain't so all-fired p'tic'lar 'bout pickin' comp'ny my own self, but I'm doggoned if I c'd a did it."

This was in reference to a trip Blaisdell and Winterbottom had taken not long before for the express purpose of meeting the one-eyed man, he having challenged the champion of Arkansas City to a freezeout. The result of the game had been satisfactory to nobody and the recollection of it was evidently distasteful to Blaisdell, for he frowned angrily. Nevertheless, he was inclined to justify himself.

SATISFACTION IN PLAYING HIM TO STANDSTILL

"I'd play cyards with the devil himself," he said. "If he c'd put up the kyind of a game One-Eye kin. They's mo' satisfaction in playin' him to a standstill like I done nor they is in winnin' all the sucker money they is on the river. Th' ain't no other man livin' but him what I wouldn't a beat out on that hand."

"That comes tol'able nigh bein' blasphemious," said the old man with extreme disapproval. "Th' ain't no real satisfaction to be tooken outen a game o' poker 'thauten yo' gits the money. All that idee o' playin' fo' d'stinction is rotten r'dic'lous. Poker's to serious a matter for to be frivolled with. That thar artistic temper'ment o' yo'n 'll be the ruin o' yo' all yet if yo' don't watch out."

"Well, 'tain't been noways ru'nous, so fur," retorted Blaisdell carelessly, "nor I ain't worried 'bout it, p'tic'lar. Mebbe it's that what makes me look at One Eye some diff'rent f'rm the way yo' all does. I don't like what he's done done, but I ain't better 'n none on yo', but I sho' does 'mire the way he done 'em. He sho' is one expert."

And then the talk went all up in the air, consisting thereafter of a hopeless tangle of conflicting views expressed without logical sequence and with such emphasis as to bring the five friends dangerously nigh to personal controversy. The dove of peace fluttered and several times seemed about to go elsewhere. At length, seeing Mr. Owen Pepper enter the door, she gave it up and fled, as one without hope.

Mr. Pepper was not a man who habitually vaunted himself. He was more likely to efface himself when, as sometimes happened and as was now happening, there seemed to be a prospect of a clash. It was not that he had any special abhorrence of strife. On the contrary, he enjoyed beholding it and would sometimes stir it up for the pleasure of seeing it, but he seldom or never participated in it, preferring the attitude of a bystander, and even abandoning that when standing by involved peril to his person.

Moreover, his habit was to assume the virtue of modesty, even though he had it not, and he was wont to disclaim positive knowledge of any matter concerning which he might be questioned. In a word, he might be described as shrinking, though he was not without occasional arrogance.

When he entered the saloon at this particular time, however, his demeanor was jaunty if not cocky. It was as if he felt assured of a more enthusiastic welcome than he was accustomed to receive. Nevertheless a shrewd observer would have noticed that he was evidently destrous of enhancing the enthusiasm.

Striding somewhat pompously in the direction of the bar, he waved his hand with a lordly air in such a manner as to leave no room for questioning his purpose of entertaining the company, regardless of the expense that attached to the proceeding. He did not even pronounce the customary formula of invitation, but no one waited for that.

Conversation was suspended. The old man stepped nigbly to his station and began juggling bottles and glasses, and the others lined up with their bellies against the bar, expectant and affable.

Everybody's expectation being met in regard to bibulation, as it presently was, there remained a certain looking forward for intelligence of doings in the outer world, Mr. Pepper being Arkansas City's principal purveyor of that. But even as they waited for information, Mr. Pepper waited to be asked for it, though they well knew he was liable to burst open if he did not impart it. So at length the old man, willing to humor him, said:

"Much diddin' on the river?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Pepper. "They's zeen c'nsid'able talk 'bout that thar freezeout what One Eye an' Jim done played th' other night."

"That's nachul," said the old man. "They would be talk. 'Tain't frequent what they's two royals o' the same suit out on the same deal. Takes experts to play thataway."

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Pepper. "Kyind o' looked to me like they was somepin clumsy 'bout it. Anyways, One Eye's been talkin' some disparagous. Says he reckons what Jim must 'a' played crooked, seein' he wa'nt dealin'. Says it's all right fo' the dealer to hold a royal, but they can't nobody else git one honest, mo' special if it's the same suit."

"Does he p'tend to say what I done played crooked?" exclaimed Blaisdell, flaring up in sudden fury.

NO CHANCE TO MAKE MISTAKE AS TO MEANING

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Pepper with an appearance of intense joy. "I didn't hear him say nothin' like that. Not right out, he didn't, but 'peared like they wa'n't no chanst fo' nobody to make no mistake about the meanin' o' what he had in his haid."

"That's 'xactly what I done said," observed old man Greenlaw, who also evinced satisfaction at the sight of Blaisdell's wrath. "He sho' is one o' them hell hounds what has a other way. Bein' 's he p'poses fo' to rob yo' all o' yo' good name, he ain't man enough fo' to say it genteel an' flat-footed, like a reel gent. He p'fers fo' to climb up some other way, like the Good Book says. 'Tain't what he's a tryin' to do, Jim, what they's bjections to. It's the dastardly cunnin' of him what gits me ravin'."

"Tain't nothin' o' the kyind, 's fur's I'm c'ncerned," retorted Blaisdell. "Don't make no diff'rence to me how cunnin' he is. He ain't gwine to play hoss with my reputation, not 's long's I've got money enough to buy a gun, he ain't."

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Pepper, as if determined not to allow the attention of the company to be diverted from him. "I's done heer'd a heap o' diff'rent things said about One Eye, but I hain't never heer'd nobody stoppin' him f'rm doin' nothin' what he set out fo' to do."

For a moment it seemed as if Mr. Pepper might be the victim of sudden turbulence, so distasteful to the sensibilities of his hearers was his evident opinion of the one-eyed man. Angered as they were, however, that single moment was enough to show them that they could not candidly controvert the opinion. No one hitherto had ever stopped him.

"They's somepin' in that, as the man said when he dropped his fine cut in his whisky," said Jake Winterbottom thoughtfully. "I reckon likely 'tain't never been did, not yet it hain't; but they's ways o' doin' most anythin' if it's went about right."

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Pepper rather loftily. "They is somethings what ain't never liable to be did. I hain't never heer'd o' no way o' steppin' a river f'm runnin' down hill. Now One Eye is some like——"

"Oh, damn it," interrupted Jake Winterbottom impatiently, and Mr. Pepper stopped short.

"Jeke's right," said the old man. "They's ways o' doin' anythin'! Mebbe One Eye ain't never been stopped up to now, but that ain't to say what 'tain't never gwine to."

"I'll undertake to stop him," said Joe Basset, "if ever I git clos'l enough to lay hands onto him."

"That's just it," said the old man. "Thing to do is to git clos'l enough. I reckon he ain't likely to come hyar no mo', is he, Pepper?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Pepper. "He done said he wouldn't."

TELLS OF MAHOMET AND THE MOUNTAIN

"Minds me of a meracle in the Good Book," said the old man. "'Pears it was d'sirable fo' Mahomet to meet up with a mountain, some'res, an' 'twan't c'nvenient fo' him to go where 'twas. So he done had faith an' the mountain come to where he was.

"Now it's d'sirable fo' One Eye an' Arkansas City to meet up ag'in. An' if he won't come to Arkansas City, Arkansas City'll have to go to him, an' yo' all c'n do it official, Joe, bein' sheriff. I'm p'pared fo' to put up 'xpense money p'vidin' perm'nent peace c'n be established. They won't be no trouble in c'lecting f'm the c'munity if that's did satisfact'ry."

"Well, I ain't no hand at trav'lin' round fo' d'sturbances, not as a gen'l thing, I ain't. 'Pears like they's enough on 'em round hum to keep me tolable busy," said Mr. Basset, "but bein's this'd be mo' 'n less of a pleasure 'xcursion, I wouldn't mind takin' a week or two off, p'vidin' 'xpenses is paid, like yo' all says. That ain't never been did afo' on'y on official business."

"This yer's official, all right," said the old man. "Yo' all is done took a oath fo' to p'serve the peace, an' they won't never be no peace in Arkansas City wuth mentionin', not while One Eye is trav'lin' the river."

"Then I c'n go, right away," said Bassett, rising.

Three separate claims were immediately entered for the privilege of serving as a sheriff's posse, but while these claims were being disallowed, the saloon door was thrown open.

"Is they anybody in these parts wants to see me?" asked the one-eyed man as he stepped inside.

Further particulars hereafter.

What Famous Golf Architect Says About Hermitage Course

Mr. O. B. Hill, President,
Hermitage Golf Club,
Richmond, Va.:

My Dear Mr. Hill:

After carefully examining the properties on which the proposed golf links of the Hermitage Country Club are to be constructed, I am prepared to say that the ground is of unusual excellence, particularly pleasing in its contours and general characteristics and without a doubt a thoroughly modern course can be produced. The nature of the country makes it possible to construct holes which will vary greatly in character, from the holes in the meadow lands to the rather more exacting ones located along the creek and in the woods. The latter are unusually picturesque and at the same time unusually sound from the standpoint of the golf architect.

It will be quite possible to build a course which will not be cramped, one which will present no dangerous features, and one which, while providing a test for the expert, will not be beyond the limitations of the most ordinary player. Golf should be a pleasure, not a penance, and this thought will be uppermost in the building of the course for the Hermitage Club. It has been my pleasure to design a number of Southern courses, and without exception, the features on this tract are far more pleasing and interesting than any I have encountered south of the Mason and Dixon line.

If work is to be pushed actively there is no reason why the new course should not be open for play the spring of 1917.

Respectfully yours,
(Signed) A. W. TILLINGHAST.

SHOOT DURING RAIN

West End Gun Club Enthusiasts Wouldn't Stop for Downpour Yesterday Afternoon.

Nine real shooters braved the showers and faced the West End traps yesterday afternoon. On account of the dark clouds and the rain, poor scores were turned in, all of the men falling below their usual percentage of breaks. But the experience was fine and may stand them in good stead under similar weather conditions at some big tournament. Eanes was high over all, with Blanton a close second. Williams tied Sammy Goodloe up at the forty-first hole. L. Rüeger fell back in Class B ranks, incidentally cutting a good slice out of his good percent average for the month. Easley suffered the same bad luck. The scores:

Eanes, Class A	43
Blanton, Class A	42
Williams, Class B	41
Goodloe, professional	41
Easley, Class A	40
L. Rueger, Class A	38
Dr. Coffman, Class B	36
Dr. Brockwell, Class D	32
Hal Hadersink, Class D	15

Hercules Powder Company long-run trophy—Williams, 17 straight.

Du Pont briar-root pipe—Dr. Coffman, 2 surprise targets.

Legs on the loving cups were won by none of the shooters, and Mr. Williams was the only man who won a point on the Newlan, Jehnke, Schwarzschild, Buchanan and News Leader trophy cups.

Class leaders: A—Eanes; Blanton, runner-up. B—Williams; Dr. Coffman, runner-up. C—No entries. D—Dr. Brockwell; H. Hadersink, runner-up. E—No entries.

Next shoot—July 29, 4 oclock.

Sanderson Had Sore Arm.

It was erroneously printed in this paper yesterday morning that Pitcher Sanderson, who hurled for the Richmond Grays in Suffolk on Friday, was batted out of the box in the second inning of the game. Sanderson, it now develops, was taken out of the box in the seventh inning on account of a sore arm.

MAMAUX GREAT FIND

Ranked as Greatest Pitcher Uncovered Since Walter Johnson and Grover Alexander.

NEW YORK, July 22.—Al Mamaux ranks as the greatest pitcher uncovered since Walter Johnson and Grover Alexander answered the call of the majors. Some folks, pointing to the relative merits of the trio, assert that the record of the youthful Pirate phenom is better than that of any gent that ever flipped a fin on a ball field.

In 1915, his first real year under the big canvas, Mamaux won twenty-one out of twenty-nine combats, for an average of .724. He accomplished this remarkable feat despite the fact that he was ill with appendicitis and frequently worked when he should have been on a hospital cot. The most amazing feature of Mamaux's performance is that he accomplished it with a second-rate team behind him—a club that finished with an average of .474.

And now, in 1916, with a team behind no better than that of 1915, this twenty-two-year-old wonder is pitching beyond his great mark of a year agone. He won fourteen out of his first seventeen starts, this season and with each game he seems to improve. He has a firm hold on the hurling leadership in the league, and, barring incidents, it seems certain that he will sweep on into the stretch an easy winner.

With a championship team back of him last season, the mighty Alexander was able to beat out the kid Pirate by only thirty-one points. Alex won thirty-one games and lost ten for an average of .756. The best previous year turned in by the Phillie pitcher was in 1913 when he won twenty-two out of thirty battles, for an average of .733. This was nine points beyond that made by Mamaux last season, but Alex had a far better team behind him than Mamaux did, and, furthermore, Alex wasn't handicapped by illness.

Walter Johnson's two greatest years were in 1912 and 1913. In the former he won thirty-two out of forty-four games, average .727, and in 1913 he reached his crest, winning thirty-six out of forty-three games for an average of .788. Both marks beat that of Mamaux for 1915, but one must remember that Johnson was supported by a pennant-chasing club and Mamaux was with a hopeless tail-ender.

And now—

If Mamaux can pitch for a .724 average in his first year out with a punk club behind him, and then pitch around the .800 mark during the first part of the next season, with an unimproved team to support him—

What could Mamaux do if he was laboring for a hard-hitting, all-around club like the Red Sox, the Tigers, the White Sox, Dodgers or one or two other of the pennant chasers?

Windy City Fighters.

NEW YORK, July 22.—Chicago is well supplied in the matter of lightweight championship possibilities. In fact, the Windy City has more than its quota of representative 133-pounders who have a chance of wresting the world's title from Freddy Welsh. To enumerate, they are Charley White, Ever Hammer and Joe Welling. What other city in these amalgamated States has three such formidable lightweights? Not even New York can boast of such a likely looking trio.

Strange to relate, the least press agented of this array has the best chance of becoming the next lightweight champion. Joe Welling, who came here unheralded, in fact, he came in surreptitiously, has all the requisites of a title holder; even more so than Charley White, who is considered among the three best lightweights in the world.

National Champs Defeated.

NEW YORK, July 22.—W. M. Johnston and C. J. Griffin, national tennis doubles champions, were defeated here to-day on the turf of the Crescent Athletic Club by Karl Behr and R. L. Murray, 8-6, 6-1, 4-6, 3-6, 6-4.

Behr and Murray, a scratch pair, played with individual brilliancy rather than teamwork.

CY YOUNG'S RECORD

YOUNGER PITCHERS UNABLE TO SHATTER OLD-TIMER

Pitched Twenty-Three Innings of Hitless Ball in April, 1904.

Tom Hughes, of the Boston Nationals, recently did some neat pitching when he worked in sixteen consecutive innings without allowing a base hit to be made off his delivery, but it is hardly big enough to be a major league record, although many papers published the feat as being the best record in this line. There are many records in baseball which have the performance of "Long Tom" faded. In minor leagues the mark of pitching sixteen consecutive innings of hitless ball is by no means common, but it has been accomplished on a dozen or more occasions. In the majors the real holder of this record is no less a personage than the Hon. Denton Tecumseh Young of blessed memory. Mr. Young, better known as "Cy," is the holder of several other records in unusual feats in the pitching line.

It was back in April, 1904, that Young proceeded to shatter all figures in this line and before he got through he had created a new record in hurling hitless ball and one which stands today clean cut and without a spot or blemish and without a doubt the greatest piece of pitching the game ever witnessed.

On April 30, against the Washington team, Young took Winter's place in the third inning, no one out, and pitched out the game, retiring the next twenty-one batsmen in order. Young's next game took place May 5, against the Athletics, in the days when Connie Mack sported a real ball club. "Cy" pitched the best game of his long and honorable career that day and retired twenty-seven of those famous swatsmen of Mack in a row. In a game against Detroit on May 11, Denton T. pitched his famous fifteen inning 1 to 0 game against the Tigers and in the first seven innings Young set them down without a base hit.

This would give "Cy" twenty-three innings of hitless ball, or, in other words, as far as the records show, sixty-eight batsmen stepped to the plate and were retired in succession. In that same period the big Ohioan pitched forty-eight consecutive innings wherein his opponents failed to get a run across the plate. After his great no-hit, no-run game against the Athletics he pitched fifteen innings of runless ball, as mentioned, against the Tigers, with Ed Killian opposing him. It was a battle royal and the clever Killian met defeat by a score of 1 to 0.

Just one pitcher in the history of baseball, that is, a hurler who was working in a league of recognized standing and class, is credited with pitching two complete games in succession wherein the opposing batsmen failed to register a base hit. A big pitcher sailing under the name of Gene Wright, who hurled for the Dayton Club of the Western Association back in 1901, on September 1 of that season pitched a no-hit, no-run game against Columbus. He followed up this feat by turning the same trick against the Grand Rapids team on September 4.

Addie Joss and George Mullen made their respective reputations in that league. Wright and Joss were signed by the Cleveland team and Mullen was taken over by the Detroit Club. Wright, in spite of his brilliant record in the Western Association, didn't hold a candle to Joss and Mullen when under fire by the big league batsmen.

MINOR LEAGUE RESULTS

Southern League.

At Atlanta—Atlanta, 2; Mobile, 5.
At Memphis—Memphis, 2; Nashville, 1.
At Birmingham—Birmingham-New Orleans (double-header; rain).
At Little Rock—Little Rock, 4-10; Chattanooga, 2-4.

South Atlantic League.

At Augusta—Augusta, 0; Albany, 1 (second game postponed, rain).
At Montgomery—Montgomery, 2-3; Columbia, 1-6 (second game, seven innings).
At Charleston—Charleston-Macon, (called end fourth, rain).

American Association.

At Louisville—Louisville, 3-7; Kansas City, 0-0.
At Toledo—Toledo, 5-0; St. Paul, 3-0 (second game, eight innings, darkness).
At Columbus—Columbus, 6; Minneapolis, 0.
At Indianapolis—Indianapolis, 13; Milwaukee, 5.

Smoky-Joe Wood.

The case of one Josephus Wood, late of the Boston Red Sox, is a very strange one, indeed.

Last season the "Smoky" person led the flinging bunch to the October wire. He was the premier hurler in the Johnsonian circuit; quite a notable feat in a league that is cluttered up with crack moundsmen.

And now this all-star slabman is jobless.

Just before the gong sent the baseball warriors into the April fray, Josephus and his owner, one J. J. Lannin, got into some little argument anent mazuma. It appears that J. J. was quite keen about pruning the $6,000 salary of the said Mr. Wood, whereupon, the latter exuded a wail of anguish and remarked that idleness was preferable to laboring for a paltry sum like $3,000 or $4,000 bucks.

And idleness has been Josephus's lot since then.

Lannin won't let Josephus work for the Red Sox, nor will he sell him. Other clubs, especially the Indians, hanker for Josephus, but Lanning murmurs, "Nay, nay," and there you are.

Baker Resumes Old Trick.

J. Franklin Baker, he of the tremendous bludgeon power, is redeeming himself at last. When the circuit swat artist joined the Yankees and began playing in New York, it was freely predicted that he would break all existing home-run records. The short right field looked like a cinch for Baker with his long-driving power. However, during the first twenty or twenty-five home games, Baker avoided committing four basers, but since then he has found the range again and has cracked out more homers than he did in the whole season in 1914.

FRANK GOTCH QUITS

KENOSHA, WIS., July 22.—"I am done for good; I think it is time for any man to retire when he is forty, and from now on I don't care who has the wrestling championship.

"Just as soon as I am able to leave the hospital, I am going back to the farm."

This was the ultimatum of Frank Gotch, the world's wrestling champion at the Kenosha Hospital here to-day. Gotch is recovering from a broken leg under the careful attention of his wife and a couple of nurses. "We want them all to know that we are through with the mat and the circus and the footlights and everything else except the farm and—oh yes, I forgot the most important thing—the boy."

"And," interrupted Gotch, "he is some kid. He is not going to be a wrestler or a boxer. He is just going to be the champion lawyer of the State of Iowa."

$1.25 BASEBALL FREE

To players 12 to 25 years old. Write today. AMERICAN-NATIONAL BASEBALL SYNDICATE, Dept. D, St. Louis, Mo.

VAUDEVILLE

TOOTS PAKA.

TRULY SHATTUCK.

TWO WELL-KNOWN WOMEN FEATURE LYRIC'S SHOWS

Merriest of midsummer vaudeville frolics is presaged by the list of attractions announced for this week at the Lyric, which carries such familiar names as Toots Paka, who introduced Hawaiian songs and Hawaiian dances in America in 1908; Truly Shattuck, popular musical comedy prima donna, and Bert Fitzgibbons, the "put" comedian.

The comely and sinuous Miss Paka, a native Hawaiian girl, with her company of five, all natives of the islands, is given prominence on the bill for the first half of the week. There is a weird charm about the music of Hawaii, and Toots Paka and her company are said to give it most artistic expression. The same program of music, songs and Miss Paka's hula-hula dance, which gave the Hawaiians fame in New York, is promised.

Lovers of knockabout comedy and homely melody will find the Four Harmonists to their fancy. The quartet sings, dances and cuts up the nonsensical capers essential to this rollicking form of song rendering.

Recently from the English music halls and almost direct from the New York vaudeville houses come Burley and Burley, billed as "The Dude and the Scot." They sing, dance, exchange quaint patter and do some queer acrobatic stunts. They are expert gymnasts, who prefer to exhibit their proficiency in that line under comedy disguises.

Another English importation is a circus act programed "Gardner's Maniacs," in which two remarkably versatile performers, man and woman, and a troupe of 2dog comedians" appear, presenting what is designated as "a man and beast novelty show." The exhibition of animal sagacity and the astonishing degree of training to which the acting dogs respond while performing with their human associates are the features of the act.

Truly Shattuck, former musical comedy star, returns to Richmond for the first time since the volatile comedienne was seen at the Academy of Music. She left the musical comedy stage two years ago and entered vaudeville with Janet Lowrie, who is pretty and talented. Together they are appearing in a singing and comedy turn, which has sufficed to keep the act on the Keith "big time" until this summer.

Bert Fitzgibbons, on the same bill, has lots of admirers here, who know what to expect of him. Fitzgibbons is the wildest of the "Wild Men of Vaudeville." He acknowledges responsibility for nothing but laughter, and looks and acts that way. Fitzgibbons is bringing a new budget of songs and nonsense.

The Novelty Minstrels promise a surprise in tabloid minstrel productions. This troupe is totally different from any blackface organization yet seen on the vaudeville stage. The act is picturesquely staged, costumes and scenery being different from the conventional minstrel act.

Two clever boys, who play violin and accordion, are Klass and Bernie. They are proficient instrumentalists. The boys make a specialty of responding to "request" numbers, and they claim to be familiar with every popular melody published in the last decade. Foster and company, man, woman and dog, will offer a comedy and acrobatic act.

With each of the new vaudeville shows there will be the usual motion-picture supplement.

THAT GREAT INFIELD

SLUMP OF MILLION-DOLLAR OUTFIT IS ONE PUZZLE

While Together, Connie's Crowd Were Terrible Sluggers; Apart, They Do Nothing.

No topic in baseball has brought about so much discussion this season as the terrific slump which has clutched the four members of Connie Mack's famous "million-dollar infield" of the happy days when Mack was king. Frank Baker, Jack Barry, Eddie Collins and Stuffy McInnis, the bulwarks of the wily Cornelius's American League champions of 1910, 1911, 1913 and 1914, and world's champions of 1910, 1911 and 1913. Undoubtedly this was the greatest infield of the past decade.

This season the four premier stars of Mack's once invincible machine are as scattered as the four winds. Only Stuffy McInnis, the once brilliant first baseman and hitter, remains in Mack's employ. Baker is the big card on the Yankees, Eddie Collins is captain and highest-salaried star of the White Sox, and Jack Barry is captain of the new world's champion Red Sox.

The glory that once went to Baker, Barry, Collins and McInnis collectively never can return. But our story to-day concerns the individual prowess of the members of this once famous quartet. Have their stars started to set? A glance at the batting averages will show that these former Quaker City heroes are not sparkling as of yore. One, two, three, four or five years back you always found the names of Collins, Baker and McInnis right below Messrs. Cobb, Jackson and Speaker, and several times Eddie was next to Cobb.

Speaker, Jackson and Cobb still are up, ranging around .375, but where are the old Athletic hustlers, Collins, Baker and McInnis?

For years the Athletic quartet averaged about .315 at bat, despite the fact that Jack Barry, though a sterling batter in the pinch, never reached .300. Holy Cross Jack's high-water mark was .275, in 1913. This year the old infield, working apart, is averaging .228 at bat.

According to the averages, including games of July 12, practically the midway post of the season, the quartet is batting as follows: Baker, .264; Collins, .251; McInnis, .199; Barry, .198.

Why all these players should fall off so badly in their work, and all at the same time, is one of the mysteries of the game. You can hardly put the blame on Father Time. Frank Baker, the only one of the old quartet who is playing anywhere near his old-time form, is the oldest of the four. He was thirty years old last March.

PATRIOTS DROP OUT

GREENSBORO, N. C., July 22.—At a meeting late to-day of the directors of the North Carolina Baseball League all the clubs, with the exception of Greensboro, agreed to play out the remainder of the season. The Greensboro franchise was turned over to President Bramham, of the league. After the meeting, President Bramham stated that he would make no effort to transfer the franchise until after he had met with business men of Greensboro, Tuesday night. Winston-Salem, Charlotte, Durham, Raleigh and Greensboro were represented by club directors, while Asheville's position was presented by telephone and telegraph.

WEEK WITH SHOOTERS

July 24—Newton (Ia.) Gun Club; Red Wing (Minn.) Gun Club.
July 24-25—Bowling Green (Mo.) Gun Club.
July 24—Central Ohio Trapshooters' League, Marion, Ohio.
July 25-26—Paragould (Ark.) Gun Club.
July 26—Owosso (Mich.) Gun Club; Holstein (Ia.) Gun Club.
July 27—Memphis (Tenn.) Gun Club; Central Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League, Lewiston, Pa.
July 27-28—Louisiana State championship tournament, under auspices of Alexandria (La.) Gun Club.
July 28—Berlin (Md.) Gun Club; Marion County Gun Club, Florence, Kansas.
July 28-29—Rawlins (Wyo.) Ideal Gun Club; Maine State championship tournament, under auspices of Portland (Me.) Gun Club.
July 29—Wilkes-Barre (Pa.) Rod and Gun Club.

CASEFITTERS BEAT SALEM

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]

CHRISTIANSBURG, July 22.—The fast team of the Phoenix Furniture Corporation defeated the Salem ball team, 17 to 1, in a seven-inning game here to-day. Hocket and D. Croswitt, of the visitors, were struck by pitched balls and thought to each have sustained fractured arms, but examination at Altamont Hospital developed that only very serious bruises had been sustained. Salem has only been defeated three times this season and then only by close scores.

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