

# SPORTING NEWS

## BREATH O' CHEERS BLOWS SENATORIAL RUNNERS OVER PAN IN AVIATING SEVENTH

Heavy Hitting Dukes Pile Up Three to Naught Lead, When Frenchie Commits Indiscretion and Fans Ride Him.

TOOK A LOT TO MAKE 'EM ANGRY

But Once Aroused, Vox Populi Constitutes the Tenth Man on Phoenix Team and Finch Rooting Wins Game, 7 to 3.

BY LYLE ABBOTT

In their own peculiar whimsical manner, Phoenix fashioned a humiliating victory out of the round house curves and lob of E. Fleaharty, who was here once before, and hasn't forgotten it, although a number of long eventful years have intervened. E. Fleaharty was assisting a number of individually brilliant hitters belonging to George Reed of Albuquerque, to play a base ball game at Riverside ball orchard yesterday in the evening. And when Fleaharty became no more an effective pitcher, why, Phoenix organized one of those rallies that are not based so much on a lot of stinging line drives, as on opportune grouping of all those factors that go to put men on bases and then take them off again by the proper route across home plate.

There is one factor that is seldom figured in any baseball, and that is the wrath of the lord. A religiously inclined ball club would do wonderfully well to use its stand-in with the heavenly powers. This is a nice idea for K. H. Brashear's Sunday scholars. Presently it will develop how the indignation of the one on high must have made itself felt in yesterday's game. John Nutt by rights had a home run. By rights and also by all the power of a whopper of a blow into deep center field. Even if this were not enough, count in the fact that Murphy ran in a step before he ran back a score, and there you are. But in the score, you will find no home run for Nutt. The reason was French. It fell out in this wise:

Some savage smashing of the deliveries of Mister McCreery in the first few verses had given the Dukes a three to one lead. Our boys fondled the ball with their sticks in the sixth, and much aided by the unrestrained routing of the loyal members of the press, accomplished a pair of runs. Then it was Nutt's turn in the seventh, and against the very first ball that the weakening Fleaharty pushed across the plate, the stout Tempeite laid his bat. How that ball soared and traveled, has been related, but how John Nutt traveled and then got soar—er humt—sore, is yet to be mentioned.

Nutt was all right until he got to the exact center of his rectangular apron, and then French intercepted a part of his person in the path of the runner. Being gentlemanly, we don't mention what the crowd called French—in English.

Then did the Wrath make itself felt. Fleaharty went wild and walked Lynn and beated Pittman, and the bases were full enough so that it aroused

The Statistics	
ALBUQUERQUE	
AB.	R. H. P. O. A. E.
Murphy, cf.	5 0 0 1 0 0
Humphries, ss.	3 0 0 0 1 0
Huelsman, lf.	2 2 1 2 0 0
Curran, rf.	4 0 2 0 0 0
French, 2b.	3 0 1 0 4 0
Davis, 3b.	3 0 2 1 4 0
Herriott, lb.	4 1 0 10 0 0
Raedel, c.	4 0 2 10 1 0
Fleaharty, p.	2 0 0 0 1 0
Stevens, x.	1 0 0
Zamloch, xx.	1 0 0
Total	33 3 8 24 11 0
PHOENIX	
AB.	R. H. P. O. A. E.
Demaggio, lf.	2 1 2 5 0 1
Hester, lb.	3 0 0 7 2 1
McArdle, ss.	3 1 1 0 1 1
Dowling, 2b.	4 0 0 4 0 0
Nutt, rf.	4 1 1 1 0 0
Lynn, c.	2 1 1 6 2 0
Pittman, cf.	3 1 0 1 0 0
Scanlon, 3b.	2 2 1 2 0 0
McCreery, p.	3 0 0 1 5 0
Total	27 7 6 27 10 3

ALBUQUERQUE	
AB.	R. H. P. O. A. E.
Reed, lf.	3 1 1 0 0 0
Hester, lb.	3 0 0 7 2 1
McArdle, ss.	3 1 1 0 1 1
Dowling, 2b.	4 0 0 4 0 0
Nutt, rf.	4 1 1 1 0 0
Lynn, c.	2 1 1 6 2 0
Pittman, cf.	3 1 0 1 0 0
Scanlon, 3b.	2 2 1 2 0 0
McCreery, p.	3 0 0 1 5 0
Total	27 7 6 27 10 3

Runs—ALBUQUERQUE—011 010 000—3  
Hits—ALBUQUERQUE—021 229 010—8  
PHOENIX—000 002 41x—7  
Hits—PHOENIX—000 102 21x—6  
x—Batted for Fleaharty in 9th.  
xx—Batted for Humphries in 9th.

**SUMMARY**  
Stolen bases—Herriott, McArdle; sacrifice hits—Hester, Demaggio; two base hits—Huelsman, French, Davis, Demaggio 2, Scanlon; three base hits—Nutt; struck out—by Fleaharty 6, by McCreery 2; bases on balls—off Fleaharty 4, off McCreery 5; hit by pitched ball—Pittman by Fleaharty; time of game—1:40; Umpire—Sterling.

considerable enthusiasm among the Hitherio rather indifferent fans. Naturally, Scanlon had to pole out a hit or else carry a lot on his conscience, and from what we can hear of him, he preferred to make a two bagger which wiped the bases clean. A moment later, all unsuspecting anything like team work—a baseball habit that the Dukes haven't got yet—the visiting infield fell for a squeeze play, operated by Demaggio and Scan. But, really, nobody could have helped much in this critical juncture, for Scanlon was determined to score, and aided by the bunt of Muggie, nothing short of a miracle could have stopped him.

Such a warming up seemed to put much spirit into McCreery. The heart-stopping crack of the Ducal hickory against the horsehide ceased as though by magic. True, Davis took advantage of an unwary moment in McCreery's eighth inning activities, and drew a gasp with a long searching drive for two bases into center field. But it booted him nothing and we hope the printer doesn't set it "boont".

Spud Murphy was not the Irish gentleman to let a little thing like a four run lead get his—slang is barred, but—out. So, in the last inning, he searched the ranks of his benchwarmers and came upon Stevens and Zamloch, filed away in the case labeled "pitchers". But he mistook the lettered sign for "pinchers", and sent them out. Lefty Stevens to bat in place of Fleaharty, and, after he had had a crack at it his own self, Zamloch in lieu of Humphries. All any of them got was a time at bat.

There was some talk of losing those victories. Now, the four remaining clubs in the Rio Grande Association go on playing and striving for a pennant, just as though the Douglas and Las Cruces teams had never been in the organization. The only trouble is that by the elimination of the two weakest

Well, what do you think of that? Phoenix isn't to lose all those hard won games. Paradoxical, as it may seem,

## Motorcycle Makers To Try Out New Speed Ideas Here

Battle Will Be Waged by Indian and Excelsior to Wrest Harley Long Distance Crown from Wolters and Crandall.

The three chief manufacturers of motorcycles are to compete on the local tracks in an attempt to discover the merit in two new lines of speed stuff, by comparison with one that is established as good. This is the biggest impression one gets from a survey of the present line up of entries for the Moose 200-mile motorcycle race Monday, May 31.

In the possession of the Harley-Davidson is now an undoubted supremacy at the long distances. Both the Indian and Excelsior makers have recently completed new models, embodying radically new ideas of speed producing. Both the Indian and Excelsior makers are ardently desirous of hanging one on the Harley, in order to prove their several ideas are right.

While it is to be a race of new machines, with new wrinkles molded into 'em, it is by no means sure that it will not be a close and hard fought contest. Without a doubt, both the Indian and Ex machines have speed, but whether they develop it in sufficient quantities and stay together long enough to pass the known quantity toiled by the silent gray fellow is exactly what the boys in the experimental departments of two great factories want to find out.

Joe Wolters yesterday secured for Harry Crandall, the release of the Boido machine, which has been held up in the depot, pending the payment of the C. O. D. charges. Boido would not make a deposit on the machine because he would not accept it unless it would do 49 seconds to the mile. Agent Lane would not pay the charges without a deposit. And there it was deadlocked. Finally, Wolters wired the factory that he wanted the machine released so he could tune it for Crandall, put up a stall about having some fierce competition, and got the bus for Harry.

The only other large thing in the news line on the Moose race yesterday was the announcement by the Motorcycle company that the Indian factory had selected M. Graves as rider of the eight valved speed mar-

TEN IN EIGHT ENTRY LIST CLOSED	
These are the entries in the order they will be numbered for the Moose 200-mile Monday, according to the list given out after the close of entries last night at 6 o'clock:	
No. Machine.	Rider.
1 Merkel	J. W. Thompkins
2 Merkel	F. H. Seller
3 Harley	Joe Wolters
4 Indian	Joe O'Connell
5 Indian	Martin Graves
6 Indian	L. Boido, Jr.
7 Excelsior	Wm. Gerig
8 Excelsior	Robt. Perry
9 Harley	Harry Crandall
10	Ellie Wilson

vel that is coming by express, and that one of the two stock machines coming in the same express package was for Boido and the other for any rider the said Indian agents might select. The result was that the motorcycle fiends gave up hope of seeing Crazy Horse Verrill, Raymond Creviston and others on the hurricane decks of eight valved Indians, and settled down to figure the chance of O'Connell on the new factory Indian, Billyum Gerig on O'Connell's discarded mount and E. Wilson on the Tommy Imler machine.

Imler's old roadster is being refitted by Boido, with the hope that it will finish the 200-mile as it did the hour race in which Ben Rudderow won third a year ago.

Gerig, who is a kid-comer if there ever was one, laid aside the tools with which he had been tinkering the old Dan Hosmer machine, and gleefully glanced at the short completed racer that is to be his'n. Crandall will unload Pa Boido's machine today, the restrictions as to guarantee removed, and with the help of Joe Wolters will endeavor to break up some furniture out at the track.

Perry and his two machines, and possibly a person named Don Johns, formerly famous here as the Cyclone rider, will arrive the last of the week, to try out the Excelsiors.

It will be a battle of motorcycle giants, with a few not to be forgotten local pygmies thrown in for good measure.

### SECOND GAME TODAY

The second game of the Albuquerque-Phoenix series will be played at Riverside this afternoon at 3:30.

Jordan is George Reed's pitching selection, opposing Red Toner whom Hester has chosen on account of the indisposition of Hall. Hall has not got rested yet since his strenuous work against the last Las Cruces club in the closing games at El Paso. The stores will probably be closed Thursday, so that the clerks may have a half holiday at the game.

(Special to The Republican)

TUCSON, May 25.—Pitcher o' Beer proved a puzzle for the prohibition Puellos in the opening game of the second of the Rio Grande Association here today, and the local said not get hits when hits were needed.

Both Fulwider and Andra were pounded hard, and besides, were wild to the extent of eight bases on balls between them.

The game was featured by the long disc hammering of the visitors, who accumulated eight two baggers. Thompson of El Paso made a triple, a double and a single.

The Mackmen sewed up the game in the sixth, when they made four runs off four hits and a pass by Fulwider. The visitors played good ball and made a striking impression. Stroloff at second for the locals played a brilliant game.

Score— R. H. E.  
El Paso ..... 020 014 100— 8 14 4  
Tucson ..... 302 001 100— 7 11 2  
Batteries—Beer and Bliss; Fulwider, Andra and Callan. Umpire—Kane.

As long as there are a few empty soda bottle cases to sit on, we don't care if we never go back.

Until Mr. Sterling officiated yesterday, most Phoenix fans were wishful that in choosing a umpire to drop now that but two games a day will be played in the lee-gew, the officials would consider Mr. Harry Kane as the most likely candidate for the guillotine.

The Senators may be able to outvote the Dukes in a ball contest occasionally, but if it were a series of boxing bouts, our money would go the other way. We are giving a way an average of many pounds per man, as the pugilist sharps say.

And that beef counts "for" when swung out on the end of a bat, and "against" when it attempts to gyrate in a rapid manner about an infield.

And it is a cinch that unless the Mackmen are a highly spiced outfit, the Hesterites will have by far the majority of the pepper in this league.

This is funny. There have been Pittfeds, Newfeds, Smokfeds, Chiefes, Sioufeds, Brookfeds and Buffeds, since outlawry began to be rife in baseball. Now there are Confeds, and we wish to inquire the name of the league, please.

## EL PASO HITS HARD AND WINS

Mackmen Tie Up Game in Fourth with Four Hits and Four Runs off Fulwider—Doubles Feature Contest at Tucson.

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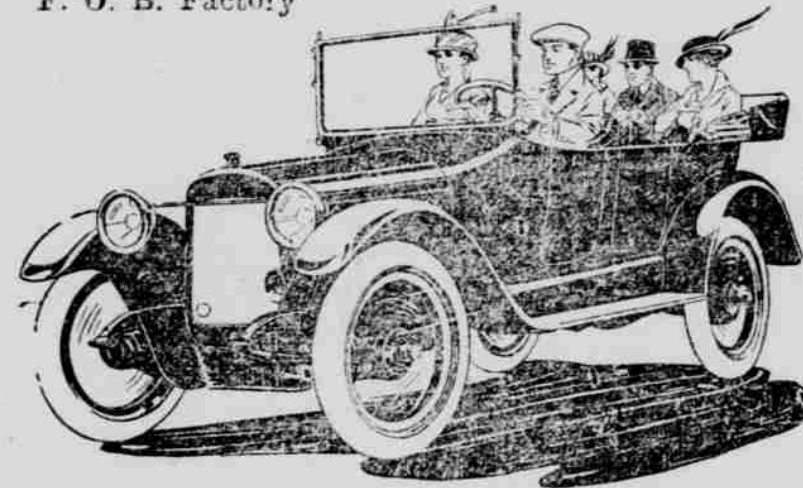
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### COAST LEAGUE

Salt Lake, 6; Los Angeles, 2; Oakland, 5; Venice, 4. (11 innings.) No other games.

"THE FACE OF MY ENEMY"  
I hated war and for that reason I was here to see it close. There is an

old quotation—I think it comes from one of the Greeks. A man is fighting in the dark and he cries, "Give me light that I may see the face of my enemy." All peace lovers, it seems to me, would do well to see the face of war. And so I had come to look at this monster and paint him hideous as he was. I had thought of what I might do with war, but not of what war might do with

me. Ang war had already done so much that I felt all shaken and confused, as was every thinking man that I had met in Europe. All seemed to me to be standing with their backs to the world that they had known and to be staring as though over a cliff into a world all strange and new. It's the year no man can see beyond.—Ernest Poole in Everybody's Magazine.

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## SPORT COMMENT



The winning pitcher yesterday was the grandstand, and the only thing it pitched was its voice.

Getting back home after an exciting voyage to the valley of the Rio Grande played hob with the beautiful smooth acting infield of Phoenix. The way the hits singled through the open places was sinful. One fan allowed that he wished he could assign an error to McArdle, Dowling, Hester and McCreery for standing about near the slab and watching Raedel's pop fly fall safe in their mouset.

Well, what do you think of that? Phoenix isn't to lose all those hard won games. Paradoxical, as it may seem,

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