

DODGERS SURPRISE IN NATIONAL RACE—VAN LOAN'S "THE TEN THOUSAND-DOLLAR ARM"

BROOKLYN'S RUSH PENNANTWARD SENSATION OF NATIONAL RACE

Managerial Blunders Big Handicap, But Club of Great Batsmen Is Forging to Front; Pitchers, Also, Unexpectedly Strong. Golf Prescribed to Preserve Health of Nation.

The sensational sport of the Brooklyn Dodgers was the feature of the week in major league baseball. Brooklyn was picked as the "dark horse" of the National League race and a most dangerous pennant contender in these columns before the season opened.

The greatest handicap the Brooklyn team has in the pennant fight is its manager, Wilbert Robinson. Robinson has thrown away enough games to have placed the Dodgers so far in front of the other teams that the race would be a runaway affair had it not been for his poor tactics.

Pitchers, Supposed Weak Point, Are Delivering

Lack of veteran pitching strength was pointed out as a weakness that could not be counter-balanced by the strong batting and fielding, but the pitchers have proved above the average, particularly in the last two weeks. After getting an even break with the Phillies in four games, the Dodgers started on a sensational streak and have won seven consecutive games from the Braves and Cubs, two of the strongest clubs in the league.

This season Manager Robinson is listening to the advice of a few of his veterans and President Ebbetts, and as a result, with good pitching, the team looks better than any in the league at the present time, barring possibly the Phillies.

Phillies Were Wise to Delay Double-header

Manager Fred Clarke, of the Pirates, accuses the Philly management of showing poor sportsmanship in not playing the double-header Thursday, Friday or Saturday instead of holding it over until today. Clarke says that the Phillies knew he had a hard week ahead of him and that they made the road still harder by holding the double-header off.

Pittsburgh is scheduled for three other double-headers this week, and Clarke hoped to have the Phillies' extra game played earlier, so that he could rest his pitchers. On the other hand, Manager Moran would have crippled his staff had he played the double bill last week. As it was, Al Demaree was forced to go back to the mound on Saturday with but two days rest. Demaree generally comes from three to five days between games to be effective, but he came through in fine shape again on Saturday.

Fred Clarke Cannot "See" Young Dan Tipple

Fred Clarke declares that he does not think much of the chances of Dan Tipple burning up the American League as predicted. Tipple is the youngster who was recently purchased by the Highlanders from the Indianapolis Club for an enormous sum, after a spirited bidding contest with several other clubs. Clarke had Tipple in 1912, but released him to Columbus, which club in turn released him to Omaha. He pitched great ball in Omaha in 1914, and was purchased by Indianapolis, where he has pitched remarkable ball. He opened the season with 10 straight victories, including a no-hit and a one-hit game. Clarke intimates that Tipple has everything a pitcher needs but nerve.

Hugh Jennings Hangs on to a Promising Youngster.

Connie Mack is not the only baseball manager who is having trouble with wild pitchers. Hugh Jennings, of Detroit, is puzzled over what to do with George Boehler, his big right-hander.

"I probably will hold Boehler for two or three weeks; then, if he doesn't show signs of gaining control, the chances are he will go to the San Francisco team of the Pacific Coast League for development," declared Jennings.

"There is only one way for a fellow like Boehler to get control, and that is to work in a game. Right now the pennant race is so uncertain that I cannot afford to experiment with him, and it may be that a few months in a fast minor league will bring him to the point necessary for a regular place in the major leagues."

Boehler gives promise of being a great pitcher. Jennings regards him somewhat as Mack regards Haas.

Golf to Preserve the Health of a Nation.

The United States Government officially has recognized what thousands all over the country already have learned and what thousands already have decided to do; that is, play golf.

The United States Public Health Service in a bulletin just issued advises that if golf is not available one should push a baby carriage or do a bit of gardening. It must be admitted that wheeling a baby carriage is not altogether to the liking of some and wholly incompatible for others. Gardening is sometimes a bore and also is not always convenient. Hence, golf seems to be generally accepted as the best and most pleasant means to preserve the health of the nation.

Public golf links are rapidly springing into existence all over the country. There will be more of them every season, and the thousands already in the ranks will be increased to other thousands.

Westerners Look Better on Asphalt.

While it is possible that the team which is in San Francisco representing the Eastern tennis players might have a fighting chance to win on turf courts, there is very little doubt that the Westerners will capture the majority of the honors in the asphalt court meeting which began Saturday. On the opening day all of the favorites, both Easterners and Westerners, came through with victories. However, several members of the Eastern team showed plainly that the ultra-speedy play of the asphalt courts is not altogether to their liking.

McLoughlin, Strachan, Johnston and Murray, the pick of the Westerners, have been used to playing on dirt and asphalt courts more than they have on grass, consequently it is to be expected that the players from this section will have a rough road ahead of them. This is particularly true in view of the fact that, with the exception of Williams, the Eastern team can hardly be called representative. Church, Mathey and Washburn are high-grade players, but they cannot by any stretch of the imagination be pictured as the cream of the Eastern tennis players.

Jack Knight Proves Success as Manager

Local fans will be glad to know that Jack Knight, the former Central High School player, who leaped from the scholastic diamond to a major league sensation 10 years ago, has succeeded in bringing the Cleveland American Association Club from last to second place in a month. When Knight was appointed manager it was generally believed that he would not be a success, in Cleveland anyway, but he has fooled them all and is right in line for an American League managerial berth in Cleveland, according to Ed Bang, of the Cleveland News. Bang is generally right in his predictions.

Pat Moran is running a little baseball school of his own. He believes in giving youngsters a chance, and he has several lads who may be future greats. One of them is John Ogden, scholastic star in Delaware County, who, it is predicted, is going to develop into a great pitcher. Ogden will sign no contract, as he intends to enter Swarthmore College this fall, but the Phils will have first claim on his services if he shows major league class.

Cobb and Crawford were too much for the Red Sox yesterday and the Tigers gained more ground on the leaders. Cobb made two hits and scored three runs, while Crawford, with three hits, drove in four of the Tigers' five runs.

News dispatches and comments on the Melrose Athletic meet in New York continue to credit Ted Meredith with equaling the world's record in the 660-yard run. The Evening Ledger of Saturday afternoon was the only paper to detect the error in the news reports. Homer Baker made the course in 1:29 2-5 on September 26, 1914. Meredith's time was 1:29 3-5.

A wild throw by Jim McAvoy enabled the Browns to defeat the Mackmen again yesterday. McAvoy relieved Lapp, who had been catching great ball and who was hitting hard. Just as soon as McAvoy entered the game the Browns started to run wild and overcame the Athletics' lead.

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND



MATHEWSON, WALSH, ALEXANDER, WALT JOHNSON—PITCHERS ALL

By GRANTLAND RICE

Alexander the Greatest We've seen them come up, one by one; We've seen them drift back with the tide. Holding their brief day in the sun Of ruling fame and wanted pride; We've seen them crowned amid the fray.

Radbourne and Sweeney, Rusie, Young, Big Walsh and Brown, of potent Swag; How long ago their fame was sung, And yet—it was but yesterday; Though none may say that one may shine Above all with the Fancy Fluff, You stand with those who've earned this line, "He had the stug."

Norris Williams evened up with George Church for the lawn tennis intercollegiate of last year, but continuing this advance against McLoughlin will call for additional tactics. Beating Mr. McLoughlin 3000 miles from home on Eastern soil is no light undertaking, to say nothing of hearing him in his California den.

"Oulmet," says a contemporary, "played around in 71 strokes, one worse than the number of strokes allotted for the course." Can any one tip us off to a course where about \$8 perfectly good strokes are allotted for a round?

Even More So "The Braves were sure to flounder," and Willard "couldn't do it"; As was proved in facts and figures by the fact; They were "absolutely hopeless," there was "simply nothing to it"; The dope was all against them—but they won!

And when you've had your triumph You can chuckle, merry-hearted; "The dope was all against me—but I won." (Berton Braley in "The New Story Mag.")

There's an even greater triumph you can dream of super-proudly, There's an even finer conquest to be spun; For you'll reach the game's star limit on the day you cackle loudly, "The Dope was in my favor—yet I won."

Aye, that's the final answer to the game's achieving story— There waits the greatest stunt beneath the sun, On the day when you can rise up as you chortle in your glory; "The leading experts picked me—but I won."

Beauty and the Pulchritude and pulesance are not always linked in thoughts that range the field of athletic achievement. Yet in many cases the game has thrown them together. If one had to select the four greatest pitchers of the last 10 years their names, almost without argument,

It is also worthy of note that these four stars have all been hard workers and have carried more than their share of the pitching burden. Also, that all four have been what might be called easy-tempered, almost placid, wasting no energy in petulance or worry over the breaks of the game or unfavorable decisions from umpires. This temperament has permitted them to direct or concentrate their main attention upon throwing a baseball where they wanted it to go, which is what they were being paid for.

"Hardwick and Brickley," comments an exchange, "the two greatest all-round college athletes that ever played." Pruning no credit from the estimable and eminent careers of these two stars, how much did they have on Jim Thorpe for all-round efficiency?

The Braves were under a tougher handicap this season than last. For this season the esteemed experts were mostly picking them to win.

What has become of the old-fashioned fan who would have choked to death in a mild frenzy over the pennant race they are now spinning in the National League?

Giants Get New First Baseman SEATTLE, July 11.—A deal closed here by Dick Kinsella gives the New York Giants First Baseman George Kelly, of the Victoria Club, Northwest League.

WHAT MAY HAPPEN IN BASEBALL TODAY

Table with columns: National League, American League, Federal League. Rows include Chicago, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, St. Louis, New York, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Boston, Cleveland, Kansas City, Detroit, Washington, St. Louis, Athletics, Cleveland.

Metropolitan Champion Loses—Defeated by Bob McDonald. NEW YORK, July 12.—Gilbert Nicholls, of Wilmington, who won the Metropolitan open golf championships on Saturday, and Herbert Strong were defeated, 2 up, by Bob McDonald, who finished second in the play for the Metropolitan golf championship, and McDonald Smith, in a four-ball match at the Inwood Golf Club, Inwood, L. I., yesterday.

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THE TEN THOUSAND-DOLLAR ARM

"Which Is Him?"—The Grand Old Man of the Blue Jays and His Grand Old Arm—Something About Bruno Smelzer and His Arm.

By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN The World's Most Famous Writer of Baseball Fiction.

Whenever a recruit joined the Blue Jays—that famous minor-league club which sends so many youngsters to the big leagues and takes veterans in exchange—the first thing that the recruit would do was to ask, "Which is him?" Nobody pretended to misunderstand that question. The players would point out a tall, thin man, with a wrinkled forehead and hair turning gray at the temples, and the recruit would look him all over with reverence and some awe in his eyes. "Him" was none other than the great and only Bruno Smelzer—"Bruno of the Ten-thousand-dollar Arm," and our fathers cheered themselves hoarse over him in the late eighties and early nineties.

As the recruit took in each detail of face and figure, he would remember that this man was pitching no-hit games away from him in the dim and distant past when he was a youngster and the third baseman to wear a mustache, and the ten-thousand-dollar arm was a household phrase before the great pitchers of the present day were out of the kindergarten. To do the recruits justice, it was not the sight of one of the former great ones of the diamond which moved them so strongly, but the thought that old Bruno was still pitching winning ball—"still getting away with it," as they said.

In this day and generation, scant reverence is paid to age, and an old man to help his own must meet young men in competition and defeat them. The Japanese respect the years, but we have no such kindly custom. With us it is a case of hold the pace or go to the scrap heap; and in the Blue Jay clubhouse Bruno was no longer the demigod of the up nights with what remained of the great pitching arm of a vanished period. Bruno Smelzer was a left-hander. Check

over the list of the great southpaws of the past and present, and you will understand why ball players hold the arm belief that every phenomenal left-hander is a "queer." Without wishing to nick the clever feeling of any gentleman who hurie them from the porch side, it may be stated that there have been enough peculiar left-handers to justify the belief that side-wheelers and loose screws go together. If Bruno had an eccentricity, it lay in the almost idolatrous worship which he bestowed upon his ten-thousand-dollar arm. If that be an eccentricity, then a red fox is eccentric. It was nothing but the extraneous care which Bruno lavished upon his aged wing which made it possible for him to outlast every other left-hander in the business—and all the right-handers save one. There are many clever young ball players of the present period who would do well to imitate Bruno Smelzer in that respect; for, when these young men lose their salary arms, they will eat snowballs in winter.

From the day when a major league manager paid an unheard-of price for Bruno and his left arm, Smelzer had been a sensation. This happened long before the days of frenzied finance in baseball; and the wise old owls of that day blinked their eyes and said that the manager had made a mistake. Bruno said nothing at all; he immediately began justifying the deal and price by shaking ten thousand dollars' worth of winning games out of his loose left sleeve, and "Sic 'em, Bruno!" became the slogan of the season.

In those good old days Bruno had everything in the world—speed, curves, control, change of pace, and holding ability second to none. He could nip either corner of the plate at will or buzz one straight down the groove; and, whenever Bruno was in doubt, he cut loose with his speed. In those days, he was pitching with his arm; later, he began to pitch with his head as well.

Bruno lasted several seasons as a big leaguer; and then slipped quietly away to the minors—the training school for comers and the graveyard of has-beens. The keen edge of his speed was blunted, and the big league hitters "were onto him"; but he was still enough of a pitcher to demand a top-notch minor league salary, and he set about the task of making his ten-thousand-dollar arm pay dividends as long as possible.

Smelzer did not have to play ball to live, for he had nursed his bank account even as he learned to nurse his left arm, and as a consequence he owned property in three growing young cities, which in time must make him independent. Bruno signed with the Blue Jays because of the warm climate at their home town. The old-time baseball player likes warm weather—the warmer the better. The heat loosens his aged joints, supplies his tired old arm, and takes the kinks out of his rheumatic legs so that he is able to prance and cavort about the diamond like a recruit. There were several big league veterans with the Blue Jays, renewing their youth in the blazing mid-summer heat; and Bruno fitted in well with the line-up.

For the first few seasons the old-timer

found that his arm was still equal to the task of mixing curves and speed for the batters; but after that he depended more and more upon his head, coaxing his ten-thousand-dollar arm with every variety of command. Perhaps no man ever made a more exhaustive study of the art of cutting down the number of pitched balls to the minimum and lacing the innings with the least possible expenditure of energy. Bruno was a past master of every annoying trick by which a pitcher "speaks over a strike ball" upon a dangerous hitter; and he lay awake at night planning new strategies, always working as possible.

The curve ball, of course, was handed upon his arm; so, as time went on, he pitched very few of them—and then simply to prove to the batter that he still had a "bender." When Bruno stopped the spit, the catcher knew that the curve was coming—and it broke Smelzer's heart to throw one. In rare instances, when there was great need, he would deliver what he proudly called his "break ball." It was only the ghost of his once great arm, and sometimes it would break and sometimes it would not.

The spectacle of this holdover from the baseball cemetery, out in the pitchers' box making a pitiable exhibition of his old age, waddling about periodically in a smash, having every appearance of being harmless as well as helpless, and yet winning two-thirds of his games with nothing but a well-placed straight ball, and a knowledge of batting weaknesses, never failed to enrage the young blood of the opposition.

"Hi! hi!" the concheros would yell. "We'll send this old man to the cleaners today! He's out there on the hill again, and he ain't got a thing but a porous plaster and a crutch! Back to the old soldiers' home! We'll get him today!"

Sometimes they "got" him, but more often they did not. If he had nothing else, he still had his marvelous control, and he never threw a hit the sort of a ball which he liked to hit. He fanned very few men unless he could catch them napping. His specialty was to make them hit into the air and trust in the fielders—a safe proposition in any league.

His solitude for his ten-thousand-dollar arm increased with his years of service until it became a sort of obsession.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

HANNON VS. O'DONNELL, SMILEY VS. WILLIAMS Broadway and Quaker City Stage Bouts Tonight—Louisiana Boxes at Ebbets Field.

Little Willie Hannon, of Point Breeze, will participate in the first star bout of his short pugilistic career when he meets K. O. Joe O'Donnell in the wind-up at the Broadway tonight. This bout, his last, will be the stiffest test since Hannon last appeared in the ring.

The feature fray of the Quaker City Club's weekly show, tonight, will bring together Sailor Smiley and Bobby Williams. The programs follow: BROADWAY A. C. First bout—Eddie Kelly, Southwick, vs. Joe Marks, Southwick. Second bout—Joe Brock, Southwick, vs. Tommy Dennis, North Penn. Third bout—Mike Ruess, Little Italy, vs. Terry Tyler, Little Italy. Wind-up—Joe Brock, Southwick, vs. Joe Smith, Southwick. Wind-up—Joe O'Donnell, Gloucester, vs. Willie Hannon, Point Breeze. QUAKER CITY A. C. First bout—Charles Freitag, 17th Ward, vs. Willie Hannon, Point Breeze. Second bout—Lefty Montague, Metown, vs. Johnny Loughery, West Philadelphia. Third bout—Tommy Livingston, Fairmount, vs. Johnny Kelly, North Penn. Wind-up—Bobby Williams, North Penn. vs. Kid West, North Penn. Four star ten-round bantam bouts will be staged at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, July 23. Louisiana, of this city, will meet Dutch Brandt, of Brooklyn, in the main event. Other bouts follow: Eddie Camp vs. Frankie Burns, Young Solberg vs. Fighting Reddy and Battling Lahn vs. Jimmy Murray.

Joe Phelan and Joe Heffernan will meet in the wind-up at the Ludlow A. C. next Friday night. Renovations on the Douglas A. C. for the reopening tomorrow night have been completed, and the arena looks like an entirely new job. With Battling Leskely and Joe Rosen as the feature attraction, a capacity house probably will be attendance. Joe Borrell received an offer to meet Silent Martin at the Broadway Sporting Club, Brooklyn, but the Philadelphia would not accept the match because of short notice. Promoter John Weissmann is endeavoring to match Borrell with another Philadelphia fighter, Eddie Camp.

The first show of the season at the Olympia Club will be staged August 1. Matchmaker Jack Hanlon said he will arrange an all-star bill. He has not decided whom he will sign up as yet. Tom Gibbons, brother of Mike, and Billie Minkie, who showed here in previous bouts, will meet at St. Paul, tonight. Jimmy Clabby encounters Frank Power, Oshkosh middleweight, in the latter's home town tonight.

TAKE A KODAK WITH YOU HAWORTH'S EASTMAN KODAK CO. 1028 CHESTNUT ST. Atlantic City Store, 167 Boardwalk NATIONAL LEAGUE PARK DOUBLE-HEADER PHILLIES VS. PITTSBURGH First Game 1:30 P. M. Admission, 25, 50, 75. Quaker City A. C. Bill Nunnickel, Promoter. TONIGHT—Eddie Camp vs. SAILOR SMILEY vs. BOBBY WILLIAMS Four Other Star Bouts

APPEAR AT LOCAL CLUBS TONIGHT



Hannon, a South Philadelphia favorite, will make his first wind-up appearance against Joe O'Donnell at the Broadway. In the star bout at the Quaker City, Smiley will tackle Bobby Williams.

EVENING LEDGER MOVIES—SOME BALL, EH, LOUIE? WELL, JUST WATCH THOSE PHILS FOR SOME MORE BALL

