

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

SPORTING SECTION

ALL THE
AMATEUR SPORTS
AND GOSSIP.

WASHINGTON, D. C., SUNDAY, JULY 3, 1910.

THE NATIONALS CLOSE ANOTHER DISASTROUS WEEK

GESSELER'S SLIP-UP LOSES GAME, 3 TO 2

Boston Red Sox Capture a Hard-fought Battle.

TIMELY HITS ARE MISSING

Bob Groom Twirls Good Enough
Ball to Win Any Game, but Team-
mates Weak on Offensive Work.
Speaker Turns Double into Home
Run—Big Crowd Present.

YESTERDAY'S RESULTS.

Boston, 3; Washington, 2.
Philadelphia, 5; New York, 3.
Philadelphia, 5; New York, 1.
Chicago, 3; St. Louis, 2.
Cleveland, 11; Detroit, 4.

TO-DAY'S GAMES.

St. Louis at Chicago.
Cleveland at Detroit.

STANDING OF THE CLUBS.

Club	W.	L.	Pct.	Win. Loss.	
Philadelphia	42	21	.667	363	338
New York	38	29	.565	374	399
Detroit	33	37	.472	357	404
Boston	27	43	.386	321	414
Cleveland	27	43	.386	321	414
Chicago	27	43	.386	321	414
Washington	25	49	.338	305	430
St. Louis	20	59	.254	239	522

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BY WILLIAM PEET.

"Doc" Gessler's foot slipped in the first inning at the local ball yard yesterday, and the Boston Red Sox won a hard-fought game by 3 to 2.

We say Gessler's foot slipped. It might have been that the sun was in his eyes, it might have been that something slipped, anyway, for the good looking right-gardener misjudged Jake Stahl's fly, when a fair catch would have made the third out and two Red Sox tallies would never have been chronicled. Stahl's sky-scraper looked to be easy for a man like Gessler, but "Doc" fumbled it by running in, instead of stepping back, and hundreds of the faithful swore sottly under their breaths.

Lelivelt Loses Ball.

Then there was another costly little slip-up in the fifth. Jack Lelivelt let Speaker's cloud dustier get away from him after reaching up one bread hook and knocking the ball down. Speaker gave a fine exhibition of sprinting and completed the circuit before the ball could be relayed home. This run turned out to be the winning tally for the bean brigade.

These are just a few post-mortems to show what might have happened. What really did happen was something better than a 3-2 defeat. Groom twirled and woeful lack of timely hitting when Washington runners reached the various diamond points.

It was the same old story—missed victory for lack of a hit. There was only one inning during the entire game, the third, when the home team failed to advance men to second base on two occasions out of the eight when hits came along. Gessler, Schaefer, Groom, and McBride could have broken up the game with a timely smash, but they were not doing any pinch hitting yesterday.

Bob Groom deserved something better than a 3-2 defeat. Groom twirled and woeful lack of timely hitting when Washington runners reached the various diamond points.

Stahl's Lucky Hit.

The first inning was a hope wrecker for fair. Hooper and Engle both went down in order. Speaker drew a base on balls. Stahl's high fly got away from Gessler and Speaker scored. Then Gardner came across with his only safe walk-off of the game, a hard smash between center and right. The ball sped past Gessler. Stahl crossed the plate and Gardner reached third. Groom tightened up and retired Lewis for the third out.

With one gone, Street singled in the second, but the two succeeding batters could not score him.

Bob Unglaub brought forth a series of lusty shouts from the crowd in the fourth. McBride, first up, flied to Speaker. Schaefer dumped a single over Engle's head. Unglaub connected for one of his old-time wallopers, the ball sailed between Lewis and Speaker to the center field fence. Unglaub settled safely on second when the dust perturbed and Schaefer came home. Street cut a single through Gardner, and Unglaub tried to reach the plate on the blow. Unfortunately Hooper's arm was deadly, the ball came into Carrigan's paws, and the big catcher touched Unglaub six inches from the rubber.

A hit and a base on balls put two locals on the sacks in the last part of the fifth, but no runs were allowed to score.

In the last part of the seventh the Nationals made it extremely interesting. There was one man down when Speaker made an excusable maff of Lelivelt's long drive after a long run. Elberfeld flied to Hooper, but "Doc" Gessler was hit by a pitched ball. Engle then retrieved himself for his error of Friday by making a swell one-handed stop of McBride's drive and getting the runner at first.

In the eighth Speaker opened with a single and got as far as second on a sacrifice. Wagner tried to reach the plate on a single and stole in the last half, but he got no farther than the middle sack.

Wagner beat out a hunt without result in the ninth, for the next three were easy outs. Then the Nationals came in to give the Red Sox a healthy scare.

Batting Rally in Ninth.

Milan, who led off, rapped out his first hit of the game, a hard single to center. Lelivelt pounded one on the trademark between Speaker and Lewis, and by the time the ball was returned Milan had crossed the plate with a run, while Lelivelt was hugging second. Elberfeld drove a scorching grounder to Wagner. The latter made a fine stop and threw high

and wide to Stahl. But Jake stretched himself to the limit and just managed to squeeze the ball, and Elberfeld's fast slide to the bag proved futile. The Kid did not like the decision and neither did the crowd. There was only one man out now, a man on third, and only one little score needed to tie up the game.

Doc Gessler was up, and Doc is a right hard hitter. Clotte quickly got him in the hole for two foul strikes. Then Doc hit half a dozen more fouls, but finally drove a hard bouncer to Clotte. Eddie stopped it, tossed to Engle, and as Lelivelt was caught between the bases, Clotte chased him to the home plate. It was a dangerous play, as Engle got his man by a scant three feet.

In the meantime, Gessler had gotten as far as second, and almost any kind of a hit would have scored him. But the jlg was up, as McBride hit weakly to Engle, and the game was over.

The Score.

WASHINGTON.	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Milan, cf.	5	1	3	1	0	0
Lelivelt, 1b.	4	0	3	1	0	0
Elberfeld, 2b.	3	0	0	1	1	0
Gessler, rf.	4	0	0	3	0	1
McBride, lf.	4	0	0	0	3	1
Schaefer, 2b.	4	1	2	3	3	0
Unglaub, 1b.	4	0	1	10	1	0
Speaker, cf.	4	0	1	1	2	0
Groom, p.	4	0	0	1	2	0
Totals	35	2	9	27	15	1

BOSTON.	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Hooper, rf.	5	0	1	2	1	0
Engle, 1b.	4	0	0	4	0	0
Speaker, cf.	3	2	2	4	0	0
Stahl, 1b.	3	1	2	10	0	0
Gardner, 2b.	3	0	1	1	0	0
Lewis, lf.	4	0	0	1	1	0
Wagner, ss.	4	0	0	2	2	0
Carrigan, c.	3	0	0	7	0	1
Clotte, p.	3	0	0	1	2	0
Totals	35	3	10	27	13	1

Washington, 2; Boston, 3; First base by errors—Boston, 1. Left on bases—Boston, 5; Washington, 13. First base on balls—Off Groom, 5; off Clotte, 4. Struck out—By Groom, 5; by Clotte, 4. Home runs—Speaker, two-base hits—Lelivelt (2), Unglaub. Three-base hits—Stahl, Gardner. Sacrifice hits—Carrigan, Starnes. Stolen bases—Schaefer, Carrigan. Hit by pitcher—By Clotte (Gessler). Umpires—Messrs. Perrine and Egan. Time of game—2 hours and 10 minutes. Attendance—4,500.

NOTES OF THE GAME.

In the first Stahl picked out one to his liking and lifted it over "Doc" Gessler's head, scoring Hooper. Gessler misjudged the ball badly by running in on it instead of backing up.

Lelivelt drove one of Clotte's twisters on a line for Umpire Egan's head in the first, but the umpire managed to duck just in time.

After Milan had grounded out in the first, Lelivelt and Elberfeld drew free passes, Gessler flied out to right, Mac walked, filling the bags, but the necessary hit was lacking.

The winning of the first game Friday seemed to have a good effect on the doubtful fans, for the stands were taxed to their capacity.

Groom steadied down in the second and struck the side out in order, much to the delight of the fans who, a few minutes before had been vainly begging McAleer to take him out.

Clotte stepped out of his box while waving the ball on several occasions, and McAleer called Perrine's attention to it, but to no avail.

Speaker made a beautiful catch of Milan's drive in the second and retired the side when danger threatened.

With first occupied in the third, Speaker sent a scorching to McBride, but a chance for a double play was lost when Schaefer failed to cover second.

Clyde Milan made a nifty running catch off Speaker's bat in the fifth.

Lewis' hard grounder in the first inning found Unglaub waiting to receive it with loving hands.

The Red Sox threatened to score in the third, but Schaefer gobbled up Gardner's fly back of second, and the danger was over for the time being.

That Boston outfield is surely some fast.

Dutch Schaefer burned a screecher to left in the fourth, and Unglaub registered his with a dream of a two-sacker to left center. Street, not to be outdone, doubled to center, but Speaker's peg to the pin nabbed Bob by an inch.

Lelivelt took sweet revenge for that clout of Speaker's, and stung a red hot one over second.

As Clotte was leaving the park, a fan yelled out to him, "We didn't beat you, but you surely knew you were playing ball."

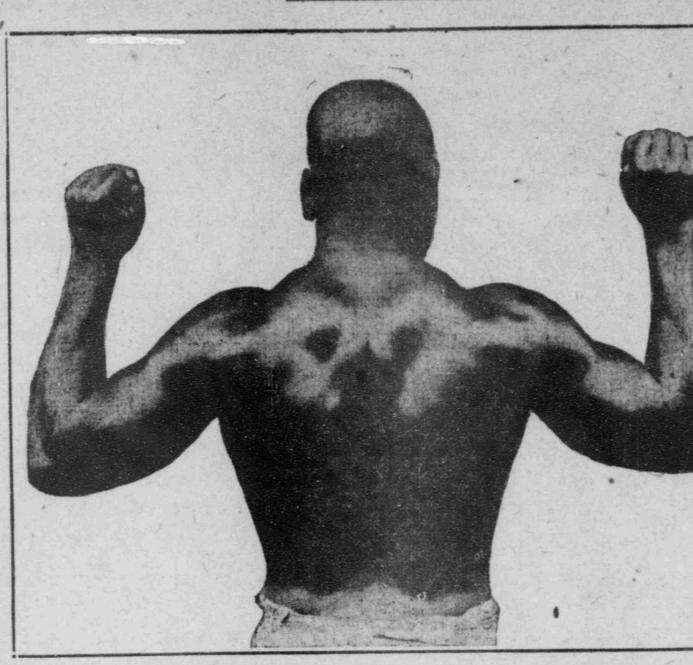
The home team made a desperate effort to win the game in the ninth, when Speaker

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PITCHER FORMAN, Young twirler given trial last year, who has reported to Manager McAleer.

JOHNSON'S BACK MUSCLES ARE SHOWN HERE.



PITCHER FORMAN REPORTS TO MANAGER McALEER

Youngster Will Be Given Chance to Deliver Goods. Week Closes With Poor Record—Other Gossip.

"Well, if here isn't our little friend Forman back again!

Yep, the good-looking, curly haired twirler reported for duty yesterday and was out in a Washington uniform.

Remember Forman?

He was the youngster whom the Nationals tried out here during the last three weeks of the 1909 season. Somebody recommended him to Joe Cantillon and he was given a trial.

As the writer recalls Forman, he pitched one game against St. Louis. All he had was a roundhouse curve and a smile. The harder they hit him the more he smiled.

Forman was ordered to report to Norfolk with the Nationals last March. He showed up for a few days and told McAleer he had a good chance to coach a college team in Pennsylvania, asking permission to do so.

The permission was readily granted, and Forman was ordered to report in Washington when his college season closed. The season closed last Thursday, and this is the reason why Forman is on deck.

McAleer will give him a chance to show what he can do, and if he comes across with the right stuff he will be retained.

The Nationals closed their first week at home yesterday after their long whirl around the circuit, and can hardly show a record of which to be proud. Six games were played, four against New York and two against Boston. McAleer's hopefuls grabbed only two games out of the half dozen, and these were by one run margins, after the hardest kind of fighting.

The locals will have to show something better than this if they expect to keep out of last place, for at the rate the St. Louis Browns are going a shift in the standing is about due unless the Nationals take a brace.

McAleer stated last night that he had not released Catcher Jack Hardy, but intimated that the youngster would be in line for a change of scenery before many days had elapsed.

Hardy is one of the most popular players on the team, and the boys will hate to part with him.

Our evening contemporary follows up the story published in these columns last Thursday to the effect that McAleer was looking around for another man to play first base, as Bob Unglaub's present slump was proving costly to the Nationals' chances.

The Washington Herald also predicted the signing of Cunningham, the New England League star.

Two games here to-morrow, at 10 o'clock in the morning and 2 o'clock in the afternoon. McAleer plans to work Dixie Walker and Dolly Gray.

Bob Unglaub, the Washington first sacker, is not very strong for Southern training trips. He thinks they are O. K. for getting a ball club into shape for a campaign, but they are mighty tiresome for the players who have made them year after year.

The Southern trips look good to the bushers who are just breaking-in," says Bob, "but to the old-timers they are tiresome. We have had enough experience with them to know that they mean nothing but hard work from morning until night. Why, some of these fat ones go South and put in more work during three or four weeks than they do all the rest of the season.

"Of course, we get a little fun out of them," continued Bob, "but there is generally so much work that the fun gets lost. It's the same old routine day after day, and it don't vary a bit more than that of some 'rudy' doing six months in jail for beating his wife.

"Of course, we have some fun with the greenest of the bushers' breaking in, but the young ball players have it easy to what the new ones did a few years ago. Ten years ago the kids had

til it dangled in front of the victim. Talk about being canned!"

Big Jake Stahl, the "same old Jake," as the anvil chorus in this town calls him, deserves the biggest share of credit in turning the Nationals down, for, in addition to rapping out three solid hits—one a screaming three-bagger—he saved the situation by stopping a wide throw by Wagner in the ninth and retiring Elberfeld at first. Had Jake not spared this fearfully wild beast the Nationals would have had men on first and third, with nobody down. Another run, and perhaps more, would certainly have resulted. This stop by Stahl just about saved Eddie Clotte from leaving the box, and, as it proved, prevented the home team from winning.

Capt. Lord and his wife went home to Boston last night. His condition is far from satisfactory to Manager Donovan, as, in addition to his injured finger, he has been found to be ten pounds under weight and suffering from malaria and fever besides. It may be two weeks before he is able to resume his place at third. Bradley's condition is much improved.

That old epidemic of tonsillitis still seems to keep upon the trail of the Red Sox, as Lord's throat has been found to be slightly affected. The physician advised in to treat Bradley and Lord has called that the players have their throats sprayed every morning for some time.

JOHN BULL LIKES JOHNSON.

Big Black Rules Favorite in English Club Betting.

London, July 2.—Great interest is taken in England in the Jeffries-Johnson fight. There is much betting at the clubs with Johnson as the favorite.

The newspapers are arranging to issue extras giving the result of the fight, which cannot be received here until 11 o'clock at night.

RENO ON EDGE FOR A TITANIC STRUGGLE

Armies of Fight Fans Pouring Into
Nevada Town from Every
Corner of the Earth.

CROWD ARENA TO-MORROW

Every Healthy Breed of Man Will Offer
Homage to Two Great Giants of
Pugilism in the Greatest Battle
of Century.

By REX BEACH.

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Reno, Nev., July 2.—In my story yesterday I dwelt at length upon the tremendous public interest displayed in the coming battle. The longer one remains in Reno the greater becomes his wonder at it.

That this is expected to be the greatest heavy-weight struggle in ring history has something to do with the ravenous hunger of the public, of course; likewise the fact that it bids fair to be the last real championship battle most of us will live to see; but back of this there is a greater, deeper curiosity on the part of the public.

In order to satisfy this curiosity there is a veritable army of correspondents here and more are coming by every train. Tex Rickard told me that he has received more than 3,000 requests for press seats, and while not all of these men intend to write about the battle, most of them do, and the number of scribes who will assemble here on Monday in the interests of the American reader will be greater than reported the Russo-Japanese war or the last Republican convention.

THRONGS OF TALENT.

And what a gathering it is! not even the famous banquet tendered to the late Mark Twain on his seventieth birthday, when the literary army of the world moved down to Delmonico's in solid phalanx, has there been gathered such a glittering array of talent as in Reno to-day. At that time it was my privilege to be present in an obscure way and from a hidden corner peer forth with awe-dilated eyes up on the acintillating galaxy of brains assembled, but in Reno to-day my obscurity is ten times greater.

I am overwhelmed and blotted out by the brilliant literary glare that surrounds me. The reputation of such a high stepping, blue ribbon author as Jack London, who is here to do his modest best at 19 cents a word and traveling expenses, is lost utterly in the shadow of such celebrities as John L. Sullivan, the dean of American letters. Mr. Sullivan represents a mammoth syndicate of newspapers, and outweighs any author in the land.

Robert Fitzsimmons, who will write for a great New York daily, gained his first wreath of bay and laurel in this very State some thirteen years ago when upon the rostrum at Carson City he demonstrated the value of an Australian education and the "right shift." Since then he has been one of our very best sellers, and his "life and struggles of a retired blacksmith" has proved an inspiration to the youth of many lands.

Then there is James J. Corbett, whose keen analytical essays written within the shadow of his former conqueror and distributed daily to the homes of rich and poor alike have secured for him the title of "The Boswell of the prize ring."

Tommy Burns' Lineage.

Every literary heavy-weight in the world is here, including Tommy Burns, late of Australia. For the benefit of a group of newspapers Mr. Burns has traced his lineage back to a less famous but well advertised Scotchman of letters by the same name. Tommy did not need to boost his reputation as a litterateur by such a subterfuge, for any editor would have taken his account of the fight on its own inherent merits as well as on the reputation of its author. It showed a weakness in the ex-claim-

ation to drag in the name of his progenitor; he should have stood upon the record of his own accomplishments.

Representing the rugged hand-to-hand, catch-as-catch-can style of literature, we have with us three of the brightest stars in the firmament—Frank Gotch, William Muldoon, and Farmer Burns. Mr. Gotch is a master of the Rudyard Kipling too-hold, Mr. Muldoon is a patron of millionaires, Farmer Burns is fifty-one years old and has never been sick. Then among the lighter weight literati we have Battling Nelson, whose powers of entertainment delighted thousands up to the time he collaborated with Ad Wolgast.

Space forbids me to mention all the vast array of talent that is here prepared by the magic of its pen to transport the American reading public to the ringside on the glorious Fourth when Jeffries or Johnson, as the case may be, gets his. But in looking it over I am seized with respect when I think that the sporting writers are so feebly represented. I lament at the absence of "Wallopings" Dean Howells, of New England. He may not possess the literary style of a Joe Chynoweth or an Abe Attell, but he has a certain following nevertheless.

His Diction Lacking.

And Battling Henry James, the "Devonshire Demon." Why did not some enterprising editor commission him to write the story of this fight? His diction is stilted, perhaps, and lacking in the fluent ease and grace of Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, but he is entitled to be heard.

It is discouraging to say the least for us fagged-out authors who burn the midnight welsbach in a ceaseless, sordid effort to make wolf poison and thus forestall the landlord, when we realize that we have missed the short cut to fame and glory. To the youthful aspirant for literary honors I recommend road work and dumbbells instead of rhetoric and English, the deskkin glove in place of the calfskin binding. And should the climb to Mount Parnassus seem long and arduous, let him find comfort in the meditation that even Tom Sharkey was once a sailor.

But I do not wish to give the impression that Reno is purely a literary center. Far from it. The sweet and gentle art of harmony is represented here. The realm of music has sent a representative to the fight in the person of the world's champion marathon piano player, who boasts of having teased melody from a piano for sixty-one consecutive hours without leaving.

And in addition to these men of prominence an army of unknowns is rapidly gathering. They come tripping forth from Pullmans, day coaches, and smokers; they come tumbling down from flat topped box cars or creeping forth from between the trucks, their faces black with dust, their bodies scarred by the print of brake beams.

Coming from Everywhere.

They are coming from England and Hawaii, from Australia and Alaska, in special trains and side-door sleepers, but whether they chance to be globe trotters or grandees, homebodies or hoboes, gentlemen or gruffers, they are all red-blooded, full-fashioned men with the age old primitive love of fighting in their veins. There are no mollycoddlers in Reno this night.

The eve of the greatest battle of the century finds this little frontier city packed and jammed by an eager, optimistic, healthy breed of men who on Monday will file out through the heat and glare and dust to a great unprinted open-air arena, there to offer homage on the altar of individual excellence. And should next Monday prove that their country was in peril and in need of them to safeguard her honor, these same men would go forth willingly, gayly, to do her service even at the cost of blood.

It was men like these and like their less fortunate brothers who will follow the fight story as it comes flashing over the wires who opened their veins at Shiloh or went roaring down to death and glory across the fields of Gettysburg. These are the men our forefathers bred in the wilderness. These are the men who make nations. In Reno to-night there are few wimps.

Value to Fighters.

Now that we have seen something of what this battle means to the American man, let us look for an instant at what it signifies to the contestants. I am informed that instead of fighting for a purse of \$10,000, as previously announced, there will be offered at the ringside on Monday a bonus of \$10,000 to each participant in addition to the original sum.

Continued on Page 4, Column 6.

LATEST PICTURE OF JEFFRIES IN ACTION.

