

CHALMERS SCHEDULED TO HURL AGAINST POL PERRITT-ATHLETICS MEET RED SOX

THE REAL BENNY KAUFF SAYS TY COBB IS BEST PLAYER IN WORLD; HAS BEEN MISQUOTED

New York Player Declares He Is Not Responsible for Newspaper Interviews—Explains His Attitude

By ROBERT W. MAXWELL

"ONCE when I was a kid I read about a poor guy who was shot at sunrise or something for robbing the bank and killing the night watchman. After the party had been held and all of his friends had sent flowers, they learned that the poor guy had nothing to do with the robbery and was at home playing pinochle on the night that the crime was committed."



R. W. MAXWELL

"Now, that's the way I feel right now," said Benny Kauff, as he looked at his jaw, clenched his teeth and blurted out both facts. "I haven't been shot at sunrise yet, but I've been almost as bad."

I have been accused of telling the world what a wonder I am, what I intend to do to all the pitchers in the league and pictured as a guy wearing a No. 15 hat. Every day I get up a newspaper and read about myself and I want to tell you right now that the stuff is all bunk.

His First Interview

"Get me right just once," continued Benny, as he removed his brown velvet hat. "I want to give out a **REAL** interview, and it is the first since joining the big league. The only thing I want you to do is to quote me properly, and don't draw on your imagination to fill in things I should have said. That filling in stuff has not my goal. In New York a reporter would visit me and say 'good morning, fine day,' and I would say, 'yes, it's a swell day,' and the reporter would come out with a column interview with me telling what a great player I am and how I feel for my team like Tris Speaker, Ty Cobb, Sam Crawford, Joe Jackson and scores of others. Once more I want to tell it just once."

"Listen, my friend—let me ease you some information which might come in handy some time, providing you remember it. Ty Cobb is the greatest ball player in the world. He is in a class all by himself, and the man who says he isn't either knows nothing of baseball or is slightly cracked beneath his skin. I never said I was as good as Ty Cobb, and you can bet the family banker that I never made the mistake of telling anyone I would show Ty Cobb up. It can't be done."

"I only wish I were ALMOST as good as Cobb. That is enough for me."

Sidesteps Baseball Talk

It was hard to get Benny Kauff to talk on baseball. He seemed shy and suspicious and preferred being as a room of conversation. He is well versed on all matters of pugilism and spent some time in praising Joe Willard, Jack Dillon and Benny Leonard before he felt safe in discussing the national pastime.

We found Benny in an obscure corner of the lobby at the Maitland Hotel yesterday after a long search. This is due to the fact that he expected to find him in a more conspicuous place on the hotel steps or sitting on the piano, surrounded by a flock of admirers and telling them what a swell day it was. Benny Kauff would do to Alexander the next time he faced him, and how long it would be before he knuckled down the right-field fence at the Philadelphia park. This was the hope, according to the stories we had read about him.

On the contrary, we found him seated in a group of players, quietly listening to the conversation and taking no part whatsoever. He was ill at ease when we approached him and presented our card. (Big league stuff.) He seemed reluctant to leave and assumed the cheerful, happy expression which was worn by the poor guy who was shot at sunrise for playing pinochle, when he led the way to a couple of vacant chairs.

Pleasing Appearance

When Benny stood up he was as perfect a specimen of American manhood as could be found outside of a Boston skitch. Short and ruddy broad for his height, Kauff's physique impresses one with its great muscular power. Not the heavy, ponderous power of a draft horse, but the sleek, nervous power of the racing steed.

His features are regular and strong. Two frank blue eyes catch the listener's and hold them while he talks, and from time to time flash with anger when he tells of the untruths which he says have been printed about him—a topic which causes his square jaw to become more square and his white teeth to click together ominously.

When Benny talks his voice is even and pleasing until he warms up to a subject. Then it is no less pleasing, but it is by no means even.

He talks fast. He shoots out his words with the same crisp energy that characterizes his actions on the ball field. His hands twitch and his whole personality seems to radiate energy.

Confidence in Himself

Let it be said right here that Benny Kauff has NOT got a swollen head. There is nothing egotistical in his entire make-up. He has confidence in himself—far more than the average human being—but he cannot be blamed for that. He does not know the meaning of the word "FAIL," and everything he undertakes is with the object of making good.

"Am I a good ball player?" interrogated Benny. "McGraw has answered that question. If I couldn't play the game I wouldn't be on the New York team. No! I am not boasting—don't think that—but I am just the same as Merkle, Larry

PENN STATE STARS ENTERED IN PENN RELAY



DONALD L. DOLBIN D. M. BROWN

Brown will be State's third competitor in the hurdles. Dolbin is captain of the up-State team, and he will lead his relay in the one-mile event. State's star discus thrower is Dambley, formerly of Norristown High. His best mark is 120 feet.

Tales of a Wayside Tee

By GRANTLAND RICE

NOTE—This series will take up the story of leading American amateur golfers. It will not be a technical treatise, but rather in the nature of random glimpses into the lives, habits and achievements of our leading golf stars.

Thousands of golfers in this well-bunkered land spend a world of time developing the proper grip—the proper stance—the follow through—and a number of other attachments to correct form. But not one golfer in 10,000 spends any time at all in trying to develop the main ingredient of golfing success, which is simply this—patience.

Not only patience for practice, but patience for the missed putt, the sliced drive, the topped mashie to a bunker. The patience that can take the game exactly as it comes and that counts everything which may happen as a natural part of the day's play.

An Illustration

When Harold Hilton, the great English amateur, was last over here, this defect struck him above anything else. "You people," he said, "are keen for golf and hard workers at it, but sometimes too keen. Too many of you are inclined to expect too much. You expect every lie through the fairway to be perfect—and if it isn't you immediately develop an impatience and let this upset your play. What you call a 'good brassie lie' over here we call a 'driver lie,' and we look at it as a rare piece of good fortune."

Which is quite true. The average golfer takes his good luck as a natural part of the game; but his bad luck is supposed to be some fiendish freak of fate sent to harass his soul.

The Case of Bender

Here is a case in point. Some time ago we were playing with Charles Albert Bender, the Chippewa chief, who is almost as adept at golf as he is at tossing a baseball over the outside or inside corner.

Bender, playing the course for the first time, made what he thought was a perfect shot for the green. The ball was cleanly hit and on the straight line home. A hidden trap of which he knew nothing caught the shot 20 yards short.

You know what the average golfer under such conditions would have said and done. The squawk would have been immediate—and lusty. "Tough luck," we said. "No," said Bender, "it wasn't tough luck; it was my fault. I should have asked my caddy before I played. He knows the course and I don't. And a trap is put on a course to penalize carelessness as well as bad play."

It would be hard for the greatest player in the land to teach a better lesson than this.

The Way of Stars

Three of the most patient golfers we have ever seen play are Travis, Travers and Quimet. It takes more than a lot to topple any one of these from his poles. Even when playing badly they maintain a stoical demeanor on the course, taking the game just as it comes. Gil Nichols is an example of the price that impatience

GIANTS TO END FIRST PHILLIES SERIES TODAY

Bender or Chalmers Will Be Moran's Choice for Mound Duty

PERRITT MAY OPPOSE

By CHANDLER D. RICHTER

The Phillies and Giants will play the last game of the opening series this afternoon. Manager Moran probably will send either "Chief" Bender or George Chalmers to the mound, with chances favoring the former. Bender always has been an excellent weather pitcher and if his arm is in good trim he is the most likely choice, as Chalmers is generally more effective in the warm weather.

Manager McGraw declares that he has no idea who his pitcher will be and will not decide until he has warmed two or three of them up. If Pol Perritt shows anything at all in practice he will most likely face the Phils. Perritt had little success against the champions last season, but when he was with the Cardinals was even more effective than Willie Daub, who was enjoying great success in 1915.

The Phils have come to realize that McGraw has a powerful and fighting team, which is going to be in the race if the pitchers hold up their end. McGraw has plenty of pitchers, most of whom are experienced men, but as a whole his staff does not look rugged enough to stand the grind unless two or three of the doubtful veterans come through in splendid shape in the warm weather.

McGraw Drives Giants

For this reason McGraw is driving his men hard now in hopes of getting a long lead before the time arrives when pitching will decide the issue if the race is close. Whether any of the lead will be gotten at the expense of the Phils depends entirely upon how soon the champions find their batting stride.

Manager Moran cannot account for the weak hitting of his men, nor can the fans, as the Phils have a great deal of natural clubbing ability and were going at their proper stride before arriving here. Moran believes that a few of those who have not been hitting are due to start any day now, and believes that there is no better time than today.

While the Phillies and Giants are battling here the Athletics will try to break into the winning column at the expense of the world's champions, providing a few of the players do not freeze to death before the game starts. The weather was bitter cold for the first two games against the Red Sox and neither contest should have been played.

The home team has the privilege of deciding if a game shall be postponed, and Manager Carrigan evidently wanted to pile up a few victories at the expense of the Athletics while they are weak in preference to playing doubleheaders later in the season, when the Mackmen may be going at a rapid clip.

Witt Improving

Lawrence Witt, Mack's schoolboy star from Goddard Seminary, will make his debut as the regular shortstop this afternoon. A report from Boston says that Sam Rice is suffering from a "charley horse," but if this is the case he developed it while away the time yesterday, as he did not have it when the writer left the team in Boston.

Mack intended to work Witt a few games before the team returns, and has been so well pleased with his improvement in fielding that he probably could not resist the temptation to send him into the game for a few days. Unless Mack puts Witt out to rest him or to allow him to sit on the bench to see a few of the mistakes he may make through inexperience, we will venture the opinion that Crane will get the position back.

The best "polar bear" in the Mack pitching squad will start the game this afternoon, but he will divide the work with another hurler, as Mack does not intend to allow any of his pitchers to work nine innings in such cold weather. Mack wanted to work Crowell against the Red Sox, as the youngster beat Chicago's team last fall, but the weather is too cold; with the Brunonian a trifle below the form he was showing a few weeks ago. Jack Nabors probably will start the game, with Tom Sheehan finishing.

For the Red Sox either George Foster or Marty McHale will get the call. The latter is performing a come-back, and Carrigan believes the veteran has returned to the major league for a long stay. He is in excellent shape at the present time, while Foster and "Dutch" Leonard are a little slow rounding into form.

BRAVES HAVE BETTER TEAM NOW THAN THEY HAD IN 1914, DECLARES MANAGER

Stallings Predicts Rather Easy Victory for Boston in Pennant Race of 1916—Good Pitchers

By GRANTLAND RICE

He could not understand; Why should his breathing be so hard and drawn? Where was the punch he once held in each hand? The winning punch propelled by nerve and brawn? Why to his eyes should come that growing light? Leaving a blur he had not known before? Where was the scallop of the vanished days? The knock-out scallop he had held in store?

What was it all about? The heavy thumping of his weary heart—The dulled and muffled roar—the sudden shout—The choking arms that would not do their part? Here was the chance of a last to rise and show? Who ruled as master of the bitter cry? Here was the chance—but what grip turned the blow? Into a tap a child might word away?

Was he not champion still? Had he not ruled the field from year to year? What bands of steel then crushed the ancient left? What through his reign had known no foe to fear? Where was the oldtime power of the poke? That closed each battle in one stinging blow?

Yet here tonight he roared before this foe! He should have murdered seven rounds ago. And then, at last, he knew; For even as he augged and crumpled up, And, through from far heights, forever through, Drank to the final drops the bitter cup? In that one flash of pain he met the truth? That back at him with raw fangs buried deep?

Where from lost years the mocking voice of Youth Counted the final Ten above his sleep. Back in 1914 the Braves got away on the Hog Train and rode this route until July. At this point the rest of the league fell dead, and the Braves, from 15 to 20 games in the rear, romped through to a pennant. Last season the Braves again got another bad start, and were too far behind to make up.

"1916," says Stallings, "will be a different story. For the first time I have seen a team that is as good as the team of 1914. The Braves are going to win the pennant, and I am going to back them."

One of the most historical features of the year will be the annual batting duel between Lajoie and Wagner, each in his twentieth campaign. Lajoie has now led Wagner for the last six years. Wagner's last victory over the Woonsocket Walloper was back in 1909. Since that date France has put something over on Germany, upon this continent at any rate. Last year Lajoie batted .280 and Wagner .274. For this season, if you are looking for a fair wrapped proposition to the effect that one of the two reaches .300.

The Phantom Dutchman is going to make a terrific effort to bat .300 this year, and he has a grand young chance to turn the trick. Pop Anson closed his 22 years' career with a .300 average, and Honus Wagner to follow Pop's select trail.

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NEWS FROM THE BOWLING ALLEYS

The Manufacturers proved to be the class of the local bowling in the second annual championship of the Atlantic Coast Association. The Manufacturers' team, led by Walter Johnson, won the title by a score of 2,000 to 1,800. The Manufacturers' team, led by Walter Johnson, won the title by a score of 2,000 to 1,800.

Wyndham rolled a total score of 284, George Bailey rolled a total score of 284, and Ed Hoffman rolled a total score of 284. Wyndham rolled a total score of 284, George Bailey rolled a total score of 284, and Ed Hoffman rolled a total score of 284.

The champion Manito team, which won the right to bowl by capturing the championship of the Philadelphia and Quaker City Leagues, rolled a total score of 2,000 to 1,800. The champion Manito team, which won the right to bowl by capturing the championship of the Philadelphia and Quaker City Leagues, rolled a total score of 2,000 to 1,800.

In the Industrial League series on Casino the tourney, beat Subrow two games. Subrow lost the first two to the Curtis League's three-man series on Terminal City. Subrow lost the first two to the Curtis League's three-man series on Terminal City.

McCandless, of Keen Kutters, rolled scores of 215, 165 and 209. McCandless, of Keen Kutters, rolled scores of 215, 165 and 209.

HAVRE DE GRACE RACE TRACK OPENS SCHEDULE

HAVRE DE GRACE, Md., April 15.—The opening of the course here today marks the second step of the invasion of the Eastern racing season of 1916. Havre de Grace always has been a favorite track with the follower of the sport, principally because of its accessibility by rail from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, also the fact that a much better class of entrants are given their first trials.

There are stabled at the "course on the bay" some 600 horses, which will be augmented by the majority that have raced at Bowie, and considering the list of events carded for this coming meeting, each day's card having a stake or handicap of \$1000 added or more, as well as a steeplechase event which will be run every odd day, starting with the opening, there should not be a dearth of entries for all the events.

For today the chief event will be the Harford handicap at five and one-half furlongs, carrying an added \$1500.

Withington to Coach Columbia. NEW YORK, April 15.—Ted Withington will be assistant football coach at Columbia University. Withington played football at Harvard and now is a student at the Union Theological Seminary.

NATIONAL LEAGUE PARK. Phillies vs. New York Giants. Game at 8:00 p.m. Admission: 25c, 50c, 75c, 1.00. Box Seats, \$1.00. On sale at Gimbel's and Spalding's.

By C. A. VOIGHT

PETEY—Who'd a Thought They Had Tango Teas in Hickville

