GRIFFS REST FOR ONE DAY AT CLEVELAND, FAIL IN BOSTON

Washington Experiences in Hub City This Season Have Been Unfortunate to a Game.

By LOUIS A. DOUGHER.

CLEVELAND, Aug. 17. — The Griffmen are resting here today before entering upon their triple scrap with Lee Fohls' Indians. Again on the Western half of the circuit, the courage of the boys has appeared, and one and all declare that the four clubs out here will have to pay for those defeats back in Boston, home of the coming champions. More or less fatigued from their long ride, the Griffmen loafed about the hotel, not caring to stir themselves. The movie fiends plan a rushing business for tonight, though.

That defeat in Boston was the final drop in the bucket of Griffith's unhappiness. He had counted on winning at least one game from the Red Sox at Fenway Park, and he was considerably disgusted when the gods of war decided against him. Eleven games have been played by the Griffmen in Boston, and not once have the Capitolians come out on the long end. The Red Sox have replaced the Mackmen as the official Jinx for the Nationals.

Manager Griffith stayed in Boston to see the dedication of the Braves' new park, at Allston, tomorrow. The Old Fox will twirl the first ball to George Stallings when the game between the Braves and Cardinals is started, and the ball or strike will be counted in the official score.

Plans had been made in Boston to entertain one of the largest crowds of baseball players, managers, owners, and writers that has ever assembled outside of a world's series. Owner Gaffney has a reputation in two leagues for entertaining, and nearly every invitation was accepted. Every member of the Baseball Writers' Association of America was invited.

Even if the Braves fail to win the flag in the older league this year, the world's series will be played at their park, provided the Red Sox are victorious in the Johnsonian circuit. President Gaffney has offered his new park to Joe Lannin for the series, and the Red Sox chieftain has gladly accepted the kind offer. This will assure 43,000 fans' seats for the title combats, a larger throng than has attended any world's series in the past. In 1912, 10,000 fans were seated along Lewis Cliff, the steep bank in left field, but a municipal rule in the Hub forbidding erection of temporary wooden seats in such a manner will cut down the attendance by 10,000. Gaffney's offer means, therefore, greater receipts than ever at less expense to Lannin.

The final skirmish in the Hub proved a defeat for the Griffs, 1 to 0. Gallia pitched good ball, really better than Wood. Hooper's wallop in the opening frame proved disastrous, for Scott's sacrifice fly sent him over with the lone tally of the combat.

Marlin Kopp, the Canadian leaguer, smacked the first ball pitched for a sweet single through the box to center. It amounted to nothing when Foster doubled him up, Barry making a brilliant stop. Milan whiffed.

Hooper caught the first pitched ball and drove it to the right field bleachers for three corners, walking over on Scott's long fly to Milan. Speaker sent Milan away out for his sailer. Foster took care of Hobby's grounder, holding the scoring to one run.

With one down in the second, Gandil tore off a single to center. Acosta forced Gandil, going to second on Barry's bad throw. Henry's fly to Speaker ended it all.

Gardner singled with one gone in the last half, but nothing happened, as Barry popped to Foster and Henry tossed out Gardner at second.

Speaker over-ran Foster's bingle opening the fourth, giving the midget a double. Milan's long fly to Hooper sent him to third. He stayed there and watched Shanks and Gandil fan weakly. That was the first opportunity they had to score and they failed to rise to the demands.

Acosta opened the fifth with a walk, but after Henry skied to Lewis, McBride forced the Cuban with a bounce to Wood. Gallia drew a free ticket. Kopp beat out a slow one to Scott, but Umpire Wallace waved him out, becoming a target for the entire Washington dugout.

Barry made a spectacular stop of Foster's drive close to the middle cushion and got the runner. Milan ripped a single to right and stole. Shanks walked. Gandil's best was a weak bounce to Wood, advancing both runners. Acosta tried hard, but Barry had no trouble handling his grounder. Another good chance to score had gone by the board.

Gallia pitched great ball after that opening frame. Following the single by Gardner in the second the Red Sox came up and got down in order, not one was able to do much, though Foster and McBride performed some pretty stunts in support of Gallia. Meanwhile, Wood was being hit hard. Superb support by Barry, Speaker, and Lewis kept the Griffmen back.

Shanks tore open the ninth with a double to right center. Gandil's attempt to sacrifice was a puny pop to Cady. Acosta skied to Lewis. Williams, for Henry, rolled to Barry, and the Red Sox had cleaned up the Griffs for the season at Fenway Park.

Wash.	AB	H	O	A	E	Boston.	AB	H	O	A	E
Kopp, lf	4	1	2	0	0	Hooper, rf	3	1	1	0	0
Foster, 2b	4	2	2	2	0	Scott, ss	2	0	2	4	0
Milan, cf	4	1	6	0	0	Speaker, cf	3	0	1	0	0
Shanks, 3b	3	1	0	0	0	Hob'zell, 1b	3	0	11	0	0
Gandil, 1b	4	1	8	1	0	Lewis, lf	3	0	5	0	0
Acosta, rf	3	0	0	0	0	Gardner, 3b	3	1	0	0	0
Henry, c	3	0	4	1	0	Barry, 2b	3	0	2	5	0
McBride, ss	3	0	1	3	0	Cady, c	2	0	5	0	0
Gallia, p	2	0	1	0	0	Wood, p	2	0	0	4	0
*Williams	1	0	0	0	0						
Totals	31	6	24	8	1	Totals	24	2	27	13	0

*Batted for Henry in ninth.

Washington	000	000	000	—0
Boston	100	000	00	—1

Run—Hooper. Two-base hits—Foster, Shanks. Three-base hit—Hooper. Stolen base—Milan. Sacrifice fly—Scott. Double play—Barry to Scott to Hobliitzell. Left on bases—Washington, 7; Boston, 6. First base on balls—Off Wood, 3. Struck out—By Gallia, 2; by Wood, 4. Umpires—Messrs. Connolly and Wallace. Time of game—1 hour and 32 minutes.

TODAY'S SPORTORIAL

By LOUIS A. DOUGHER.

CLEVELAND, Aug. 17.—If the Griffmen are to cinch their grip upon a first division place for 1915, they must hold to their previous work against Western teams. The Detroit Tigers alone of the four Western teams hold the whiphand over the Griffs, with a margin of three victories in fifteen contests. The others have fallen before the cohorts of the venerable Reynard and will probably fall again before the Capitolians return to their own sward at Georgia avenue. In games played already this season, the Griffmen have hung up thirty-six victories against Western teams, losing twenty-five. This margin is not so great, but it is great enough to give the boys some encouragement on this their final swing around the frontier. That they need this encouragement goes without saying. In discussing the possibilities of finishing in the first division, the first question arising is the value of such a finish. Is it worth while?

The Griffmen are but a step or two now ahead of the Yankees. It is possible, if not probable, that Donovan's troupe will finish in fourth place, with the Griffmen trailing them. Such a finish would be a sad blow to many gamblers who staked their money on mid-winter prognostications that the Griffmen were sure to make a battle for first place all season and might win the pennant. To them a second division finish for the Griffs would be a catastrophe. But in some ways it might be better for the team to fall out of the leading four. It might jack them up in places sadly needing such jacking. So far as Washington fansare considered, fifth place is as good as fourth. They have been satiated so long with bunk about winning a pennant in 1915 that mere first division finishing means little or nothing. Baseball conditions in the Capital should deal rather with the future than with the past, or even the present.

Nevertheless, like the fighter he is, Clark Griffith means to finish as high as he can. He knows he has no chance for the pennant honors, but he does not intend to tear his club apart before he absolutely must. In the first place, where are the new men to put into the game? Until they appear, the regulars who have failed are better than the irregulars who have done no better on their several trials. As soon as the seasons close for the International League and the American Association, a number of new players will report to the Old Fox, and if Griff holds to his present plan they will be played immediately. By that time most of the games will have been played against Western teams for 1915, and it devolves upon the present lineup to carry its margin of victory down to the day the newcomers take their places. Then let the youngsters show what they can do against Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. If they make good, so much the better. If they fail, there will be no complaint.

Baseball apathy has never been more pronounced anywhere than it is here. The disastrous showing of the Indians—who wished that name on the team?—and the lack of any better outlook for 1916 has killed about all the interest Cleveland had in the American League. Amateur baseball has the call here. On Sundays amateur teams will draw 20,000 fans, as opposed to 4,000 at League Park, home of the Indians. The national game is just as popular as ever, but the fans simply won't have anything to do with a chronic loser. They are becoming too wise for that.

Walter Johnson has now won seventeen games and lost eleven. Unless his support becomes much better from now till the close of the campaign, the Kansas Zephyr will have a hard time winning more games than he loses. The strain of the battle is telling on him, too. In Boston he visibly weakened toward the end of the contest which he lost by one run, 4 to 3. It was as much his fault as that of his support that the leaders copped the honors. It is pretty generally understood around the circuit that he lacks that reserve strength of other days, and if an opponent possesses real batting strength, he continues to peck away, knowing that victory may come just so long as the Griffs fail to get many runs.

They say that Lee Fohl will be retained to manage the Cleveland club for 1916. That is admission of weakness financially. Fohl has not made good with the material he has now, so what outlook can there be for 1916? The Cleveland club is in a very bad way. It has no money and few players of merit. How to get new men for nothing is worrying Charlie Somers more than a little. The attendance in the Sixth City has been low all season, owing to the kind of baseball shown, andd this attendance will hardly be bettered with Lee Fohl handling the same crowd he has now in the coming campaign. Fohl is a cheap men. This is his principal attraction to an owner who cannot afford better things. But how will Cleveland fans take it?

Tennis Doubles on At Newport Courts Today

Westerners Do Well in Singles, Ward Dawson's Defeat Being Only Upset of Talent—Griffin and Mahan Furnish Spectacular Five-Set Match.

NEWPORT, Aug. 17.—Tennis players of lesser talent are expected to be eliminated today in the second session on the Casino courts in the invitation tournament now in progress. Straight set defeats ruled yesterday in the opening matches in singles. The draw in the doubles was made last night and the players will take the courts today.

The Western invaders fared well. There were four of them entered and only one of them was defeated. Ward Dawson, and his downfall was the big surprise of the day. Rowland Evans, jr., of the Merion Cricket Club, Philadelphia, took the measure of the young Westerner in straight sets at 6-4, 6-3, 6-2. The young Philadelphian, whose record on the courts does not stand out boldly, showed some pretty tennis and plenty of native talent. He knew that Dawson's one particular weakness is his forehand drive and he played to it continually. As a result Dawson could not get any power into his returns and left the way clear for Evans to score points. As assiduous as Evans was in keeping the ball on Dawson's forehand he was more so in keeping it low so that the Californian would not have a chance for an overhead smash at it.

Clarence J. Griffin, another of the native sons, was hard put to win his match from Lyle E. Mahan, of New York, the tallest tennis player in captivity. It took the Californian five sets to win at 6-4, 6-0, 6-8, 6-8, 6-3, and it was not until nightfall that the match was completed. Griffin, who is short and pudgy, was in remarkable contrast to his opponent on looks, and in the first two sets on play. The Californian had no difficulty in passing Mahan at will in the first two sets. He ran up a lead of 3-love in the third set, and it looked as if he would be another to gain his second round bracket on straight sets. Mahan, however, at this stage of the game awoke from his lethargy and carried off five consecutive games before Griffin realized what was happening.

William M. Johnston, who, with Griffin, will challenge Maurice E. McLoughlin and Thomas C. Bundy, of California, for the national doubles championship, won his match rather easily from Ralph L. Baggs, of New York, at 6-1, 6-2, 6-2. Baggs was in wretched form when he met Johnston, for the latter did not arrive at the Casino until late in the afternoon, and Baggs, after waiting more than a reasonable time, went out and played for a couple of hours in the terrific heat. He had left the course and donned his clothes when Johnston put in an appearance ready to play.

Bundy had not arrived in Newport up to late last night and it is likely that his match against Watson Washburn of New York will be defaulted to the latter today. McLoughlin, the only other Westerner at the Casino, got some fair practice in a match with Francis Roche, a local product. The Comet, who only last week was totally eclipsed by the great Behr, ran out his victory in straight sets, at 6-1, 6-3, 6-2. Roche had some pretty strokes, but they did not show up to much advantage against McLoughlin, who had more life than he displayed in Seabright last week.

Richard Morris Williams, 2d, of Philadelphia, the national champion, won his match from Frank M. Watrous, a former Yale player, at 6-3, 6-4, 6-0. Watrous showed a flash of ability in the early games of the second set when he broke through Williams' service a couple of times and led at 3-1.

Dr. William Rosenbaum, of New York, and Irving C. Wright, of Boston, had the honor of playing the first match on the championship court, and after the first set, in which the New Yorker was as wild as the proverbial March hare, showed some good tennis. Wright won the match after four sets had been played, at 6-1, 3-6, 6-3, 7-5. Rosenbaum had many good chances, especially in the fourth set, when he led at 4-2, but threw them away by his inaccuracy.

The pairings for today follows: Invitation doubles, upper half, second round—Lyle E. Mahan and George Wightman vs. C. F. Watson, jr., and T. Potter; Nathaniel W. Niles and Wallace F. Johnson vs. Dr. William Rosenbaum and Frederick T. Frelinghuysen; Theodore R. Pell and Frederick C. Inman vs. Rowland Evans, jr., and Sidney Thayer, jr.

First round—Richard Norris Williams 3d and Watson M. Washburn vs. F. J. Sulloway and G. Colket Caner; Ward Dawson and partner vs. H. A. Mackinney and D. S. Watters; R. Dana and E. Tudor Cross vs. Clarence J. Griffin and William M. Johnston.

Lower half, second round—Robert Le Roy and Charles M. Bull, jr., vs. winner of Dana and Gross-Griffin and Johnston match; I. C. Wright and Harry C. Johnson vs. R. Capers and Count Otto Salm Hoogstraeten; Raymond D. Little and Frederick B. Alexander vs. J. S. Cushman and Craig Dibble vs. Stanley Henshaw and B. C. Law.

Among the Minors

Southern League.
Memphis, 5; Chattanooga, 2.
New Orleans, 5; Atlanta, 0.
Mobile, 4; Birmingham, 3 (first game.)
Birmingham, 2; Mobile, 1 (second game).
Little Rock, 4; Nashville, 3.

Western League.
Des Moines, 2; Omaha, 1.
Sioux City, 6; St. Joseph, 1.
Lincoln, 6; Denver, 4.
No other games scheduled.

North Carolina League.
Winston-Salem, 4; Raleigh, 3.
Durham, 3; Charlotte, 2.
Asheville, 7; Greensboro, 1.

Texas League.
San Antonio, 1; Fort Worth, 0.
Other games postponed, rain.

Colonial League.
Hartford, 1; Pawtucket, 1 (11 innings).
New Haven, 3; Springfield, 2.
New Bedford, 5; Brockton, 2.

International League.
Providence, 11; Harrisburg, 0.
Buffalo, 7; Montreal, 3 (first game).
Buffalo, 3; Montreal, 1 (second game).
Toronto, 8; Rochester, 2.

New York State League.
Binghamton, 7; Albany, 3 (first game).
Binghamton, 4; Albany, 2 (second game).
Utica, 10; Scranton, 1.
Elmira, 8; Troy, 2.
Syracuse, 9; Wilkesbarre, 2.

MISS DETROIT GAINS BIG LEAD FOR CUP

Wins Second Race of Series and Only a Breakdown Can Beat Her Now.

NEW YORK, Aug. 17.—Miss Detroit, the hydroplane built by a syndicate of motor boatmen of Detroit and representing the Detroit Power Boat Association, won the second race for the gold challenge cup on Manhasset bay yesterday afternoon, and, unless she meets with some serious accident, she will capture the prize today. She has scored fourteen points in the series, and the Tech, jr., and Presto are tied for second place with nine points each. The Miss Detroit must be totally disabled to be beaten for the big prize.

The race yesterday was not as fast as on the opening day, and only three boats were able to finish. These were Miss Detroit, Tech, jr., and Presto, but Presto had engine trouble twice and was a long way astern, finishing only to get her points. The Miss Detroit took 43 minutes 56 seconds to complete the course of thirty nautical miles. She averaged 40.97 nautical, or 47.11 statute miles an hour. She beat the Tech, jr., 54 seconds. The fastest lap by the Miss Detroit was the third, 6 minutes and 54 seconds, and on that lap she averaged 50 statute miles an hour. This showed that she has some reserve speed which can be used when the boat is pressed, but Jack Millot, her helmsman, and Jack Beebee, her mechanician, are not taking any more chances than necessary, and even if they do not break any records will be well satisfied to win the cup. She will try for records tomorrow in the mile championship trials.

The Baby Reliance V and Baby Speed Demon II, the Blackton pair, were out shortly before the starting time, and showed up well in their preliminary spins. Just before 4 o'clock, when the race was started, the Baby Reliance suddenly stopped and could not be started again. Too much oil in the engine was the cause of the trouble.

The Baby Speed Demon, Mrs. Blackton's winner of last year, got away well, but cracked a cylinder on the first round. Bob Edgren, her helmsman, kept the boat going in spite of her crippled condition, but at the beginning of the fourth lap the conecting shaft broke and that ended her career, much to the disappointment of all. Commodore Blackton decided that he would not build a new boat to defend the cup this year, but would race his last year's boats and let some others have chances if they could be beaten, and thus give the sport a needed stimulant. The Miss Detroit was built by Smith of Algonac, Mich., who built the Blackton pair, and had Commodore Blackton gone to him again this year he might have retained the cup. Now he will try to win it back again next season.

The Tech, jr., made a fairly good showing in yesterday's race. She got away poorly, but ran steadily after that and was overhauling the Miss Detroit on the third lap, which caused Millot to let his boat out a little. The Presto twice had engine trouble, but she managed to complete the course.

The Baby Speed Demon was the first away at the start, with Miss Detroit second, about 50 yards astern; then came Tech, jr., and Presto, the latter being late. The Miss Detroit soon overhauled the Baby Speed Demon and Tech, jr., moved into second place before the first lap was completed. The accident to the Spede Demon's cylinder caused her to drop back to last place. On the second lap the Presto stopped for twenty-five minutes and the Speed Demon took third place. At the end of the third lap, with half the course covered, the Miss Detroit led by 47 seconds from Tech, jr. Then came Baby Speed Demon 2 minutes 23 seconds further astern and the Presto 16 minutes later. The Baby Speed Demon retired after this, and the Miss Detroit going on without a miss or a skip won easily from the Tech, jr., by 54 seconds.

The elapsed time in minutes and seconds for each lap of the course was:

Miss Detroit—7.09, 7.16, 6.54, 7.06, 7.15, 8.16. Total elapsed time, 43 minutes 56 seconds. Average, 40.97 nautical, or 47.11 statute miles an hour. Fastest lap, 6.54, average 50 statute miles.

Tech, jr.—7.48, 7.06, 7.12, 7.21, 7.36, 7.47. Total elapsed time, 44 minutes 50 seconds.

Presto—8.17, 24.50, 7.13, 7.50, 41.17, 8.38. Total elapsed time, 1 hour 37 minutes 30 seconds.

Baby Speed Demon II.—8.06, 8.21, 8.03, disabled.

Virginia Grays Want Baseball Games Here

ALEXANDRIA, Va., Aug. 17.—The Virginia Grays, composed of the best young amateur baseball players, averaging sixteen years, have organized for the season. The youngsters have selected for their manager Peter J. Brenner, a former star baseball player of the crack Alexandrians, and through his coaching the new team will meet with success in every way. All amateur teams averaging sixteen years of age in the District of Columbia, Maryland, and Virginia desiring games, either at their grounds or in Alexandria, Va., will please address Peter J. Brenner, 524 South Alfred street, Alexandria, Va.

Bring Your Own Pop Bottles Now

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 17.—To prevent the recurrence of pop bottle attacks on umpires at the local National League ball park, Schuyler P. Britton, president of the Cardinals, announced today that henceforth no soda water will be sold in the bleachers. The new order resulted from action of fans in throwing bottles and vegetables at Byron, the umpire, in yesterday's game with Chicago. The sale of soda will continue in the grandstand, as the fans there did not participate in the attack on Byron.

Read It Here Now
SEE IT LATER IN THE MOVIES

THE GODDESS

EARLE WILLIAMS as Tommy Barclay
ANITA STEWART as The Goddess
Written by Gouverneur Morris

Dramatized into a Photo-Play by CHAS. W. GODDARD

(Continued from Yesterday.)

As it got to be broad day, he was careful to make no noise. At any moment now he might hear sounds of Stilliter and Celestia aproaching.

About this time Freddie and Celestia (or rather Freddie alone; for Celestia merely suffered herself to be led) were trying to find their way back to the cave. But for once the luck of the tenement dweller was at fault. A man brought up on numbered streets and rectangular city blocks has no incentive to develop a bump of locality, and at last Freddie, with cold fear in his heart, admitted to himself that he was hopelessly lost. I shouldn't have said hopelessly: the mariner has his sextant and compass to guide him across the waters; the woodsman has the sun and the stars, and the mossy sides of trees to help out in intuitive sense of direction, and Freddie the Ferret, feeling in his inside pocket, found to his unmitigated relief that he had his pack of cards.

Forthwith he made Celestia sit down, and he knelt, and having shuffled his greasy and shabby deck, he dealt thirteen cards face down in a very accurate circle. Then one by one, a look of faithful expectancy on his face, he turned them over.

Twelve of the cards he then gathered up and put with the pack. The thirteenth was the ace of hearts.

This Freddie lifted with reverence and great care, so as not to change the direction in which it pointed, until it reached the level of his eye and he could sight along it.

A blasted pine standing alone was the first landmark to which the Goddess of Chance directed Freddie the Ferret.

"We're not lost now," he said, and he helped Celestia to her feet.

You may call it what you please. The fact remains that Freddie the Ferret had had a return of his usual luck and had hit upon the general direction of the cave.

From the foot of the blasted pine he selected another landmark and pressed on.

At about this time Professor Stilliter waked from that sleep in which he had asked this question:

"How will I know when it is day?"

He got up and groped about the hut until he had located the door. He opened this and went out. The door was on the shady side of the hut; no warm rays of the sun fell on the professor to tell him that it was day. It was cool as night in the shadow. One hand always touching the hut, he felt his way along the side of it until he had turned the first corner. Here the logs felt warm to the touch, and he knew that day had come. He sat down in the warm sunshine to think out a plan.

Above all things he must guide himself by pure reason and logic. If he yielded to impulse, nothing good would come of it. He mustn't make a false start.

To begin with, what had become of the trusty guides who had lived in the vicinity to keep watch and ward over Celestia and the scout of the cave. Their pay went on; it always would; but Stilliter, sure of their good faith, where unfaith meant a hounding down with death at the end of it, had not kept close track of them. Old man Smellsgood, the Indian, probably still hunted and fished in the neighborhood. Or, if all these had gone, others perhaps had settled in the houses which they had built.

It was far better that Professor Stilliter should be found than that he should go through the dangers and agonies of seeking. Under ordinary circumstances he knew the region like the palm of his hand. The cave itself he could find his way about in as easily as in his own house. But knowing things, when you see them is different from knowing them when you can't see them and can only touch them. What is merely a depression by day is an abyss by night.

In wooded countries there is nothing better than a fire to attract attention. If any lonely or hungry person is in sight of that fire, that person will go to it, across lakes and mountains, if necessary.

Prof. Stilliter had matches. He might or might not be able to find the materials for a fire in the neighborhood of the hut. He wished to make a big smoke, and one which would endure a long time.

After half an hour's work, never losing touch with the hut, Prof. Stilliter hd collected sufficient inflammable material to soft boil an egg. This would never do, and he was wasting time.

He was tormented by that feeling which perhaps gave rise to the adage the "more haste, the less speed." Time was vitally important, he had to do things quickly and he couldn't. He stood against each of the four walls of the hut in succession and shouted for help a few times at the top of his lungs. But, as he expected, nothing came of them.

"Well," he thought, "I'll have to burn my shelter. It will make just the big smoke I need. And I shan't be much the worse off. It won't look like a camp fire, but like the beginning of a forest fire. It ought to bring a watchman."

The logs of which the hut was built were thoroughly seasoned and full of pitch. By aid of the heap of old dried out balsam which had served him for a pillow during the night Prof. Stilliter succeeded in setting it on fire. His ears told him that the fire was going to be a success, and presently, too, the heat that began to emanate from it.

He crawled to a little distance and sat down with his back to the fire. It wasn't likely that anyone would come in less than an hour; it might be many hours before anyone came. But he was very sure that his fire would bring someone eventually.

Sitting and waiting, now making attempts to calculate the passage of time, and failing signally, now thinking unhappy thoughts, and now vengeful passionate thoughts, he sat on and on for eternities of time.

He contrasted what might have been with what was. By now Celestia should have been his, linked to him by indissoluble bonds. Perhaps now, he thought she would love me. He would have kept her in the cave for a while, and then he would have sneaked her, feasting his eyes on her beauty, to some far country, where her face and voice were not so well known. There he would marry her legitimately, and by him she could have many wonderful and beautiful sons and daughters.

That was what might have been. Instead, behold him, sitting in pitch darkness, his shelter burning behind him, as a call for that help which might never come. How long, oh, Lord, how long!

Suddenly through his right hand, which rested on the ground, there shot a sharp stab of pain. He jerked his hand upward with an oath. It flashed through his mind that he had been stung by a ground hornet. As a matter of fact, a little creeping tongue of flame had burnt him.

Professor Stilleter's fire was spreading. Crevices in the rock in which were lichens and dried mosses, carried little torches hither and thither, torches that were only too eager to find and set fire to something worth while.

The main fire made such a crackling and roaring now that Professor Stilleter had not heard the lesser sounds which it made in spreading. It was some moments before he realized that he had not been stung, but burnt. It was a smell of burning cloth that made this clear to him. The Professor's coat had caught fire. He moved further away until there seemed to be nothing about him but unburnable rock. He found the place in his coat which was burning and managed to spit upon it till it was out.

He sat down once more. He was in the midst of one of those great open splashes of granite on the mountain side. As a matter of fact, he was near the edge of one of these masses. Within reach of his hand was a dense tangle of tinder dry scrub trees, scrub and dead wood.

Suddenly this shrubbery caught and went off almost like an explosion. Professor Stilleter staggered backward from the intense heat, and realized presently that he was backing into another area of heat equally intense.

On his hands and knees he made off in a direction that took him winding between the two; he went quite a long way. In his breast was the first touch of panic.

Now for the second. Directly in his pain there arose a steady, a vibrant, a horrid and incessant clashing; of all the sounds in this world. The coldest blooded and the most menacing and sinister.

The fire urged him forward. The rattlesnakwe coiled in his path, dared him to come on.

He rose to his feet, shivering and in an agony of fear and dread. Suddenly he cried aloud:

"My God! My God! What have I done to deserve this?"

Only the fire answered him and the rattlesnake. Presently it became necessary for him to go forward or to burn to death where he stood.

He went forward with slow, high steps—a figure at once tragic and grotesque. But the snake, too, had grown uncomfortable in the increasing heat, and he, too, made off after one final balancing and drawing back of his head, the jaws wide open as if to strike.

Seven high arched steps Prof. Stilleter took, before he dared once more to put his hands to the ground, and crawl. It was as well. One more step would have taken him over a little precipice.

Wherever he went the fire found him out and drove him on. A strong wind had risen, and as the flames winnowed their way down the mountain side and across they found more and larger stuff to feed on.

Prof. Stilliter got heart every now and then. His hands and knees were lacerated, his face had some hard knocks. His blind eyes smarted with smoke, and the air which he breathed half choked him.

He came at last to the forest and the fire followed him and drove him. Sometimes it would seem to him that it had taken a different direction, and that he was by way of escaping from it. It always ended, however, by finding out, and driving him forward. For a while he could keep his distance easily; then for a while he would have to hurry. It was during these that he got his worst hurts. But his natural strength and stamina coupled with the furious desire to live, kept him going. Once despair of saving his life seized him, and there came into his head the desire to meet death in a manly and dignified way. "I will stand here," he said, "until I burn." And he stood and squared his shoulders and held his battered and bleeding head high and erect. But when the heat became so intense that his clothes began to give out smoke, he turned once more and fled.

To a man with average sight it would have been an easy matter to have eluded that fire. It had descended the mountain in a narrow path. It was Prof. Stilliter's misfortune that he had been unable to sidestep it. By taking up his original stand at the back of the hut, instead of at the front, he need not have moved until help came.

Even now old man Smellsgood was standing at a comfortable distance from the redhot ruins of the hut and wondering what fool had set it on fire and why.

Through the fosest itself the fire was only burning a broad path, confined to this by open barrens and swamps or by timber too green and well watered to burn. From the mouth of the cave it looked like a receding column of smoke, and there was no real menace in it for anyone but Prof. Stilliter. Him it hounded on and on. And now, continually, like a child that babbles, he was asking God to save him, Christ to pity him.

As he lost blood, his progress became slower and slower, and death stared him in the back. He was to have one short reprieve. He came to a gravelly bank so steep that in trying to get down it be began to slide, could not save himself, and was dumped presently into ice-cold deep water.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

Twenty-three Blanks

The Phillies may not look like pennant winners, but they continue to hold on to that old first place position.

In the final twenty-three innings played against the Phils the Braves have failed to score a run, the Phils shutting them out yesterday, on Saturday, and in the final five periods of play in Friday's battle.

The only runs they have been able to amass against the Phil defense were obtained during the first four innings of Friday's game, when they scored three runs.

George, Brother of Ted, Is Coming Athlete

MERCERSBURG, Aug. 17.—While Mercersburg Academy loses several of its star athletes by graduation, yet the popular preparatory institution nestled in the mountains of eastern Pennsylvania will still be rich in athletic material.

George Meredith, a younger brother of Ted Meredith, the world's crack quarter-miler, is fast developing into a speedy two-furlong runner, and was only beaten by Stone in a trial because he did not start his sprint soon enough. Davis, of the champion relay team, returns, and around these two a quartet will be built up.

Stone, who was the first runner of the team, enters the University of Virginia. Bank, the captain, will take a course at State College, and Smith will enter the University of Pennsylvania.

Baseball Notes.

Rube Bressler is doubly a Rube. Which is to say that he is not only a left-handed pitcher, but that is his real first name.

Defeats are coming freely to Bill Doak these days, yet he is right pert of a pitcher. hTe Giants, Brooklyns, and oBstons and Cubs trimmed him in order.

The St. Louis Feds are a good road team and poor home team. "I don't know why it is, unless it's the heat in St. Louis," says Doc Crandall, "and there hasn't been much heat there." Maybe it's because there hasn't been heat enough.

Herzog seems to be building up a strong pitching staff in Cincy. Schneider, Dale and Toney are three fairly gifted hurlers, and this tall sycamore, McKenery, whirls his long arms as if he could pitch considerable.

An unusual apportioning of base hits took place in one of the Cincinnati-Pittsburgh jousts when the ten Reds concerned each contributed to the ten Cincinnati hits.

BATTING PRACTICE IS TIME WASTED

Because Players Have No Other Intent Than to Merely Hit Fair.

In most ball clubs more time is spent at batting practice than in perfecting any other department, and yet such time is, to a very large extent, wasted. Ball players love to bat, and they will spend any amount of time stepping up to the plate in rotation and taking a wallop at the ball. Yet, in spite of this constant practice, batting is weak on most ball clubs.

One of the big reasons is the lack of intelligent oversight of the practice. When the team goes out for its batting practice, as a rule, an inferior pitcher is sent to the box, and he seldom tries very hard to fool the hitters. In most cases, he is satisfied to lob the ball up to the plate, and the batter is satisfied to make a swing at it, without trying any particular direction. It's just a case of wallop, and that's all. As soon as he has hit a fair ball, no matter where it goes, he retires, and the next hitter takes his place. Of real practice, with a fir mpurpose to drive the ball to safe territory, and a safe study of the pitching, there is almost none.

Few batters go up there with the strong intent of meeting the ball right on the nose, and, above all, of avoiding sending up a fly ball. With a single exception, the hitting of fly balls is the worst thing a batter can do except perhaps to strike out. A fly ball that a fielder can reach is caught almost invariably.

A good fielder does not muff one in 200 that he reaches in time to get both hands on. The exception, of course, is the case of a long outfield fly with a runner on third, which operates as a sacrifice and scores a run. This is a valuable play, but it is the only case in which a fly ball operates to the advantage of the hitting side. A hard grounder is much more effective.

When a fly ball is sent out only one man handles it, and it is the easiest kind of a ball to handle. When a sharp grounder is batted, three distinct plays are necessary to get the batter. The fielder must make a clean pick-up of the ball, then an accurate throw, and the man on the receiving end must catch the ball. The chances of a batter reaching first base on a ground ball are easily twice what they are if he puts up a fly.

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