

# MISS MOLLA BJURSTEDT OF NORWAY WINS WOMEN'S NATIONAL LAWN TENNIS TITLE

## DETROIT TIGERS, HERE TODAY, HAVE LEARNED MACHINE PLAY

Jennings' Team Is Up in Pennant Race Because the Win Idea Has Grasped Whole Club—Cobb's Work a Big Factor—Guy Morton Like Both Alexander and Addie Joss.

Why are the Detroit Tigers so high in the American League race, when their pitching staff is so weak? This has been asked thousands of times since the baseball season opened, and it does not require a field glass to find the answer. Harmony among its stars and a desire to win ball games, which is a spirit that has been sadly lacking in some of its players in recent years, are the causes of the Tigers' rush.

The batting strength has always been there and the fielding was above the average, but, for some reason or other, the Tigers seemed to waste too many hits. Any club with two sluggers like Cobb and Crawford in its line-up is dangerous, if the pitching is fairly good and the other players are hustling to win.

The breaking up of the famous Athletics' machine seemed to arouse the spirit of the marvelous Cobb and to put new life and ambition in the pitching staff, with the result that the whole team became convinced that it could win the pennant, a thought that never entered their minds when the Athletics' wonderful combination was intact.

### Cobb Largely Responsible for Team's Good Start

Cobb started the team off in the proper manner by reporting at the Gulfport training camp early in March. In other seasons Cobb has not reported until a few days before the team started for the barnstorming trip north. The presence of Cobb stirred the other players on and, incidentally, was responsible for the great start the Georgian has made this year. For the last three seasons Cobb has been slow in striking his stride, and has generally hovered about the .315 mark until the season was well under way, but this year he is far above .400 and going like wildfire.

Every player strives to lead the league in batting, and it is only natural that Cobb should, after holding this honor for nine consecutive seasons. But he is not sacrificing team play for average this year, and that is another reason for the team's success to date.

### Jennings' Master Stroke for Pitching Staff

The pitching staff is said to be weak, but there is no ground for this argument. It is not so strong as the White Sox and Red Sox staffs, when the corps of the latter club is going right, but it is weak in numbers only. Coveleskie is as fine a left-handed pitcher as one would find anywhere; Daus and Dubuc are two seasoned men, who are admittedly great pitchers when they are in shape; Boehler, Cavet and Boland are promising youngsters. The acquisition of the latter was a master stroke for Jennings, as it was his sensational work in the first three weeks of the season that held the team up while the veterans were rounding into form.

Bill Steen has been purchased from Cleveland, and if he can return to the form of two years ago, Jennings will not need to worry over his pitching staff for some time to come. Members of the Athletics say that Steen has as much "stuff" as any right hander in the league, but that he was dissatisfied in Cleveland and wanted to get away.

### Burns, Local Boy, Will Boost Tigers' Chances

With the club hooked up as it is, there is none in the league that looks any better, if Cobb is able to remain in the game. It is a team that accidents can play havoc with, as the reserve strength is not great. When Burns, the local boy, recovers entirely from his operation for appendicitis, the Tigers will be in excellent condition, as Kavanaugh is not quite strong enough to hold down first base on a pennant-bound club.

### Morton Fulfills Tris Speaker's Prediction

The fans at Shibe Park yesterday, in anticipation of seeing a star young twirler perform, were not disappointed. Guy Morton, the lanky Southerner, who has been standing all the star hitters on their heads with his blinding speed and sharp-breaking curve ball, found the Athletics just as easy.

The Mackmen were shut out and never had a chance to score. Two lone singles were all that they could amass, and one of them, by McNinis, was made by swinging at a ball a foot over his head. McNinis was, by the way, the only Athletic player who got as far as second base in the entire game, so effective was the hurling of this young wonder.

When Tris Speaker declared that Morton was a second Addie Joss he was not far from right. The youngster not only has an amazing assortment of shots, but also pitches very much like a combination of Alexander the Great and Joss, using a sweeping side-arm delivery at times. He winds up and delivers the ball exactly like Joss, but throws most of the time with more of an overhand motion. Several youngsters have pitched unusual games here this season, but none of them looked so much like the finished article as Morton does.

### Fourth National Title for Mrs. Wightman

With her partner, Miss Eleanor Sears, Longwood Cricket Club, Mrs. George H. Wightman yesterday won the women's national lawn tennis championships, on the courts of the Philadelphia Cricket Club, at St. Martin's. This national title is the fourth Mrs. Wightman has won. In 1909-10-11, as Miss Hazel Hotchkiss, she won the national singles events, thereby gaining permanent possession of the cup. Coming originally from California, where it is admitted the best women tennis players in the world are developed, Mrs. Wightman, or Miss Hotchkiss, proved to be one of the greatest exponents of the game. While it is thought by some that she has gone back in her play since 1910, her work in neither the doubles nor the singles proved it in this tournament.

In the singles, Mrs. Wightman reached the finals with the loss of but one set. In the doubles, she and her partner had fairly easy going throughout, although Miss Sears has not reached the point of lawn tennis efficiency displayed by her Longwood teammate.

Mrs. Marshall McLean and Mrs. George H. Chapman, West Side Club, New York, put up a game struggle in the first set in the national doubles yesterday. In fact, the ultimate winners were pressed to the utmost to capture the opening set, at 10-8. But the stand proved to be the last of which the metropolitans were capable. The next went at 6-2, which hardly tells the story of the ease with which the title was won.

### Connie Mack Signs Crowell, College Pitcher

As announced in these columns some time ago, Connie Mack has signed Minot Crowell, the big right-handed twirler of the Brown University team. But Bill Babbington, the brilliant third baseman, has decided to cast his lot with the Giants. Manager Mack wanted Babbington also, as he is one of the few collegians who are a safe gamble for a major league club. Crowell is one of those youngsters who possess a wonderful natural free delivery, and much can be done to improve a man of this sort by a good coach.

Mathewson came back in great shape against the Cardinals yesterday. The "old master" was hit rather hard, but, as is generally the case when he is anywhere near right, he was supreme with men on bases. Matty was advised to take a rest by a specialist, but the warm weather in St. Louis had the desired effect, and he thought the work would do his arm good.

Eppa Rixey deserved a better fate at Chicago yesterday. He pitched his best game in three years, but was forced to take the loser's end of a duel with Bert Humphries, and the Cubs went back in first place. When Humphries is right it is almost impossible to beat him, and he had one of his very best days.

Billy Evans, star umpire of the American League, declares that Harry Coveleskie is the best left-handed pitcher he has seen in the Johnson league since the heyday of Rube Waddell. The public may favor Leonard, of Boston; Hamilton, of the Browns; Russell, of the White Sox, or a few others, but Evans contends that Coveleskie has everything that the others possess, and marvelous control in addition.

Modest Dick Cleveland, a strapping young chap of 18, who is high six feet and weighs 185 pounds, is finishing a four-year course at Exeter Academy and is one of the few fellows who can blend athletics and study at the same time and take honors in both branches. He is president of the Interscholastic Track Association of New England and is best known as a shot putter. At the recent Harvard interscholastic meet, in the stadium, he hung up a new Harvard school record with the shot, 47 feet 6 inches. He is to report for the Princeton freshman team in October.



## GRAMMAR SCHOOL BOYS IN TRACK CONTESTS

Houston Field Is Scene of Annual Festival—Niemann Wins 50-yard Dash.

Houston Field was the scene of great activity this afternoon when a large number of grammar school athletes participated in the annual grammar school exercises.

The races were divided into three classes, so that the smaller athletes would not be so greatly handicapped by being forced to compete against larger boys.

A large crowd turned out to see these youngsters in motion. The track was fast and good time was made.

Niemann, wearing the colors of the McCall School, won the Class A senior class 50-yard dash in 4.1-6 seconds.

The summaries follow:

**CLASS A SENIORS.**  
50-yard dash—Winner, Niemann, McCall School; second, Ascrino, Campbell School; third, Cook, Newton School. Time, 6.1-5 seconds.

**CLASS B SENIORS.**  
50-yard dash—Winner, Schlechter, Kenderon School; second, Pennock, Macintyre School; third, Duckett, Macintyre School. Time, 7.1-5 seconds.

**CLASS C SENIORS.**  
50-yard dash—Winner, Clayborn, Reynolds School; second, Eldridge, Pierce School; third, Deahls, Rendell School. Time, 7.2-5 seconds.

**CLASS A JUNIORS.**  
50-yard dash—Winner, Burt, Newton School; second, Barrol, Belmont School; third, Snyder, Belmont School. Time, 7.3-5 seconds.

**CLASS B JUNIORS.**  
50-yard dash—Winner, Spitz, Macintyre School; second, Bergman, Macintyre School; third, MacKenzie, School of Practice. Time, 7.4-5 seconds.

**CLASS C JUNIORS.**  
50-yard dash—Winner, Reles, Reynolds School; second, Muroag, Pastoral School; third, Halderman, Pierce School. Time, 7.4-5 seconds.

**CLASS A INTERMEDIATE.**  
Broad jump—Winner, Tobin, Southwark School; second, Siegel, Campbell School; third, Stern, Newton School. Distance, 15 feet 7.5 inches.

**CLASS B INTERMEDIATE.**  
Broad jump—Winner, Yates, Kenderon School; second, Dooley, Cleveland School; third, Furion, Blaine School. Distance, 16 feet.

**CLASS C INTERMEDIATE.**  
Broad jump—Winner, Malley, Hawthorne School; second, Backman, Whitler School; third, Sieman, Hawthorne School. Distance, 14 feet 1.5 inches.

**CLASS A INTERMEDIATE.**  
50-yard dash—Winner, Tobin, Southwark School; second, Stern, Newton School; third, Sinton, Campbell School. Time, 7.3-5 seconds.

**CLASS B INTERMEDIATE.**  
50-yard dash—Winner, Yates, Kenderon School; second, Rowe, Macintyre School; third, Dooley, Cleveland School. Time, 7.1-5 seconds.

**CLASS C INTERMEDIATE.**  
50-yard dash—Winner, Malley, Hawthorne School; second, Backman, Whitler School; third, Wood, Reynolds School. Time, 7.3-5 seconds.

**CLASS A SENIORS.**  
Running broad jump—Winner, Cook, Newton School; second, Niemann, McCall School; third, between Rheehard, McCall, and Smith, Newton. Distance, 17 feet 4 inches.

**CLASS B SENIORS.**  
Running broad jump—Winner, Miller, School of Practice; second, Matthews, Dunlap School; third, Schlechter, Kenderon School. Distance, 17 feet 1.5 inches.

**CLASS C SENIORS.**  
Running broad jump—Winner, Sands, Pierce School; second, Clark, Whitler School; third, White, Pastoral School. Distance, 16 feet 9.5 inches.

**D-4 Wins Southern High's Title**  
The D-4 section defeated E-1 on Southwark Field yesterday afternoon by a score of 11 to 4 for the intraschool championship of Southern High School. Deesen, the victor's twirler, had 15 strikeouts, while Conigan, of the vanquished, fanned 13 batsmen. The boys composing the D-4 section also won the championship in 1915.

## "CUSSEDNESS" ONCE WON GOLF TITLE; IT IS AN ESSENTIAL

Harry Vardon, British Champion, Explains Parts Played by Nerve, Stubbornness, Accuracy and Delicacy of Touch. When Strokes Are Severe Test.

By HARRY VARDON

GOLF CHAMPION OF GREAT BRITAIN. Golf, for all the appearance of tame tranquility that it is apt to present to the uninitiated mind, probably provides a more searching test of nerve and temperament than any other game in the world.

That, indeed, is the opinion of most people who are experienced in the pursuit of sports and pastimes, and it is the cause of a number of which offers much food for reflection.

Golf is unique in the respect that it has two types of first-class players who are in the same grade so far as concerns the ability to hit a ball with complete skill and in perfect style, but who differ entirely in the results which they achieve in important events. One type can win championships and the other cannot for the life of it do anything of the kind.

Yet to the philosopher, which offers much food for reflection. In a comparatively minor competition or a practice round they play in a manner which suggests that they are capable of succeeding in the strongest company and on any occasion. They execute their strokes with ease and grace; it is impossible to be other than enthusiastic about their gifts. But somehow, when they make their efforts in classic tournaments, they prove deficient with a regularity that is strange.

To mention names would be invidious. Every devotee of the game knows that there are truly great golfers who never win championships, and who exhibit characteristics that, after a while, they are hardly so much as expected to win. Yet all the time they are recognized as splendid players. Something is lacking in their nerve or temperament (the words I suppose are synonymous), and it is interesting to consider the various phases of this condition of affairs.

Personally, I am satisfied that, in order to be a champion golfer, a person must have a good deal of sensitiveness in his nervous system. The man of sluggish disposition, the player with a truly "phlegmatic temperament" (that phrase which is so often used approvingly in regard to the individual who remains outwardly calm in a crisis) would not be likely to rise to greatness on the links.

Of all games, golf is the one that comes nearest to being an art. It is pursued with deliberation and method; its inspirations are of the player's own creation, since he is never called upon to strike a moving ball the action of which has been influenced by his rival.

It demands the greatest delicacy and accuracy of touch as well as, in many circumstances, the power to hit hard. An art requires a sensitive nervous system, and in golf the difference between the two sections of first-class players to whom I have referred, is, presumably, that one can keep his nerves under control during the most trying period and the other cannot.

I must confess that it is sometimes a difficult thing to do. It seems to call as much as anything for a kind of stubbornness; a determination not to start considering a dozen possibilities and a dozen different ways of achieving a purpose at what the player feels to be the crucial stage of a contest. He remembers that there is plenty of time to think at golf (you are not asked to hurry over your strokes, if you want to reflect on it), and it is just this fact that causes the breakdown of many persons favorably situated in a tournament.

As you walk up to your ball, instinctively you observe the kind of shot that is wanted. If, then, you begin to think about alternatives, or to pay too much attention to the well-meant counsels of

a caddy, the chances are that you will become flurried and confused. And then your nerve will go.

The Value of the Undivided Mind in Golf

Let me tell a little story illustrating the value of what we may call an undivided mind. In the first championship I ever won (and the first is by far the hardest to win) I had to play off with J. H. Taylor at Muirfield for the title.

We had tied in the competition proper. Nearing the end, it was still a question as to who would triumph, and on the seventeenth green I was faced by a long putt which had to be played over undulating ground. Immediately I decided just which slopes I would take in order to reach the hole.

My brother Tom, who was carrying for me, pointed out a line which was entirely different from that which I fancied. It was a critical putt, for if one went the wrong way, the ball might start off a considerable distance from the hole.

I had the profoundest respect for my brother's gifts as a putter (there have been few better than Tom on the green), but I did not want to be choked at this critical moment. "No," I said, "I'm going my own way."

The putt was holed, and it practically settled the championship. Just "cussedness," perhaps, but it is a useful trait in the golfer. I have seen men almost trembling with excitement at the critical point in a contest, and yet possessed of such command over themselves as to observe the chance of failing. Here, however, I was not so fortunate.

For the great majority of persons, it is in connection with short putts that nerves attain their most painful activity. There is nothing else in sport quite like the short putt at golf. You know that there can be no reasonable excuse for failing to knock a ball into a hole four feet distant, and yet that there is a considerable chance of failing. Here, perhaps, I may be permitted to remark, that the higher the reputation of the player, and the more, therefore, that is expected of him, the greater are the trials of the short putt.

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one asked me how I was putting I touched before explaining that all was well so far. Early in the final round of the open championship at Prestwick, in June, the wretched thing suddenly reassured me that it was still a question of the smallest inkling of this diversion from the knowledge of the possibilities of the "jump" itself that enabled me practically to overcome it and to struggle home first.

Most Trying Test of Nerve

As a test of nerve, that last day's play at Prestwick was far and away the most trying that I can remember. That we two should have drawn ahead of the other competitors, and then been drawn together for the final rounds was in itself sufficient to agitate either of us to the utmost. That we should be struggling for the honor of a sixth victory in the championship (each of us, and also James Braid, having won five times previously) filled the cup of excitement to overflowing. I know I played one shot without seeing the ball at all. It was buried in fine loose sand in a bunker to the left of the 11th green, and close to the face of the hazard. The ball was scraped away from the top of the ball, but it was so loose that it closed over the object again. I could not wait; I swung, guessing and hoping, and fortunately hit the shot at right.

That was an exceptional occasion; in the ordinary way I bear constantly in mind the conviction that the best way to win an important event is to play just as one would play a private round at home, and not endeavor to accomplish the performance of a life time. There is such a thing as trying too hard. It begets anxiety, which is usually fatal. I was guilty of it in the United States open championship at Brookline, Mass., in 1913, and paid the penalty. That was a lesson I shall never forget.

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This is the first of a series of articles on golf that Mr. Vardon is writing specially for the EVENING LEDGER. The second article will appear next Saturday.

WHAT MAY HAPPEN IN BASEBALL TODAY

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Club. Won. Lost. P.C. Win. Loss.

Chicago..... 25 19 .568 .578 .564

Phillies..... 25 19 .568 .578 .564

Brooklyn..... 23 22 .511 .511 .511

Boston..... 22 22 .500 .511 .489

St. Louis..... 24 25 .489 .500 .471

New York..... 20 25 .444 .457 .435

Cincinnati..... 18 24 .429 .444 .419

American League

Chicago..... 21 18 .543 .540 .539

Detroit..... 21 20 .508 .515 .508

Boston..... 21 21 .500 .511 .511

New York..... 21 21 .500 .511 .511

St. Louis..... 19 25 .433 .457 .433

Baltimore..... 18 25 .417 .433 .417

Philadelphia..... 18 25 .417 .433 .417

Federal League

Kansas City..... 29 20 .592 .590 .590

Pittsburgh..... 25 19 .568 .578 .564

Newark..... 21 21 .500 .511 .511

Brooklyn..... 20 21 .489 .511 .489

St. Louis..... 23 21 .524 .531 .510

Baltimore..... 18 25 .417 .433 .417

Philadelphia..... 18 25 .417 .433 .417

Buffalo..... 18 25 .417 .433 .417

Referee, However, Declares Baltimore Bout a Draw.

BALTIMORE, Md., June 12.—Notwithstanding the fact that Louisiana, of Philadelphia, carried the fight to Jimmy Blute here last night in nearly every one of the 10 rounds and landed the most telling blows, Referee Abe Ulman called the fray a draw, much to the disgust of the large crowd. How Ulman could have called the bout a draw was a mystery. Louisiana did all the leading, and on several occasions had Blute hanging on to his life. The latter only showed flashes of form at times.

## M. R. MARSTON BEATS

## R. D. WEBB IN JERSEY

## TITULAR GOLF MATCH

Baltusrol Expert Simply Could Not Go Wrong and Defeated Englewood Man 7 Up and 6 to Play at West Orange.

ESSEX COUNTRY CLUB, West Orange, N. J., June 12.—Maxwell R. Marston, of Baltusrol, is the new champion of New Jersey. He won the title this afternoon for the first time in his career when he defeated Roy D. Webb, of Englewood, 7 up and 6 to play in the 36-hole final match over the links of the Essex Country Club.

Marston simply played wonderful golf, going out in 18 to Webb's 21. It seemed almost impossible for him to do so. Meanwhile, Webb was clearly short of his early form and was continually trying to keep pace off the tee.

Webb is slight of physique and weighs probably 50 pounds less than the Baltusrol man. Marston won the first hole in 3 to 4 when Webb flubbed his approach shot.

On the fourth, Marston recorded a 4 by driving the 8-iron 275 yards from the tee. Webb was fully 50 yards short and had to be content with 4. Using a mid-iron, Marston also