

THE TENNESSEE RATS—the crack colored ball team of the country—against the famous Brandels Stores—will be the premier attraction down at Rourke park tomorrow afternoon and Sunday, and it is already an established fact that big crowds will be on hand to see the fun.

On Sunday, particularly, will the hosts get their moneys worth, for on this afternoon Colonel Fred Bradford, who never fails to give his patrons the fullest measure of sport in return for their ducats, has arranged for a veritable old athletic saturnalia. In addition to the big tiff with the Tennessee Shades—who inject more comedy and buffoonery into a game of ball than any team that ever caracoled over this historic old diamond—there will be a tug-of-war for a handsome trophy, a wrestling match and a boxing joust, all well selected events, and well worth much in convenience, even, to witness. Tom Ray, the in-

imitable wonder of the mat, will tackle a mess of opponents, and is sure to give the crowd a big laugh. Frank Potach, one of the speediest hurlers ever developed in the local field, and who made a name with the Ramblers, has been signed by Manager Bradford, and will be seen in a Brandeis uniform and on the little old hill in Sunday's game. The Black Rats are stacking up a wonderful game these days, and are the attraction of the summer.

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