

"THE BONEHEAD," BY VAN LOAN—PHILS MAKE GOOD RECORD IN WEST—YANKEES HERE

WHITE SOX, WITH EDDIE MURPHY, WOULD BE POWERFUL MACHINE

Athletics' Outfielder Would Add to Offensive Work of Chicagoans' Great Team, the Best Seen Here This Season—Pitching Staff Most Consistent in the Country.

The baseball season is almost half over and every club in the two major leagues has made its appearance in this city, and the Chicago White Sox have stood out far above all others, in their games here at least.

In the three games played in this city the Chicagoans did not show the slightest sign of weakness in any department, unless it was that they are a trifle overconfident; and there is not a single position that needs strengthening except third base.

It is a team that has the batting strength of the Athletics of 1913, the speed on the bases of the Giants of 1912, the fielding of the Braves of 1914 and White Sox pitching. The Sox always have had a powerful pitching staff since Edder Jones put together his pennant winner in 1906, and even before that time Clarke Griffith had good pitchers in Chicago. It is a club that apparently has everything, and should it continue at its present clip it is likely to be a machine as famous as the Athletics, the old Baltimore Orioles and the Bostonians of the later 90s.

Eddie Murphy Would Strengthen White Sox

The acquisition of Eddie Murphy would enable Rowland to bring Roth in to third permanently and thus give the team batting strength for every position. Russell Blackburn is a fine fielder, but a weak hitter, while Murphy is a strong hitter, but a weak fielder. With such fine pitching Manager Rowland is likely to sacrifice the fielding strength for the batting, and use Murphy in right field with John Collins switched to left and Roth to third base.

There is no denying the fact that Eddie Murphy is a wonderful player offensively, and he is really a much better fielder than he has shown this season. Murphy has apparently had but little interest in the game this year, and no doubt would welcome a switch that would send him to a club that has such a great chance to win the pennant.

Manager Mack Praises Strength of Chicagoans

With Murphy the White Sox would be even stronger than they are at present, and members of the Athletics, including Manager Mack, declare that Rowland's team is playing by far better ball than any club they have seen to date. The Tigers have a powerful outfield and a fairly strong club offensively, mainly through the wonderful work of Cobb and Crawford, but its infield is weak, while the pitching staff has not enough dependable performers to help out Covalleski, Daus and Dubuc. On the whole the work of the Tigers was disappointing to local fans, and they did not impress one as being as strong as the Red Sox were on their last appearance here.

Rowland Building Powerful Batting Team

Perhaps some of the star pitchers will discover glaring weaknesses in the batting of Felsch, Roth and Fournier, three of the White Sox youngsters, and send the tip around the circuit, with the result that the long distance clubbing of this trio will cease, but chances are against this happening.

When the youthful Athletic team started off in 1910 just as the Sox are going today, this same thing was predicted, but McInnis, Collins, Baker and Strunk, the four youngsters who were to be shown up by the star pitchers as the season wore on, are still powerful clubbers, and it is likely they will discover that the White Sox are simply a wonderful bunch of free swingers, long distance hitters.

White Sox Have Strongest Pitching Staff in League

Many other clubs have had plenty of long distance hitters and sluggers who perhaps surpass the present White Sox aggregation and yet never won pennants, but none of these teams possessed the speed or pitching that Rowland has at present. He has five twirlers who are in perfect shape and each is considered a star. For consistency Faber, Scott, Clotte, Russell and Benz form the best hurling staff in the country, and then there is Ed Walsh, if he can come back, Mel Wolfgang and Klepper, the Pacific coast recruit, to aid when the double-headed days begin.

All things considered, there seems to be only two chances to stop the White Sox from winning the American League pennant. They are overconfidence, which is already apparent in the earliest stages, and mismanagement. To date, Rowland, a minor leaguer, has obtained surprising results. If he continues as he is going at present and does not let a few reverses destroy his judgment, he will have the honor of leading a pennant winner.

Mack Considers Rowland's Offer for Murphy

Concerning the reported sale of Eddie Murphy to Chicago, Manager Mack says: "I have not made up my mind to sell Eddie Murphy, and therefore must say that the story that he has been sold is untrue. Manager Rowland, of the White Sox, asked me if I would sell him, and I told him that I would think about it. He offered me a price, but I have not given him my answer. Murphy needs a rest, and that accounts for some of his recent poor work. Our right field is the hardest in the league to play, and Eddie just got going badly. I won't say that I will not sell him."

It is said that Branch Rickey, manager of the Browns, has obtained both Slesler, of Michigan, and Koob, of Kalamazoo Normal, two of the very best college pitchers of the West. Both of these collegians were reported to have signed with Detroit, and Owner Navin, of the Tigers, insists that both men accepted the terms of the Detroit Club. It is probably a case for the National Commission, as Slesler signed a Pittsburgh contract four years ago when he was a freshman at Michigan, but he says that he never received any money from the Pirates and became a free agent when he was not tendered a contract each year in February, as provided for in the national agreement.

Manager Mack stated today that Bruno Haas, the Worcester Academy southpaw, would pitch against the Yankees on Wednesday. Mack is very much impressed with this youngster and intends to send him to the mound often. Ira Thomas also speaks highly of the lad, but says that he does not know whether he knows as much about pitching as Crowell, the Brown University youngster.

Al Demaree pitched a great game for the Phillies yesterday, but, like Chalmers and Rixey, does not seem to be able to win, no matter how well he twirls. The Phillies fall dismally with the bat every time one of this trio goes to the mound, and several games that should have been easy victories have been lost in the West for this reason.

On Saturday the White Sox stole four bases out of five tries, while yesterday they pliffed five out of five attempts. In defeating Cleveland in a double-header the White Sox also continued on their extra-base hitting career. Eddie Collins and Fournier had homers; Weaver, two triples; John Collins and Felsch each one, and Roth two doubles.

Clinton Rogge, the youthful Pittsburgh Federal League twirler, held Newark to one hit, a single by Huhn in the ninth inning with one man out, yesterday. But 25 men faced him during the game.

There is a movement on foot to transfer the Buffalo International League franchise to Allentown. It is doubtful if Allentown can hold up its end in such a high-class league, as the fans would hardly be willing to pay a larger admission rate than they have been charged in the past, and this would be necessary in a class AA. league.

Manager Mack and Harry Davis spent Sunday on the golf links of the Pine Valley Country Club. Mack must have had a trifle the best of it. He admitted that Davis was a pretty good golfer. It is also likely that several other things besides golf were discussed.

The Giants finally found a team they could beat. They stopped over in Wheeling and defeated the Central Leaguers, 4 to 2. For the first time in several seasons, Manager McGraw used a regular team in an exhibition game.

The four straight defeats administered to the Braves by the Cardinals probably will induce Johnny Evers to jump into the game sooner than he expected. The Braves have had a rough trip after a splendid start, while the Cardinals started poorly but wound up their home stand in a spectacular manner.

The failure of Sherwood Magee to strike his batting stride has been one of the main causes of the slump of the Braves. He is a natural slugger, and will probably start tearing the boards off the fence in a few days.

PLAY FOR STATE DOUBLES TITLE



Wallace Johnson, on the left, and Alexander Thayer, on the right played this afternoon in the semi-final round of the Pennsylvania lawn tennis championships against W. T. Tilden, Jr., and R. Evans, Jr. The match was played at the merion Cricket Club. The winners were scheduled to meet Dr. E. B. Dewhurst and J. R. Carpenter in the finals.

WOMEN GOLFERS OF CITY BEST IN COUNTRY; MEN ONLY FAIR

Curious but True Also That Women Tennis Players of Philadelphia Are Only Mediocre, While Men Players Hold Highest Rank—Some of the Local Experts.

JUST HOW THEY RANK

Old Phila's women golfers always show that they can win, no matter who the foe; but few among the men that compete successfully in any class meet.

Yet our men tennis players eat 'em up in local tilts or for the Davis Cup; our women, on the other hand, you'll see, are yet a negligible quantity.

It is a remarkable fact that Philadelphia could produce if necessary a dozen women golf players who could successfully hold their own against a dozen women from any other community, while nearly any other section of the country could gather together the same number of men players and defeat the Philadelphians with ridiculous ease.

On the other hand, there is not a city in the land which could corral a dozen male tennis players to stand up against the racket wielders of Philadelphia, but Philadelphia women lawn tennis aspirants are sadly lacking in efficiency and would be easy prey for the cream of New York, Boston, Los Angeles or most any other community in which women attempt to attain proficiency on the courts. This curious state of affairs exists, of course, only among the amateurs, professionals being left out of the consideration entirely.

Recently the women golfers of Philadelphia played a three-cornered match with the pick of best women golfers that could be gotten together in New York and Boston. The result was a sweeping local victory. This proves conclusively where Quaker City women golfers stand with reference to those of other communities, because, excepting Philadelphia, Boston and New York not only have more women golfers than any other cities in this country, but have better performers.

With no attempt to rank the local women golfers, the following group comprises a dozen players that would give any other dozen women in the country a battle: Mrs. C. H. Vanderbeck, Mrs. B. H. Barlow, Miss Eleanor Chandler, Mrs. C. F. Fox, Miss Mildred Caverly, Mrs. G. S. Munson, Miss Florence McNeely, Miss Catherine Davis, Miss H. Ethel Mauls, Mrs. William S. Hille, Mrs. G. H. Stetson and Mrs. Milton Herald. There are sufficiently large number of high-grade players, exclusive of the ones mentioned, that might well be substituted for those given, and the result in an intermunicipal match would be in favor of Philadelphia.

There are hundreds of men golfers in Philadelphia and vicinity, and yet there

are comparatively few who have attained any prominence at all in the golf world.

It is more than probable that if the best 12 were picked from local golf, country and cricket clubs most any other city could defeat them without half trying.

In the matter of tennis, the exact reverse is true. Take R. Norris Williams, Ed. W. J. Clothier, Wallace Johnson, J. J. Armstrong, Jr., W. T. Tilden, Jr., Joseph Thayer, Alex. Thayer, Ed. Thayer, Dr. E. B. Dewhurst, J. R. Carpenter, S. W. Pearson and Craig Biddle and pit them against a field of players from any other city in the country. The result would be a series of overwhelming victories for the Philadelphians. New York city would probably be second.

Naturally, the entire State of California could select a dozen players that would defeat the Philadelphia men, but San Francisco could not do it, nor could Los Angeles. In the same way it is highly improbable that any city in the world could select a dozen players to beat these Philadelphians. Christchurch, New Zealand, Melbourne, Sydney and Queenstown, Australia, have many experts with the racket, but without combining forces, any one of them would be up against a very difficult proposition in attempting to defeat this dauntless dozen.

Three of these players are internationalists. William J. Clothier has won fame in a number of Davis Cup matches, besides having been national champion. R. Norris Williams defeated Maurice McLoughlin last summer at Newport for the American title. He was formerly clay court champion also, until he gave that game up to play exclusively on turf. Last summer Williams, who, by the way, is a Titanic survivor, was a member of the American Davis Cup team. Wallace Johnson, though defeated last Saturday for the State title by J. J. Armstrong, Jr., is a great player when at his best. In 1912 he was runner-up for the national title, forcing McLoughlin to go the limit of five sets to win. He has been an alternate on the American Davis Cup team.

While Miss Agnes Kennedy, Mrs. Gilbert Harvey and Miss E. Hensel are good tennis players, they cannot rank with the best in the country, nor can any other one or more women of Philadelphia compare with such lawn tennis experts as Mrs. George Wightman, Miss Mary Brown and the famous Sutton sisters. As for a comparison of the local women tennis players with Miss Molla Bjurstedt, who recently won the American title at the Philadelphia Cricket Club, the local women are outclassed.

"DICK" CROKER REORGANIZES HIS RACING STABLES

Patches Up Peace with Parkinson, Noted Irish Trainer.

DUBLIN, June 15.—Richard Croker, once of Tammany Hall fame, is reorganizing his racing stable. He is aiming to make a big "splash" in the coming season.

In the first place, he has made his peace with the well-known Irish trainer, Parkinson.

The arrangement between the two has lasted ever since Croker's Derby winner, Orby, was a 2-year-old. Owing to some dispute Parkinson refused to train Croker's horses. Now that the difference has been settled, Mr. Croker has sent a string of 2-year-olds to Parkinson for training. The lot comprises some really promising youngsters who are certain to carry the "horse" colors to victory.

MANY RACE MEETINGS PLANNED FOR JULY 5 BY HORSEMEN

Trotting Under Saddle to Feature North Penn's Events.

Many race meetings are planned for July 5 by local and out-of-town horsemen. Philadelphians will have the Belmont track at Nerberth for their sport, which will be held under the auspices of the North Penn Trotting Association. A special mile race, trotting under saddle, in which a new record is the objective, promises to be a stellar event.

The present champion is Bow Devil, a local owned steed. Indications point that a new mark will be set, for many owners are training their horses diligently. Dyberry, Frankford and Wilmington clubs are also contemplating races.

TRAVERS TAKES LEAD IN NOBLE TOURNEY

Has Golfing Card of 78 for First Half of 36-hole Match in Lynnewood Hall Cup Trials.

NOBLE, Pa., June 21.—Jerome D. Travers, Upper Merionist, the new open golf champion of America, returned a card of 78 for the first half of the 36 holes qualifying round for the Lynnewood Hall Cup at the Huntington Valley Country Club today and with all but a very few of 30 odd entries in he leads the field.

The 88s returned by Maxwell R. Marston, the New Jersey title holder, and B. Warren Cokeran, Baltimore, leave these two in a tie for second place.

Travers was right at the top of his game today except in putting, a department in golf of which the open champion is a master. Time and again his long ones stopped inches short of the cup, otherwise he would have had 75 or better. Then, too, the course is some 250 yards longer than usual.

Travers went out in 33, two strokes better than Marston, his partner. Both returned in 45.

The leader's card: Out 3 3 5 4 4 6 5 5 4-38 In 3 5 4 4 5 4 5 5 6-40-78 The three on the first hole was a "bird," while the figures on the 2d, 3d, 4th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 12th, 15th and 16th equaled par.

A great disappointment was the inability of Francis Outpat to compete. A telegram was received from him this morning, saying that he was too ill to play. In anticipation of seeing him play a large number of spectators were here.

However, Jerome D. Travers, Max R. Marston, W. H. Gardner and B. W. Cokeran and his brother, D. C. Cokeran, and several other players of national repute were present, and the tournament should prove interesting.

Jerome Travers already has two legs on the gold cup, the gift of Mrs. George D. Widener, and if he wins it this time it will become his personal property.

Summary table of golf scores for various players, including Travers, Marston, Cokeran, etc.

POLO TODAY AT BRYN MAWR POLO CLUB

Racquet Club Wanderers FIRST ROUND OF SOCIAL CLUB CUP 4:30 P. M. Table 1 to 6 will be played via Philadelphia at Western to Bryn Mawr. Penna. R. R. from Broad Street Station.

"THE BONEHEAD"

Old Man Terhune, Manager of the Rebels, Enlists College Athlete to Strengthen Brain Department of His Team—Bunk Breaks the News.

By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

A DOZEN members of the team were loafing about the clubhouse un-

ouched by the shining example of a few industrious ones who were hurrying into their "spangles" as if the series depended upon their being on the ground a full two hours ahead of the umpire.

A crap game struggled feebly in a corner; it was far from pay day. Billy Gilfeather, whose position on the diamond in the summer time made him a drawing card on the vaudeville stage in the winter, and who believed himself another Chauncey Olcott, was singing a sentimental ballad to the crooning accompaniment of "Frosty" McNab, "Shanghai" Scott and "Piano-legs" Daly.

"Kidney-foot" Perkins, the catcher, was playing solitaire on the bench in front of his locker.

The door banged loudly, and in came "Bunk" Williams, the first baseman, and a privileged character. He looked about him, struck an attitude and delivered himself of a bark which split a barber-shop chord in two and drowned Tom Meadows' frenzied appeal to "Little Joe."

"Raw! Raw! Raw!" howled Bunk. "Rough 'em up! Chaw 'em up! Spit 'em out, tiger! Raw! Raw! Raw!"

"What in Sam Hill are you raw-raving about?" inquired Frosty MacNab, pausing in the intricate evolutions necessary to the adorning of the form with sheepskin sliding pads which preserve the hide of the ball player.

"Nix on the raw-raw. You ain't no college phenomenon, Bunk. Don't think it for a minute."

"Who said I was?" asked Bunk, aggrieved. "Can't you let a fellow get in practice?"

"Bunk's going to coach a college team next spring," suggested Kidney-foot, unearthing the duce of clubs and dropping it upon the ace.

"I am not!" said Bunk hotly. "You fellows don't know what's going on. You haven't heard the news."

This shot produced instant silence.

"Well," said Billy Gilfeather, "I'll be the goat. What is the news?"

"S-s-sh!" whispered Bunk. "The old man thinks we're weak in the brain department. He's went and bought a college boy for an infielder."

The explosion of a bomb in the dressing room might have created less excitement.

"Get out!"

"Stand away from the horse's head. He might bite you!"

"Bunk, you're bughouse!"

"Somebody turn him over! He's dreaming!"

"The old man? Not a chance!"

Bunk listened to the incredulous outburst with a grin of delight.

"Raw! Raw! Raw!" said he, gravely. "It's all true. The old man has gone kindergarten same as Johnny Merry and the rest of the managers. Maybe we need some three hundred thinkers on the payroll."

But the Rebels refused to believe that such a thing could be possible.

"Oh, all right," said Bunk. "Just wait a while, and you'll see. He parts his name in the middle, too. Wouldn't be surprised if he put cologne on his handkerchiefs. The old man thinks we need some new blood—raw-raw blood. You wait!"

The Rebels were amazed. Old man Terhune, 10 years manager of the club and one of the few survivors of old-time baseball, had never been suspected of a leaning toward the new era in the game. He believed in men who could hit the ball and run the bases.

"Give me a bunch of men who can hit around three hundred, and I'll take a chance on being outguessed," was his watchword.

When he needed new ball players, he went to Class A leagues after them, buying them—buying outright and taking no chances on the draft. It was all very well for Johnny Merry to import college men; old man Terhune wanted ball players of league experience, and so long as he found them, they might sign their salary checks with a Maitese cross if it suited them, and eat pie with a knife for all he cared.

But progress is the watchword, in baseball as in other things, and the old man noted with pained surprise the sensational success of half a dozen clean-looking, athletic youngsters from fresh-water colleges. After Johnny Merry's new campus find, Teddy Langhugh pitched and won three games from the Rebels, it struck old man Terhune that there might be something in the higher education, after-all. It hurt him to admit as much to his scouts, but the word went forth to look over the college athletes and report discoveries.

"Pitchers, of course," said the old man.

"and a couple of good, snappy infielders. After a few weeks spent in the Middle West, Atwood, the scout, wrote a letter. 'I've got one of your infielders,'" he wrote. 'I watched him in two or three games, saw him practice for several days, and he's the real thing. Field and hits well, and he knows the game. The boys will soon thump the foolishness out of him, and then he'll be a valuable man. I can get him in time to start the season. His name is J. Arthur Haskins, but he says if he plays professional ball he'll take another one.'

"Humph!" grunted the old man. "He better!"

J. Arthur Haskins was quite a ball player. He had been told this so often that he knew it by heart. It was no great surprise to him when the big-league scout disclosed his identity, and spread before him the lure of professional ball.

"Of course," said J. Arthur. "It's asking a great deal of a fellow to give up his amateur standing and go into sport for—er—a consideration. I've always played for the love of the game, you know."

"Sure!" said the scout. "Sure you have! But look at Mathis and Puro and Dent and Teddy Lang! They're having the fun of playing the game, and think of the money they get out of it! There's plenty of young doctors and lawyers who'd like to have Purrell's salary. Being an amateur is a fine reputation, but it won't pay no bills. And you make good—"

(To be Continued Tomorrow.)

NEW YORK PAIR WIN CUP IN MIXED DOUBLES

Beat Miss Cassel and Baggs in Lawn Tennis at Pelham.

NEW YORK, June 21.—The long-postponed final round match for the mixed doubles cup in the annual invitation lawn tennis tournament of the Pelham Country Club, at Pelham, was played yesterday, with Miss Marie Wagner and A. J. Ostendorf defeating Miss Clara Cassel and Frederick C. Baggs in straight sets at 6-1, 6-3.

Miss Wagner and her partner played with lightning speed from beginning to end and only dropped the fourth game at the net, and Miss Wagner, the New York State champion, played in which wild style, driving prettily across the court and often finishing the points by brilliant shots for placement at the net.

Miss Cassel's playing was as steady as Miss Wagner's, and her backhand drives to the far corners of the back court earned many of the points for her side.

COLLEGE OARSMEN TAKE SALES

Yale and Harvard Crews Enjoy Yachting Trips on Sound.

NEW LONDON, Conn., June 21.—With the long grind of practice virtually over, and nothing remaining but just enough work to put them in trim for the regatta on Friday, the Harvard and Yale crews yesterday enjoyed yachting trips on Long Island Sound.

The Harvard varsity squad sailed to Block Island on Harold Vanderbilt's yacht, the Vagrant, and the freshmen cruised about in the houseboat Roxanna.

"Wells Hats Wear Well"

\$2.00 Straws \$1.00

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AMERICAN LEAGUE Baseball Today—Two Games

SHIBE PARK ATHLETICS vs. NEW YORK FIRST GAME CALLED AT 2 P. M.

EVENING LEDGER MOVIES—IF THIS WERE ONLY TRUE OF THE PHILS, LOUIE, ALL WOULD BE WELL

