EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1915.

R. E. VAN LOAN'S "LITTLE SUNSET"-HARRY VARDON ON GOLF-OTHER SPORTS COMMENT

BROKE UP THE ATHLETICS TO PREVENT BASEBALL RUIN," **DECLARES CONNIE MACK**

Collinued from Page One

the time had come when some of the players thought of nothing but ery, and sooner or later, the team must go to pleces. I thought it all over, a decided that the break had better come right away. I want to say there and chance for me to hold any of the players I let go. They were responous for the breaking up of the famous machine, and not the club or its poll-

ramous baseball machines go through a strange process which I cannot party explain. The Baltimore Orioles, a wonderful machine of the latter went to pieces through this strange feeling that crops out in great imetler, almost all of that famous team came to believe they knew as much as einbil. yanager Hanlon, and that they had made him. They also seemed to think pat they were ready for managerial positions. As it happened some of them sure qualified, but that feeling broke up that team. When any great club gets along for about five years, awceping everything before it, the feeling nat they are the important cogs in the machine crops out in certain players, and then jealousy and dissension arise,

The Cubs went the same road as the Orioles. It was a veteran team, and many of the men began to believe Chance did not know any more about the mans than they did, and they came to think that he was not a necessity. The men gradually drifted away, as they were cultivating different ideas. The treak naturally had to come when that team spirit disappeared, and so both the Oriole and Cub teams went to pieces fast, just a year or two before their

My team was a little different in this respect, as none of the boys seemed in have any ambition to become a manager. That was probably due to the fact that they were younger and had not begun to think about the day when they would no longer be able to play regularly. That is why my team was the greatest of them all. It could have gone on longer than the other famous machines before it, but it was slowly and surely heading toward the same rocks. I had no warning of the approaching storm, and therefore had not laid my lines as I had in the past. In 1907 we were in the fight right down to the wire-in fact, Detroit did not catch us until the last three weeks of the season. coing into first place the day following the famous 17-inning tie game, to be mact. Even though we were up there, I knew we were slipping, and was therefore prepared.

While the fight was hottest I slipped off time and again and got the men mat I believed I needed to fill the weak spots. Therefore when the 1908 season smarted I sent my team of veterans out to get a flying start. I realized they must so off fast if we were to make any sort of a showing, as the Detroit club was young, fast and powerful in all departments. It was only a question of uns before we would succumb unless we got a tremendous lead. In the meantime I had gradually been schooling Baker, Collins, Barry, McInnis, Coombs and a few others; though a few of them were not actually with the team at the time. The break came sooner than I had expected, as my veterana could not stand the pace long. But I was ready with my new team, I placed everything on a make-or-break basis with my youngsters, and in this respect we are very much in the same position today, only that I did not have a chance to prepare for the future.

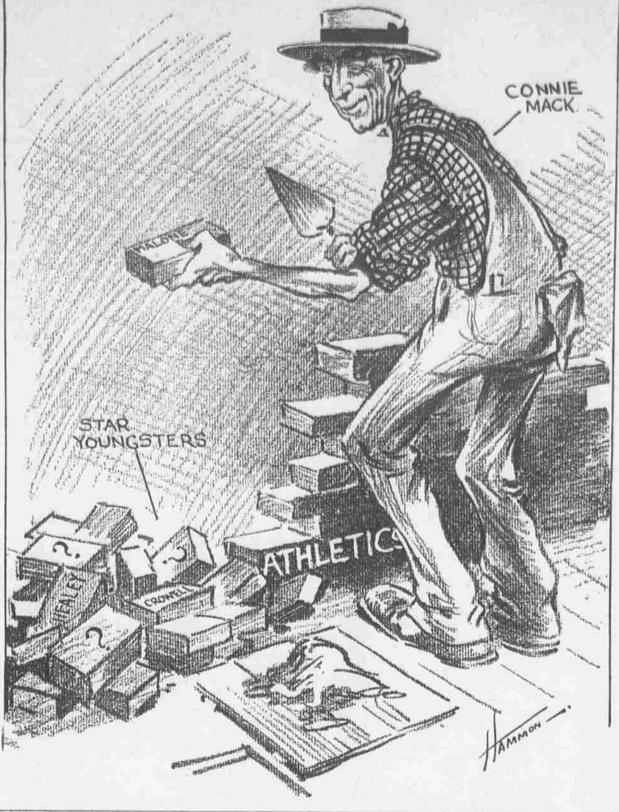
When I first sent Barry, McInnis and Collins into the game the fans hughed, as they all looked like fizzles; but I knew they had the stuff and that a would come out in time. I was forced to pull them out of the game after a time; but I kept them in when they were going at their poorest clip because I knew they would learn something and that they would be ready when I called a them again. A youngster who has started to lose confidence in himself belongs on the bench for a few days, where he can watch the fellow who necessis him make a few misplays. He sits there and says to himself. 'I have emething on that fellow, and I'll show them when I get in there.' And he invariably does show them if he has the stuff in him.

I kept Haas on the mound the other day for the same reason. I have watched his lad work and I knew he had the stuff. Had I pulled him out of the game I ight have hurt his confidence. As it was, he learned something every inning s pitched, which will come in handy on his next appearance. It was a game it brought his mistakes clearly before him, and that is why I allowed him to tinue. If we had been in the pennant race I would have pulled him out, of rse. The next time I use him I will pull him out if he gets a had start, as he as seen most of his glaring faults and it would hurt him to leave him in too ar on his second start. I knew he was not right in the second inning and was ally anxious to see how he would act.

Players in the Making

Malone is very much in the same position. I have taken him from the game for the present because he was fast losing confidence in himself. This lad is ming to be a grand ball player. He is just at the stage where Collins was when meame to me and looks every bit as good. At present he is not hitting, but he will be a great hitter and a great infielder. He is the only new infielder I have ned to date who will make good. The others do not measure quite up to the mark.

THE CONSTRUCTIVE WIZARD



CHICK EVANS IS WITHOUT AN EQUAL IN AMATEUR GOLF RANKS, DECLARES HARRY VARDON

Use of Half-iron Shot Distinguishes Very Good From Fairly Good Golfer, Says the British Champion-Evans' Play Is Contrasted With That of Francis Ouimet and Jerome Travers-Handicapping System Explained.

By HARRY VARDON Golf Champion of Great Britain, On the academic side of golf, no subject s more interesting than that of handicapping, and I have been improving a spare half hour by studying the list of ratings

ing the list of ratings After all, it is founded on a sound premise. Figures are said to be capable he United States lolf Association. Golf Association. I must confess to a cepted in most cases as useful evidence feeling of surprise at finding Mr. Charles Evans, Jr., reckoned than in match play, for the simple reason that he is more likely than his superior to suffer a bad hole. When he loses a stroke worse than to suffer a bad hole. When he loses i hole in the match game, it matters noth Francis Ouimet or Mr. Jering how many strokes he takes to it; he is no worse off for expending four shots in a bunker than for missing an 18-inch putt for a half. But in medal play every stroke counts against him; consequently, it is only reasonable that there should be diminution of his allowance in a match In England during the last few years attempts have been made to popul the idea of giving and receiving the full difference of stroke-play handicaps. Wherever the scheme has been tried it has been voted a doubtful success, and it has not grown greatly in favor.

that gives the greatest measure of satis-faction is that under which the handleaps are allotted for stroke rounds and in match play. The man with the shorter allowance gives his rival three-quarters of the difference between their stroke-play handleaps. there all it is founded on a sound

"LITTLE SUNSET"

The Redemption of Bergstrom and What Happened to the Apaches When Little Sunset Got Busy for the Team.

And a Secret No One Told.

By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN baseball world's most famous writer of fiction

Brick" Jones signs with the Apaches, & major league team. As baggage, he brings his red-headed son, John Weig's Jones. When his wife died Jones promised never to formake the child, and so the youngeter has lived on baseball diamonds almost all his life.

the Hfe. "Little Numeet" is the name given to the child. Gus Bergarrom, the baxviest hitter of the league, makes a churn of him. "Little Numeet" learns to awear and to understand baseball from the indide. The demands a share in the post-season money because he haart inized a game. The text year Bergstreen decides to go into and reports for the flag-relienz. The swede plays well but automatically, buck and atrugging for first place, and while the Apaches are in a size, Hergetreen while the Inner" is size, Bergstreen while the Apaches are in a size, and the buck and atrugging for first place, and while the the apaches are and decides to go our of the size and decides to go the size a bushness latter and decides to go our of the terror, holing in two runs. He then refuses to play and goes to his He then refuses to play and goes to l business. There he is distributed by hes ing himself called a renearde and also the defeat of his team.

Gus did not sleep well that nishi; he blamed it on the excessive heat. He re-called scraps of conversation he had had called acraps of conversation he had had during the day. Every man had expressed regret: none had congratulated him on his move. He thought of the disgraceful score by which the old club had been beaten and of John Wesley and his fail-ure to write a message which should explain matters. It was a long, miserable night.

Bergstrom was up at sunrise. He was to be a business man now. He wanted to use a piece of property some distance outside the town. The liveryman who rented him a rig remarked that it was going to be a very warm day.

"But you won't care," said the man. "You don't have to put on a uniform and run around in the sun."

and run around in the son. The farmer who owned the property recognized Bergstrom, and thereafter could talk nothing but baseball. He spoke of Bergstrom's retirement as one men-tioning a national calamity. Gus decided that the property did not suit him, and hurried back to town, where he had an appointment to take lunch with the presi-dent and secretary of the land company. dent and secretary of the land company. These men began to talk batting averages with the cold consomme. Gus fidgeted and squirmed, but there was no escape

for him. "I bet you'd beat Potts last season," said the secretary. "Lat's see, when you quit the other day, you must have been leading him by about 20 points. And they're giving a fine diamond medal for the highest batting everage this season. It's a dirty shame to toss off that medal; you ought to have it."

"I got too many medals now." said Gus modestly. "If that automobile con-cern takes all that river land, it ought to boost the Valley Subdivision, eh?" "Yes, indeed!" said the president. "Who is the best pitcher in the league. Mr. Bergstrom?"

Gus, answering in monosyllables, fought his way through to the coffee, and ex-cused himself, a leging an important en-

gagement. The clerk at the hotel smiled the smile reserved for visiting millionaires, and of-

reserved for visiting influences, and of fored Bergstrom "a real cigar." "I'd like to see the rest of that series!" said he cheerfully. "I suppose when a fellow plays baseball for 10 or 15 years, he gets so's he never wants to see another game as long as he lives." One constant and looked at bis watch.

see another game as long as he lives." Gus grunted and looked at his watch. It would be two hours before the games started. The boys would be on their way to the park now-all but John Wesley. He was gick. The free man knew every move in the afternoon's program, and the knowledge benefic bins on controllar amount of

whined the patient. "He don't know he's alive!" A faw minutes later the door opened stiently, and Gus Bergstrom poked his big blond head into the room. John Wes-ley gasped, and rose among the pillows. His face was pale, but his eyes shot fire.

"You're a fine still, sin't you!" he said.

** 13

You wait until I get sick, and then you run out like a yellow dog! You've busted up the heat baseball team in the country. ou're a guitter, that's what you are!

Bergstrom, grinning uneasily, walked ver to the bed, and began to fumble in his pocket.

"You've got a bisthday next week, kid," said he. "I brought you a little present."

John Wesley's voice shrilled and cracked as he answered:

"You can't square yourself with me! Anybody that quit the way you did can't square himself! You dogged It, Gus, you dogged it! And I thought if there was one game guy in the world it was you!" Gus dangled a gold watch and chain in his fingers as he answered.

"I got sore all at once, kid." he ex-plained. "And then I had some business in Selby, and Myers wouldn't let me go see to it, and I-I---''

So see to H, and in-in-"You quilt!" snarled the boy. "You made a rotten bonchead play and then acted like a kid! You got sore because they roasted you, and it was coming to you! if you'd been playing ball instead of thinking about your troubles, you wouldn't have butted in on that fly catch! Ain't that so?"





"Gus read the headlines."

"Maybe," admitted Gus. "Yes-I guess that's right, kid."

"There's only one way you can square ourself!" announced John Wealey. What time is it by that gold watch and ourself!" chain 7*

"Half-past two." said Gus.

"Get my pants!" said John Wesley grimly.

"But you can't get up!" protested Berg-strom. "You're sick!"

"I was sick," said John Wesley, feel-ing around under the bed for his shoes, "but I'm all right now. Get them pants and ring for an automobile. We ain't got much time!"

It was 3 o'clock, and the Apaches were grouped in the locker room. A few of the late ones were lacing their shoes. There was a dearth of light conversation. A stranger entering the place would have locked about bits. looked about him for the casket containing the remains of the dear departed.

Pete Carr entered with a telegram in

I have another man who will come to me later who is the only infielder I how of who will positively be a regular next season. I believe in working on afferent lines with youngsters, and that is probably why I have had success with liem, as I said before. I was caught napping this year, and the men I counted m to all in when the old machine started slipping are not available now. They all be ready for me next season and I will have another great team. Anybody who considers us out of the running in the future is crazy. I have enough men coming to me before next season to assure me we will be very much in the running for the championship. We will be in much the same position we were back in 1909. With the breaks, we will come close to winning the pennant; but without them we will just go along fighting with the leaders.

I have only to go a few steps farther and I will have a team greater than the one I broke up. We don't look good now, but that is because I was unprepared. I have only to get other players along the lines of McInnis, Collins and Barry when they broke in and I will have my team rounded out. One might my this is a hard job, but it is not as hard as you think. I want to see the qualifications of a player of that type and we will bring the rest out.

Other changes probably will be made, and one player who is now with the team will be placed where he can be used regularly, because we need his altength. He will be a wonderful ballplayer when in the game every day, and I must find a place for him. At present I do not know where that position will be but he will positively be a regular at the start of next season.

Combination the Keynote

Combination is the keynote to championship ball teams, and I have that combination in view. Several of the men I have in view will not be able to join me until next year, and, for this reason, the present season may be a loss, arcept in so far as I am laying my lines and developing at a rapid clip. Some of the fans, perhaps, cannot see the improvement clearly, but you can take it from me the only reason we are not up in the running now is because of a embination of unforeseen circumstances, all of which came so suddenly and king before it was time for the team to crack.

In another year any fairminded critic or baseball man will admit I was fight in taking the step I did and when I did it. I know I am being severely criticised now, but, after all, the public wants a winner, and I will give them one. They might say I broke up a winning team, but I know it was impossible for me to have gone farther with the team under the conditions.

We are not in a very good position now, but I have everything in pretty mod shape to start. I am running my baseball school in the mornings in the hope of finding some young star in a hurry. I have several good prospects, but will know more about them when I return home and arrange some games for tham with the best outside independent teams. I will also be able to look the field over pretty well. It is a great chance for the boys.

Some people say: "Why doesn't Connie Mack go out and get some good minar leaguers?" but I don't work on those lines. Except in some very rare instances, players of the higher-class minor leagues do not appeal to me, because a have my own ideas of how to develop players. That we have had success is sue I think, to the fact that we handle them differently. I want youngsters with the qualifications, and, when I see them, I will bring them out myself.

This is really the happiest period of my life. I am broke financially, but full and is really the happiest period of my life. I am broke financially, but full a ambition. It is like starting all over again for me, and I love baseball and are to build up teams. I have done it once and will do it again. It is a new it is the ambition of my life to turn out this new combination—and I will do it. It is the ambition of my life to turn out this new combination—and I will do it. The critics say I was benefited by circumstances and that the material is no is the are available in the independent and collegiate field. Time will tell that story.



ome D. Travers. Apart altogether from what has hap-pened in competitions HARRY VARDON. (and in this connec-

tion I suppose that Mr. Evans thus far has been inferior to Mr. Ouimet and Mr. Travers as a match player and superior as a stroke player). I should have put down Mr. Evans as the man most likely of the three to excel on any occasion. He is said to be a had putter; I only know that when I competed with him at Rav-isloe, he putted just about as well as ever a golfer need do.

As regards the half iron-shot, which more than any other is the stroke that distinguishes the very good golfer from the ordinarily good one. I would say that Mr. Evans has no equal among American amatsurs. He hits the ball with that inclaiveneas which means so much; he keeps the swing compact, and he makes the ball stop quickly on alighting. It is possible that the professional is prone to be too faithful in his respect for what he calls orthodoxy, and that the methods of Mr. Ouimet and Mr. Travers are quite

of air. Guinet and air. Travers are quite as effective as those of Mr. Evans. Even so, it is the style of the last named that appeals to me as being bound to triumph in the end. That the United States Golf Association must know a great deal better than any-body in England the form of the leading players under its jurisdiction I realize to the full. I have set down these remarks purely from the point of view of a stu-dent of methods, divorced entirely from considerations as to who wins compétiderations as to who wins competi-and who suffers defeat in such

events. Truly is the work of a handicapping committee very difficult, and one is duly a preciative of the circumstances that has to judge by hard facts rather than by the most plausible of fancies. Handl-capping at golf is crowded with anomathes, it is an essential part of the game's constitution, but there seems to be little chance of its ever being placed on a

In considering this question, the prin-iple adopted by the Royal and Ancient Club has to be viewed by itself. The Royal and Ancient certainly does observ the plan of giving and receiving the whole margin of difference between handicaps, but then it frames a special list of allowances for every match-play ournament.

POINT THAT EXASPERATES. One of the little points that sometimes exasperates the receiver of strokes is, that in the ordinary way, he has to take his allowance at certain prearranged oles

Some time ago a curious hardship be fell a member of the club to which I am attached. Bouth Herts. The occasion was a bogsy competition, but the position might have been the same if the player had been opposing a scratch man. Re-ceiving 11 strokes, he finished two holes up. That was fairly satisfactory; but, strange to relate, if he had received only 9 strokes, he would have been 6 up!

We went through the card, and there was the fact clearly enough; the com-mittee had given him two strokes too many to enable him to reap the full reward of his play. This paradoxical situa-tion aross, of course, through the strokes having to be used at prescribed holes The places at which nine strokes had to be taken would have suited his play far better than the list of 11 holes which he

cede if the starts had to be taken at prescribed holes. Thus if in the ordinary way one could give four strokes one night concede two bisques. Where the ordinary allowance is very large it is generally reasonable to give in bisques rather more than half the number.

If I were receiving bisques, I should make the most of them at the start and try to obtain an early lead of several holes. It is a lot for anybody to try and regain three or four holes in the last 10 or 12 of a round. Many people keep their bisques too long, and finally have to squander two or three in order to save one hole near the finish.

HANDICAPPING THAT IS FUN.

Where two players do not know on another's form and want to be sure of a good game, the best idea that I know is for the side which wins a hole to give a stroke at the next so that the handican is arranged as the round proceeds and in accordance with its developments. This scheme may be something of a freak, but it is surprising how exciting a round it produces. When you have gained a lead of one hole, the great thing is to struggle to win the next hole so as to become two up; if you can do that, you are in a very

strong position. Time after time, how ever. you are prevented from achieving that purpose; the necessity of giving a stroke immediately after winning a hole has a way of affording the other man just the chance that he needs. It is an artificial manner of stimulating excite ment, but it is good fun.

Fancy matches, however, have to be approached a little warlly. I remember a game that I contested when I was professional at Santon, in Yorkshire. A player came to me one day and offered to take a stroke a hole all the way round so long as I would give him in addition. so long as I would give him, in addition, as many bisques coming home as I stood holes up (if any) at the turn. Truth to tell, I had reason to think that, if necessary, I might be able to give him two strokes a hole, and the challenge was romptly accepted.

There was a good deal of money on the match, and I set about the task to such purpose that, at the turn, I was sight up. Then it dawned upon me that, coming home I had to give him sight blaques as well as a stroke a hole. I loat: it was a real sell. But when we encaged in a return match on similar angaged in a return match on similar terms I took care to be only two up at the turn, and then I won.

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This is the fourth of a series of articles on solf that Mr. Vardon, the British champion, is writing specially for this Evening Ledger. The fifth article will appear next Salurday.

Ten minutes to three! The boys would be in the clubhouse now. It seemed to Bergstrom that he could smell the liniment and the alcohol and hear the men growling at each other. The Apaches were not a pleasant lot when they were oaing.

The habits of 15 years may not be cast aside by an effort of the will. Gus Berg-strom had not taken this into consideration, but he did know that the afternoons were very long. At last he slipped on his coat and hurried down into the street. They were just beginning to post the scores of the games. It was nearly dark when Bergstrom en-

tered the lobby of the hotel. A newsboy, "Box scores, Mr. Bergstrom!" sal said he. "Full report of all the games!" Gus read the headlines:

APACHES BLANKED! Indians, Demoralized, Now in Second

Place. "Mr. Myers is here looking for you,

said the clerk. "He's in the dining room. Shall I have him called?" "Not yet," said Bergstrom hastily. "I'm going to take a little walk.

going to take a little walk." "I see that that new left-hander didn't do a thing to your old team this after-noon," said the friendly clerk. "Let 'em down with three hits. What's the matter with those fellows, anyway? They ain't backing their serve." Diaying their game." Gus Bargstrom went out into the street.

His legs took him in the direction of the railroad station. Searching for an ex-cuse, he told himself that he would go

over and explain matters to John Wes-ley and see how the boy was getting along. It would be like Brick Jones to allow the "little faller" to suffer for lack of startion attention.

After he had bought his ticket, Gus felt better. The unrest and the discon-tent passed away from him; he was at peace. He did not analyze his mental condition: he was satisfied to believe that it was all because he was going to see John Wesley-and explain matters.

A freight engine, upended on the main line, delayed the Limited for several hours, during which time a big, square shouldered passenger tramped miles up and down the roadbed beside the stalled

"I beg pardon," said a nosey traveler. "Are you in trouble?" "I-I yust got a sick friend," answered

Bargstrom. It was two-fifteen when Brick Jones

left the room at the hotel. "Mind now, kid," said be, "no monkey buniness! The doc asys if you stay in the hay this afternoon you can get out to-

"Aw, what does that doctor know?"

nand. "Myers couldn't find him," he said, "I

knew it wasn't any use." "Aw, come on!" said the Sea Cow, "Let's get out there and beat these guys to death! For Heaven's sake, a little pepper today! Heads up, everybody!" The

There was no answering chorus. Apaches had lost heart.

Two figures appeared in the doorway First came a small, red-headed boy First boy; whose knees wohbled under him, his aven brilliant with triumph. Behind him came a big, square figure which shut out the sunlight.

"Here's your Swede!" said John Wesley. Gus Bergstrom walked over and held out his hand to Pete Carr.

"Gimme the key to my locker!" said he. The Apaches won their pennant that eason. The papers said that Bergstrom's leason. hitting did it, but the men on the team hitting did it, but the men on the team thought they knew better than that. They presented a diamond medal to the one to whom they gave the credit, and ne took it with him when he went to th "swell boarding school on the Hudson." The Apaches never knew that they were nistaken, for a Swede is always an uncommunicative man.

Charles E. Van Loan's next story, "A Rain Check," will begin in the Evening Ledger on Tuesday.

POINT BREEZE PARK EXTRA-WAR-EXTRA Sensational Aerial Warfare see the Thrilling Features of an Air Raid and a Battle Beis

an Artophan and Port by BURNET VON FIGVELMEEBT and HARVEY WILHUR KAYS, CURLINE FILME ALSO ANNUAL FIELD EVENTE CATHOLIC SCHOOLS ATHLETIC LEAGUE 1D RENT. N. G. P., THIS AFTERNOON S F C (1 4 L TO N I 0, H T

Motorpaced & Motorcycle Races



FIRST GAME AT 1:30 P. M. ADMISSION, 25c, 30c, 75c, and 81.

EVENING LEDGER MOVIES-ISN'T IT NICE TO SEE 'EM PLAY TWICE FOR ONE MEASLEY PRICE?

