

ATHLETICS' POLICY OF DEVELOPING YOUNG PLAYERS WILL BE ADHERED TO BY MACK

CONNIE MACK TO CONTINUE HIS POLICY OF DEVELOPING YOUNG BASEBALL PLAYERS

Call for 1917 Recruits Does Not Mean Any Retraction of His Avowed Policy in Tutoring Inexperienced Diamond Men

ONE might be led to think after seeing the list of players whom Connie Mack has called to join his club at the beginning of next season that he was about to retract on his announced policy of getting young players and developing them, with particular application to college men. But such is not the case. Mack still believes—and doubtless he is right—that he can do more with a natural baseball player before that man gets ideas of his own than he can with the player who has been taught and usually taught wrong.

When questioned directly as to whether Connie had given up his original idea of developing collegians and other players, one in close touch with the Germantown genius thus unburdened himself: "Connie has not given up that idea at all. It may seem that he has because he is getting all of these players. The whole thing is that some of the men on whom he depended this year have either not made good or have been handicapped by injury. Connie will continue that policy, but, of course, he realizes that no matter how good a natural ball player these youngsters are, they cannot make a good showing in the majors in a year. There must be some veterans to help them out in developing. That is why Connie has been running the Athletics as he has. His theory is a practical one, but he has to have a few men who are thoroughly versed in baseball to carry the team along while he is developing these young players into self-thinking stars."

Therefore, let no one think that Mack has gone back on his initial plans. He is simply applying them in such a way that Philadelphia will have good baseball while he is waiting for his chosen youngsters to grow large enough to fill the shoes of veterans.

Phillies Lose Pair by Overconfidence

OVERCONFIDENCE is the disease that has caused more upsets in athletics than all others combined. As a rule, one thinks of a college football team when this unenviable temporary characteristic is mentioned. Nevertheless, it applies to professional baseball as well as to any other branch of sports. When an athlete or a group of athletes become overconfident they are fairly in line to put up the worst exhibition of which they are capable. So it was with the Phillies yesterday, when they dropped a double-header to the weakened Pittsburgh Pirates.

When the Phils arrived in Cincinnati to play two games they believed that they had a hard fight before them, because they knew that Manager Christie Mathewson was priming Fred Toney and Pete Schneider for those auspicious occasions. And they were right. That is exactly what Matty did. But the Phils, realizing that they had a battle, or, rather, a couple of battles ahead, went into those contests for blood. The result was they landed both.

In striking contrast to their mental attitude in Cincinnati, Pat's champions breezed into Pittsburgh with the knowledge that the Pirates were weakened. Apparently that was enough to make them believe that they could count the five games scheduled there as theirs and let it go at that.

But the careless all-around work of the Phillies, including the pitching of Alexander, in the first game gave the Pirates the first contest; then, in spite of the fact that Al Demaree allowed but five hits while his own club was making eight, the 1915 National League pennant winners could not get themselves together. Hence they dropped another. Luckily, Brooklyn lost to the Cubs, but the Braves trimmed the Reds, going into second place, within four games of the leaders.

What Does Kid Gleason's Return Presage?

BASEBALL fans, particularly those on the South Side in Chicago who haunt Comiskey Park, are wondering if the return of Kid Gleason to the White Sox means anything more than another display of bounty on the part of the philanthropic owner of the club. Many think, and there is good reason for so doing, that the Kid is ultimately going to relieve Clarence Rowland of his managerial job.

That Gleason would make a good leader is certain. He learned the game in all its details when he was one of the members of the famous Oriole club, when he played with McMahon, Hawke, Epper, McGraw, Robinson, Clarke, Brouters, Ritz, Bonner, Jennings, Kelley, Brodie and Willie Keeler. Since that time Gleason has been with a number of clubs, but mainly with the White Sox. He was released during the season of 1914, about the time that Jimmy Callahan was ousted from the management.

Although there will be a lot of fans who will smile at the idea of Gleason's becoming manager of the White Sox, there will not be as many of these as there were who actually scoffed at the Philly management when Pat Moran was proclaimed leader for 1915. We are not predicting that Gleason will become manager of the White Sox nor that he will win a pennant if he does. But the point is, you never can tell in baseball. He might be appointed and he might win a flag.

Gleason, at present, is hired in his old capacity. He will assist Rowland and help train the Chicago players.

Johnston Longed to be Football Hero

WILLIAM M. JOHNSTON, national lawn tennis champion, who was defeated in the final at the Newport invitation tournament, began his athletic career on gridiron. "Bill" started out by playing quarterback on a corner team. Later he played on his school team. He was noted for speed, grit and the heady manner in which he directed the team's play.

Johnston was anxious to continue football, but his mother objected so strenuously that he was prevailed upon to join the Marvin Tennis Club, in San Francisco. He soon rose to the top in that club, where he vied for first honors with John Strachan. They played together at that time and cleaned up everything in doubles. Then Johnston was only 15 years old.

Although he has won more than a hundred trophies at tennis, Johnston still wishes that he could have had his picture on the sports pages in football togs instead of the prescribed immaculate costume of the lawn tennis player.

It is worth mentioning that the Marvin Club, where Johnston learned the fundamentals of tennis, was also the tennis birthplace of McLoughlin, Griffin and Dr. Melville Long.

Predict Low Scores in Merion Golf Tourney

MANY of the contestants in the forthcoming national golf championship at the Merion Cricket Club two weeks hence are freely predicting that the scores in the qualification round will run lower than at Detroit last year. This prophecy is based on the fact that the west course at Merion is only a trifle more than 6000 yards long, and that a number of the holes are par four, between 250 and 300 yards, where it is often possible to get down in a "bird." There are three such holes.

Such a reasoning is logical enough, but it seldom works out in actual competition. The west course at Merion demands accuracy from the tee and through the green. On the east course the player has to keep poking them hard all the way round.

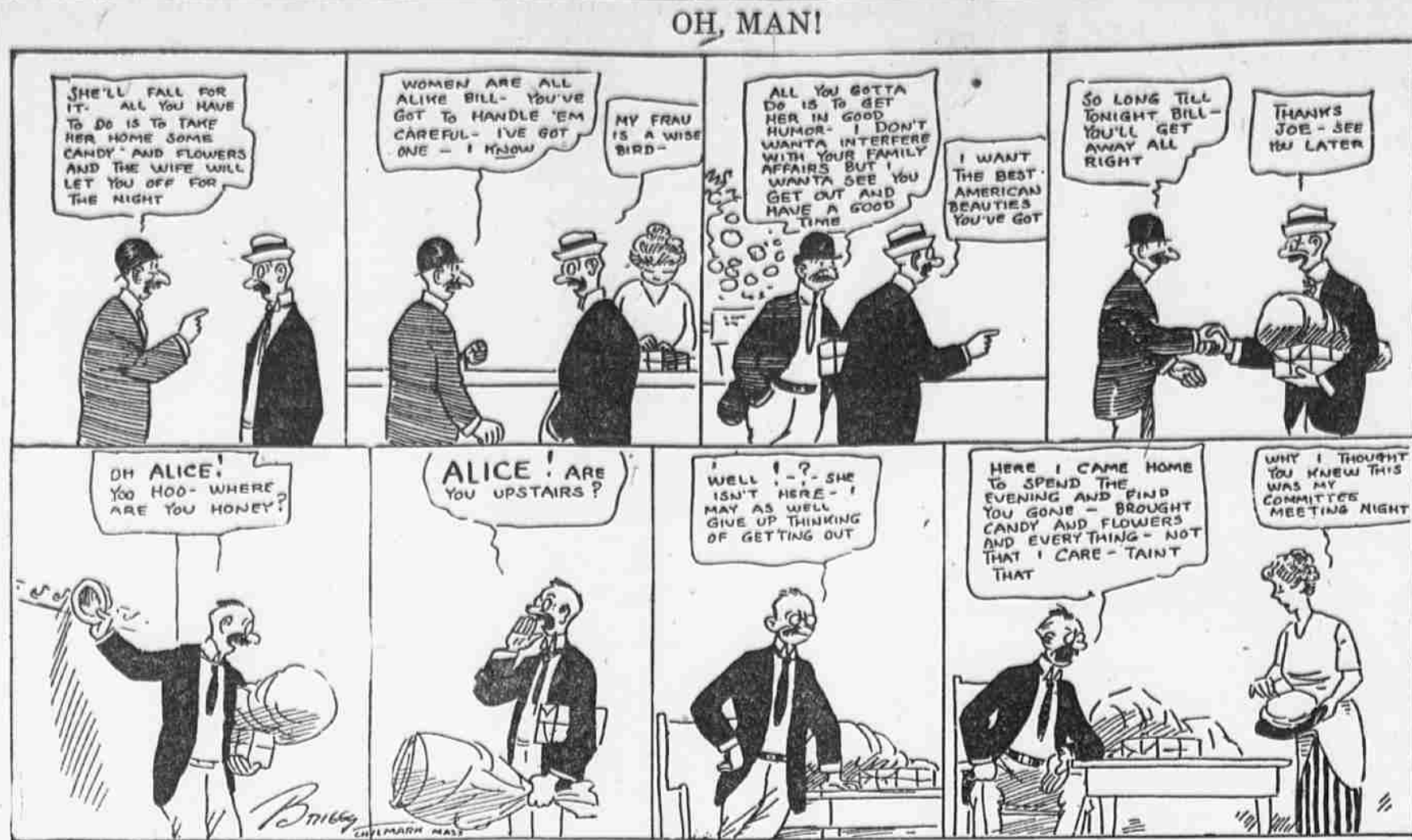
Playing the qualification round over two courses will tend to keep the scores higher, because there will be no chance to profit by mistakes made in the first round. Playing 36 holes in one day is quite a test of golf, but 36 different holes is even more difficult.

Just what a top-notch club means to major league owners is shown in Cleveland. Last season the Indians did poorly financially. At present they have made almost enough money to pay all the expenses of the season, and there are yet about fifty games to be played. Secretary McRoy states that the Indians have had more than 425,000 paid admissions at home. The average for each admission is a little more than 45 cents. That is, the club has taken in about \$280,000, only one fourth of which went to the visiting clubs.

Tennis fans are eagerly watching the play of Maurice E. McLoughlin at Southampton. Those who have seen him in his previous matches this season believe that the Comet is going to stage a real come-back at the national championships, which begin next Monday at Forest Hills. Unless Mac is in great shape he will find it tough sailing against the big field of expert performers on the entry list.

Unless Jake Daubert gets in the line-up soon, the Brooklyn Dodgers will begin to drop, regardless of what the other players are doing. Thus far McCarty has been doing well at first base, but he is not the run-producer that Daubert is, as the Flatbushers will soon find out.

"Alex is pitching too often," was the hue and cry that rose yesterday afternoon after Grover had been beaten 4 to 3 by the Pirates. No pitcher is perfect. The best must lose occasionally. Not only that, but it must be remembered that Niehoff's error in the eighth inning paved the way for the defeat.



WILLIAMS DRAWN IN EASIER FRAME OF TOURNAMENT

Former Champion's Strongest Rival Is Griffin—Stars Gathered in Lower

12 QUAKER CITY ENTRIES

R. Norris Williams, 2d, of this city, has by far the easiest half of the draw for the thirty-fifth annual championship of the United States National Lawn Tennis Association, which gets under way at the West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, L. I., next Monday morning at 10 o'clock.

But Williams, to reach the final round, will have to smash a jinx that has camped on his trail for two years. For, in the same section of draw, appears the name of Clarence James Griffin, Supreme Ruler of the Order of Goat-getters. Said ruler of the G. O. G. has met our fellow-citizen three times in the last two seasons, and on each occasion he has retired with Williams' scalp dangling at his belt. Walter Merrill Hall is the only other "first ten" player in Williams' half of the draw.

Stars in Lower

In the other half we have William M. Johnston, No. 1; Maurice E. McLoughlin, No. 2; Karl H. Behr, No. 4; T. R. Peli, No. 5; N. W. Niles, No. 6; Watson M. Washburn, No. 8, and George M. Church, No. 9. Here also is Ichihis Kuniage, star of the Orient, with victories over National Champion Johnston and Griffin to his credit among other things.

Other strong players in the upper half of the draw with Williams and Griffin include C. H. Yostell, Wallace P. Johnson, H. V. D. Johns, C. S. Garland, Ward Dawson, McLoughlin's doubles partner; D. S. Watters, southern champion; "Hashy" Mikami, ex-champion William J. Clothier and Robert LeRoy.

In the lower in addition to the players in the first ten are National Clay Court Champion Willis E. Davis and Roland Roberts, San Francisco champion, representing the Pacific coast; R. D. Little, Dean Matthey, H. A. Throckmorton, national intercollegiate champion; F. B. Alexander, R. Lindley Murray, E. P. Larned and Conrad B. Doyle, of Washington.

Exactly 128 Entries

There are exactly 128 entries, making seven rounds necessary. If rain does not interfere, the field will be reduced to the finalists on Saturday, paving the way for the final and championship round on Labor Day.

McLoughlin and Dawson decided yesterday not to play in the Southampton tournament, but to confine their play during the present week to a few practice sets at the West Side Club, in preparation for the doubles challenge round next Monday afternoon. "Maurice" requested that the doubles be postponed until Tuesday, but to this Johnston and Griffin would not agree.

"I want to play the doubles on Monday and get through with them," declared Johnston. "It puts a man off his game to play singles one day, doubles the next, and then hop back to singles. We will be all keyed up for the doubles on Monday and would prefer to adhere to the original schedule."

Comet in Shape

The California Comet looked in the best of shape and said that he was extremely eager to get into action again.

An even dozen Philadelphians are entered in the championship. In addition to Williams and Clothier, they are C. S. Rogers, Merion; W. F. Johnson, Merion; P. W. Gibbons, Cynwyd; Richard Harte, Philadelphia Cricket Club; Sidney Thayer, Jr., Merion; Craig Bliddle, Merion; J. J. Armstrong, Merion; Willis E. Davis, Penn, and W. T. Tilden, 2d, Cynwyd.

Two foreigners aside from the Jap twain will be among the contestants. These are A. W. MacPherson, a Scotchman, who holds the Russian championships in doubles, and Count Otto Salm-Hoogstraeten, of Austria.

Races at Drome Thursday

Another fine racing card has been arranged for the Thursday night meet at the Point Breeze motor-drome, the main race of the evening being another one of those thrilling 50-mile motor-raced races, which will feature Clarence Carman, Leon Elder, Moby Walthour, George Wiley and Gus Cullen, of the class of the cycle-racing world, and, barring accident, each man has a chance to capture first prize, although Carman seems to have the edge on them all, and will be the local track, and usually finishes in front and manages to ride the entire distance without any mishaps.

IN LINES OF VERSE BROOKLYN FAN SENDS MESSAGE OF CHEER AND ENCOURAGEMENT TO ROBBY

By GRANTLAND RICE

DO THE enterprising citizens of a community get wrought up over a pennant race with the home club in front? Not at all. For proof of which read these stirring verses by a Brooklyn fan, entitled:

Lines to Brooklyn

The Braves are barking at your heels, but harken to the fans' appeals. Stick at it, every Brooklyn man, say die to noise, O Dodger clan! You've got the stuff, you've got the punch, stay out beyond the pressing bunch. While in the West, 'mid foreign tribes, the loyal rooters speak no gibes. But, tensely watching you stay up, await the draining of the cup. Of rare old joy for all the fans of Brooklyn.

You, Olson, keep going; Bo and Stengel, stick right in the show; Jim Johnston, led, you're going good; Jake Daubert, keep your trusty wood. With base hits primed, your Charley Horse will not remain to halt your course. George Cutshaw, you're a bear, old top, you'll help your Cubs Wilbert cop. Zack Wheat, your stock is rising fast, of sterner mettle you are cast. Mike Mourey, you old vet'ran star, no words can say how good you are; Stick there, old boy, and don't let up, but keep on adding to the cup. Of rare old joy for all the fans of Brooklyn.

And say, McCarthy, stay up there, just hold a goodly bit to spare. Citing fast atop the battling column, keep all the other trailers solem. Hy Myers, you are game, old son, your speed has brought in many a run; You're vital to the old machine, so may your speed prove no less keen. O'Mara, keep your spirit up and do your bit to fill the cup. Of rare old joy for all the fans of Brooklyn.

You beauties on the pitching staff, you might get much and yet not halt. The praise that surely is your due, I doff my faded straw to you! Jack Coombs, old wizard, you're the king of all those job it is to find. A ball so that it can't be hit. So here's to you who never quit! Jack Pfeffer, you of giant strength, who through the gruelling season's length stick up on top of all the rest, don't falter in the crucial test. Your speed is likened to a Krupp, so let its power fill the cup. Of rare old joy for all the fans of Brooklyn.

Rube Marquard, here's a hearty hand to one whom John McGraw had named; You've had a bumpy trail to hit, but with the stuff that's in your kit. You'll justify old Robbie's faith that "Rube the bloomer" is a myth. And, Cheney, when you're in the box I get no takers for my rocks. That back my judge stick that you'll win. You'll never worry Robbie then, Your winning gall will keep them up and fill to overflow the cup. Of rare old joy for all the fans of Brooklyn.

Nap Rucker, here's the laurel wreath to one who lung back in the teeth. Of old Hard Luck the slams he gave; there's many a game that you may save. We're watching you, young Wheeler Dell, and if the signs you show don't spell a corner, well, we miss our guess that you will surely help suppress the venging horde. And Meyers, old chief, with Otto Miller, nab each thief. Get him at second standing up, who stealing, tries to spill the cup. Of rare old joy for all the fans of Brooklyn.

L'Envoi For good old Robbie stick there, men, he showed you how, go to it, then; Go grab that bunting and the kale, don't figure there's a chance to fail. The glory's yours; for us the thrill, so keep on hacking at the pill.

There may be smarter pitchers left in the game than Dick Rudolph, but just at this moment we fail to recall their names.

Who would you say had lost more games than any other pitcher in either league? You are wrong. The name is Walter Johnson. And the queer part of this is that only Alexander has won more than the Washington star.

"I have bet," writes A. G. K., "that the Browns will finish third. Am I going to win or lose?" If we knew we'd try to go out and get one section of the same bet. The Browns will finish third if they can beat out Cleveland, Detroit and New York.

Among those who are not yet willing to concede that Tris Speaker will beat out Ty Cobb is a fellow by the name of Ty Cobb. And Ty has no idea of changing his opinion until the full returns have been verified.

Speaking of world's records, Joe Bush won three games in a row for the Mackmen. If this isn't a record, what is a record?

UBIQUITOUS IS CHARLES RIGLER, PAT MORAN'S CRY

Phillies' Leader Declares This Umpire is Responsible for Five Defeats

By CHANDLER D. RICHTER

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Aug. 22.—Manager Pat Moran, of the Phillies, has another protest to President Tener, of the National League. Moran is not protesting either of the games won by Pittsburgh yesterday, but he is protesting because Umpire Rigler is sent to umpire so many games in which the champions are participating, claiming that the latter is responsible for no less than five defeats sustained by the Phillies within the last six weeks.

There is no question that Moran is justified in making a protest if yesterday's work of Orin and Rigler is a fair example of what the Phils have been up against. It was bad enough that the Phils were not playing up to their usual standard, thanks to the ridiculous scheduling of barnstorming games at this stage of the race, but the worst the champions could possibly have gotten would have been an even break if the umpires had not been either blind or prejudiced.

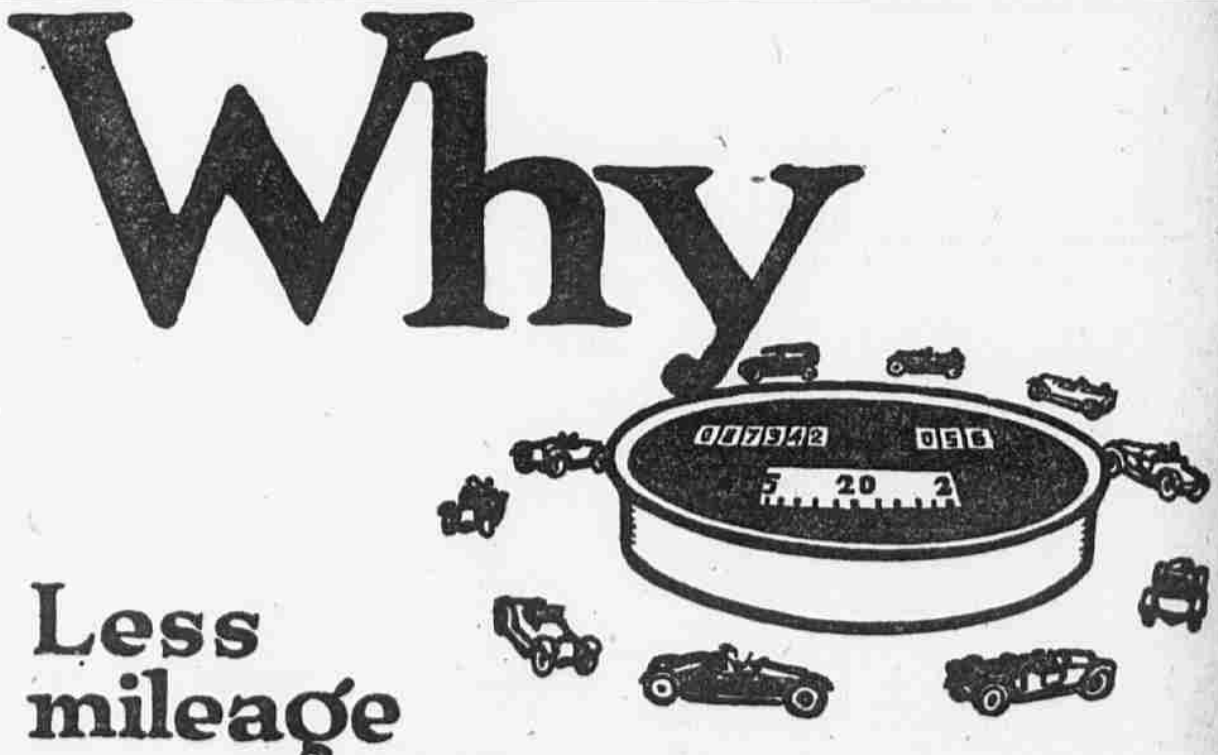
President Tener recently declared that the ball players and managers alibi their defeats by blaming the umpire, and he upheld them. Therefore, it is only natural to expect that no attention will be paid to Moran's protest, but it is about time the National League president does a little investigating. Moran declares that his players are of the opinion that they cannot win with Rigler umpiring, and that as soon as he comes on the field, they say in a chorus, "Here he is again. What chance have we today?"

"Why is Rigler sent to umpire the Phillies' games day after day?" "Why does Rigler allow the assistant umpire to officiate behind the plate with a pitcher with as much stuff as Alexander twirling?"

"Why does the National League allow a man in the employ of the Brooklyn club for two months of the season umpire the games played by either team at this stage of the race?"

"Why is it that the umpires always have a 'chip on their shoulder' and refuse to even listen to the manager or captain?" Yesterday Rigler put Duguey off the field and threatened to clear the Phillies' bench because some one shouted: "Now we know what the Brooklyn handicap is."

This remark was made after Rigler had called a bunt, fumbled by Warner, the recruit third baseman, foul, when it was clear to everybody in the park that Warner had knocked the ball into foul territory, and that the ball was almost a foot fair when he first touched it.



No, Sir; mileage is not altogether a question of gas. Oil's gotta lot to do with it, you bet. Do you know that, in actual tests, cars have been known to yield as much as five additional miles per gallon of gas when the right lubricant was used? 'Sfact.

You oughta be getting that extra mileage, especially since it doesn't cost extra. There's one safe, sure way of taking figures off your gas and oil bill and putting them on your speedometer where they belong. Use the combination—Atlantic Gas for fuel; Atlantic Motor Oils for lubrication. You can't beat them anywhere. Atlantic Polarine is THE oil for eight out of ten cars. The alternative is one of the other three principal oils—Atlantic "Light," Atlantic "Medium," or Atlantic "Heavy." Ask your garageman which.

The reputation of the oldest and largest lubricant manufacturers in the world stands back of these four oils. Start using Atlantic Motor Oils today and note the difference in mileage.

Read up on this subject. We have published a handsome and comprehensive book about lubrication. It is free. Ask your garage for it. If they cannot supply you, drop us a postal and the book will be sent you without charge.



EVENING LEDGER MOVIES—YOU MUST BE THE SAME GUY, APHASIA, THAT TRIED TO MAKE THE HERO TAKE THE HEROIN

