

time, but through diligent work perfectly themselves.

In other departments the team is playing bang-up ball, and right now looks better than the McGraw gang.

New York is slumping. The pitching is poor, and games are being won only when the batters get together and whale the ball harder than the opposition.

The same proposition confronted the Cubs earlier in the year, but now there is some air-tight pitching on the West Side, and a few runs are enough for most any game.

Humphries seems to have returned for keeps. His game against the Reds yesterday made two stellar performances in a row, and Bert looks like the same man who blew through the league at top speed last season. His wide hook curve has the same sweep, he has regained much of his lost control, and possesses speed.

Cheney and Vaughn are fit running mates for Humphries. Both are effective against most any team in the league, and Cheney is as good a rescuer as there is in the business. The necessary fourth man is a problem. Lavender has pitched some good ball this season, and he has also given some very cheesy exhibitions.

When James Sanford goes in the box there is no telling what he may do. He may allow two hits in nine innings, or nine hits in two innings.

Zabel was going well when a lame shoulder put him on the blink. If he can regain the use of the whip he will

To back up the pitching there has been increased batting. The fellows who were relied on at the start of the season have at least made good, and are combining their hits for the best results.

Detroit licked the Sox yesterday, and did it handily. But there is little gloom in the Callahan camp.

For Ed Walsh pitched the last two innings against Detroit, and was almost the Walsh of old.

Ed stalked out as a rescuer, as he has done innumerable times in form-

er years. He pitched what he had, and it would have been enough if the infield had not cracked and made four errors in one inning. Three runs resulted.

But they could not be charged to Walsh. He did everything that a pitcher could do, and a lot more than was expected. Ed worked with his old ease, and apparently had as much speed as ever. There was the same baffling downward break on his spitball.

The only blemish on his work was lack of control. Now and then this fault forced him to throttle down the speed and discard the spitter in order to get the pill across the plate.

Control could not have been expected. It was the first championship game for the Big Reel this year, and he did not have the proper range of the plate.

The return of Walsh will put more fight into the already slamming Sox. They play with more confidence behind the big fellow, though he can't do any betetr work than the other pitchers have been providing.

Nevertheless, he will have a heartening effect on the whole team. The other pitchers will use everything they have, knowing that if danger threatens the Big Spit is out in the bull pen, warmed up and ready to come to the rescue.

Fournier and Weaver put Walsh in bad. Jack made three errors in the eighth inning and Buck chucked in another.

Russell and Scott were soaked. Russell would have been all right if Blackburne had not messed a ground-er in the fifth. It should have retired the side runless.

Tinker's Federals will have a chance to show their class in the Indianapolis series, which begins today in the alien burg. The Chifeds, on the eve of the clash, are half a game behind the Hoosiers. Four games are to be played. In order to leave there with the lead it will be necessary for the Tinks to cop three