

WITH THE AMATEURS

Notes and Gossip Gleaned from Local Diamonds.

ALL GAMES HALTED BY RAIN

Heavy Storm Welcomed by Fans and Players Alike, as Playing Fields Were in Dusty Condition—Trouble Brewing in Bankers' League—Coming Post-season Series Discussed.

By N. T. WORLEY.

After the long hot spell the rainstorm yesterday afternoon was welcomed by nearly every one, despite the fact that it necessitated the postponement of all amateur games.

To-day the Midways will have a chance to continue their winning streak by beating Navy Yard. This Midway aggregation has taken a swell brace lately, and may finish in the first division if the boys continue to play together.

There is going to be trouble in the Bankers' League before the season is over, and from the way things are shaping at present it begins to look like there will be no Bankers' League next year.

Commercial's only hope to win the pennant this year is to have the games which the American Security and Trust Company won from Riggs while that team was in the league thrown out.

The Commercial League has not been the howling success which it was planned to be, and all because the different managers have failed to fight on the proper interest and attend to the duties which usually fall to the manager's lot.

Now that some of the leagues are finishing up their schedules, the eyes of the players and fans alike are being focused on the coming series for the championship of the District.

The fight for the championship here this fall is going to be a warm one from the first. The Commissioners are fully capable of holding up their end of the stick, and will make it warm for the best team to get the Capital City League can send forth to do them battle.

WHAT YOU DRINK is just as important as what you eat in hot weather. ROYAL PILSEN fulfills every requirement as to purity, quality, and flavor.

GIVEN HIS RELEASE.

JACK HARDY.



Catcher who quits Nationals after short service.

ment on foot by the Independence leaguers to displace their rivals in the A series. While this may bring prestige to the Independence League, yet financially it will not prove a Godsend, as the Independence League would have a chance to win the Section B championship and contest the winners in A, but if they play in A they will have little or no show to win the A series, and will thus not figure in the finish.

At one of the last meetings of the Amateur Baseball Commission the board voted to make all future meetings executive sessions and exclude all newspapermen from the gatherings of the body.

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AMATEUR LEAGUE STANDINGS. Table with columns for League, Team, W, L, Pct.

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RACING CARDS FOR TO-DAY. Table with columns for Race, Horses, Odds.

Abner-Drury Brewing Co., 25th & F. PHONE W. 433.

DANGER MARK CAPTURES RACE

Takes Winged Foot Handicap at Empire City Track. New York, July 12.—Excellent racing was enjoyed by nearly 5,000 persons at Empire City to-day. Stake feature was the Winged Foot Handicap of \$1,500 for two-year-olds, six furlongs, and the New Castle stable scored a double triumph when Dangermark and Royal Meteor, coupled at 7 to 1, took first and second money, respectively.

Fourth Race—The Winged Foot Handicap: six furlongs. Danger Mark, 19 (Notter), 3 to 5; Royal Meteor, 18 (Garner), 7 to 1; Quincey Belle, 90 (McCarthy), 2 to 1; third, Time, 1:23.4. White Ladette, Americanos, Feather Duster, Naughty Lad, Mico, Hecla, Hingham, and Alexandria also ran.

Sixth Race—One and one-half miles. Dean Peck, 28 (Dwyer), 7 to 5; Lord of Langdon, 10 (Houston), 5 to 1; second, Adolphus, 10 (Houston), 5 to 1; third, Time, 1:41.4. Pevred, Stanley Fry, Nimbus, and Superstition also ran.

MAKE UP SHORTAGE.

Stockholders of Louisville Institution Put Up \$1,000,000. Louisville, Ky., July 12.—At a meeting of the directors of the Fidelity Trust Company to-day it was announced the stockholders of the concern, including many of the leading capitalists of the city, had made up a fund to meet any loss that has or may come to the company up to \$1,000,000.

DR. KASSABIAN DIED.

X-Ray Operator Victim of Burns from Roentgen Rays. Philadelphia, July 12.—Dr. Mirhan K. Kassabian, one of the first physicians in Philadelphia to become a skiagrapher or X-ray operator, died at the Jefferson Hospital this morning from a disease called for a better name X-ray dermatitis, or burns contracted by association with the Roentgen rays.

CAMPBELL WIPED OUT.

Bathurst, New Brunswick, July 12.—The fire which destroyed the town of Campbellton, the largest cedar shingle center in Eastern America, burned 1,900 buildings, made about 5,000 persons homeless, and caused a financial loss of nearly \$2,000,000.

Youth Killed by Lightning.

Harrisonburg, Va., July 12.—Rockingham County was visited this afternoon by a near cloud-burst and a heavy electrical storm. Jacob Boyers, aged twenty-one, a son of George Boyers, was plowing corn about a mile north of town when a stroke of lightning killed him and his horse.

Opium in Dispatch Bag.

Paris, July 12.—Capt. Laspique, who was carrying a diplomatic dispatch bag from Fekin, was arrested at Marseilles for concealing opium in the bag. He was sentenced to eight days' imprisonment and to pay \$1,000 fine.

THE SECRET OF TONI

By MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL, Author of "The Victory," "The Spiritually Romance of Marne," &c.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

They even reached the point of courage to go sometimes and sit on the terrace, where the band played, and where the people sat at little tables, eating and drinking. One afternoon, shortly after Lucie had left, they were actually invited to sit at the same table with the Vernes.

"If you are looking for a place, monsieur, there are two chairs vacant here—we shall be most happy if you will occupy them."

Ravenel stopped, amazed, and the color poured into Sophie Ravenel's beautiful, pale face, and in an instant more they were seated with the Vernes, the first social recognition they had had since that day when Delorme's blow drove Sophie into Ravenel's arms.

"And this young gentleman I recollect well, as having been most polite and attentive to Mme. Ravenel once, when she fell ill in the park."

CHAPTER VIII.

In spite of his two hours' work every day with Capt. Ravenel, Paul found plenty of opportunity still to be with Toni. They maintained their attitude of confidence toward each other as regarded their different lady loves, and about this time Toni confessed to Paul that strange and thorough revolution that had taken place in his nature, by which he had, for the first time in his life, given to another person something which he might have gobbled up himself, in giving Denise nearly all of his two sticks of candy.

"No, indeed," answered Toni, "I am no gentleman—I don't want to be a gentleman—I am only Toni. But I like almost as much as you do, Mlle. Lucie. At first I meant to marry Denise, but Toni, added Paul frankly and seriously, "I am afraid you are not a gentleman, and never will be one."

"I know I am not a gentleman," said Toni, "but I don't mind—I am not a gentleman." Paul's holidays were to end in September, and the Vernes, out of good-will to her, and also Toni, unseen by anybody except Paul, there was a hole in the hedge, which was close to the summer-house, and outside that hole Toni crouched. At one or two points in the banquet, which consisted of cakes and fruit as well as tea, Paul made excuses to pass to the hedge, and every time he did so through the hole a cake or some fruit to Toni, and what was the strangest thing in the world, Toni ate the cakes himself and put the fruit into a paper bag which he had brought for the purpose.

So, on the afternoon before Paul left, the Ravensels went over, and in the arbor in the Verney's garden had tea together. Paul made one of the party, and also Toni, unseen by anybody except Paul. There was a hole in the hedge, which was close to the summer-house, and outside that hole Toni crouched. At one or two points in the banquet, which consisted of cakes and fruit as well as tea, Paul made excuses to pass to the hedge, and every time he did so through the hole a cake or some fruit to Toni, and what was the strangest thing in the world, Toni ate the cakes himself and put the fruit into a paper bag which he had brought for the purpose.

But this was not the only surprise of the afternoon. The summer-house was near the open iron gate of the garden, and as the grown people were sitting, quietly chatting and drinking their tea, Col. Duquesne passed by, and, stopping in front of the gate, tried to light his cigar, but used up the last match in his match box without being able to do it. Then M. Verney, who was the soul of good will and hospitality, taking from the table some of the matches Mme. Verney used for her tea kettle, walked to the gate and offered them to Col. Duquesne. There was a breeze stirring, enough to make it difficult to light a

AMUSEMENTS.

BELASCO ROOF GARDEN BEN GREET CO. In "Midsummer Night's Dream" REFRESHMENTS, NIGHTS, 25c, 50c, 75c. Special Children's Matinee Wed. All Seats 25c. Sat. Mat., 25c, 50c.

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colar out of doors, and M. Verney invited Col. Duquesne to come into the summer house. The colonel, looking in and seeing Mme. Ravenel smiling and bowing, and the Ravensels sitting there, accepted M. Verney's invitation and went in.

Each a thing neither of the Ravensels had ever hoped or looked for, and the Vernes, who were the best-hearted people in the world, were delighted at the success of their invitation.

"No, indeed," answered Toni, "I am no gentleman—I don't want to be a gentleman—I am only Toni. But I like almost as much as you do, Mlle. Lucie. At first I meant to marry Denise, but Toni, added Paul frankly and seriously, "I am afraid you are not a gentleman, and never will be one."

"I don't like making a living, and besides, if I marry Denise, what's the use? Denise will take care of me—I know she will. She and my mother will make a living for me."

Toni was frightened half to death at the prospect of going into a tailor's shop, and his mother had literally to drag him into the morning when he was to be introduced into his new profession. The shop was a small room, where two or three sewing machines were perpetually going. There sat Clery and his two boys at work.

For the first week or two which he was employed in carrying parcels, Toni was found onerous enough. He had a way, however, of taking an hour to do an errand which ought only to have taken him ten minutes, and when during that first week in the tailor's shop he was entrusted with a pair of Capt. Ravenel's well-worn trousers which had been pressed and cleaned, it took him fifty-seven minutes to carry them from Clery's shop to the Ravensels' door, which was the exactly four minutes away, Clery said that would never do.

As for Toni, these long absences from the shop meant getting back to his old haunts and to the things he was not afraid of—the bridge by the river, and the sight of a cavalry troop going out for exercise, or a conversation with Jacques by way of encouragement. He had a feeling of terror when he sat in the shop with the tailor's eye fixed on him, and Paul Neavey dropped with astonishment.

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EXCURSIONS.

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KENSINGTON. Cars from 13th and N. Y. ave. every quarter hour until 6:30 p. m., and then from Loop. Connect at Chevy Chase Lake with Kensington Line.

was, he found it impossible to teach Toni the smallest thing about the tailoring trade. He could not operate a sewing-machine to save his life, nor learn to sew a stitch or to handle a smoothing-iron. Clery, who knew what a problem it was, thought long and anxiously over this problem of Mme. Marcel's.

All through the winter days he kept his eye on Toni, hoping that the boy might learn something, but when the leaves came in the spring, Toni knew no more about tailoring than he did when the autumn winds swept the trees bare.

It was then May, and Toni was finding the confinement of the shop almost more than his soul could bear. It seemed to him impossible that such a life should continue, away from the fresh air, away from the deep, sweet-smelling earth, away from horses and troopers. He could not even see Denise, for Clery had taught him one thing, and that was not to loiter by the wayside, and sometimes a whole week would pass without his having a word with the lady of his love.

And Denise, with the clairvoyance of childhood, saw, in the troubled depths of Toni's black eyes, that he was soul-sick, and in her tender heart she felt sorry for him. Sometimes she would lie in wait for Toni under the branches of the acacia tree, and hand him out a tart or a piece of ginger bread, but even this had no taste in Toni's mouth—life was so dark and drear to him. How he longed for those happy days when he scraped and talked in Herrmann's garret, or those still better days, when there was no thought of work, and he could spend the whole day, if he liked, lying on his stomach on the parapet of the bridge and watch the silvery backs of the fishes as they tumbled about in the rippling water! It seemed to him as if Denise was the only soul in the world who understood and pitied him. Even his mother, who he had hoped would let him live idleness all his days, had done this strange and cruel thing of trying to make him work.

Paul Verney wished him to work, Clery made him work, the Clery boys openly despised him for not working. Only Denise, of everybody in the wide world, knew what Toni himself knew—that he was never meant to work.

TO BE CONTINUED TO-MORROW.

