PAT MORAN UNALTERABLY OPPOSED TO MAJOR LEAGUE GAMES PLAYED IN THE MORNING

BASEBALL MAGNATES INSIST ON KILLING THE GOOSE THAT IS LAYING THE GOLDEN EGGS

In Order to Increase Revenue, Ebbets Obtained Tener's Permission to Stage Morning Game at Brooklyn

BASEBALL magnates insist on killing the goose that lays the golden eggs. There is no question that baseball is the national game and is king of all erican sports, but if the magnates continue to make the dollar mark their idol the public will soon get wise. Yesterday's game between the Phillies and Brooklyn was haited by rain before two innings had been completed, and Charles Ebbets, ident and owner of the Dodgers, pulled one of the most unusual outrages that ever has been perpetrated on the dear old public when he got President Tener's rmission to stage a morning game today instead of playing a double-header

Mr. Ebbets used up several columns in the New York and Brooklyn papers this morning explaining why a morning game should be played, but the only apparent reason is that the magnates want the money. It is the custom to play off postponed games as part of a double-header, and the fact that the National League mant is at stake should not influence the magnates at all.

According to Ebbets, every seat in the ball park was sold for today's game everal days ago and the Brooklyn ball club cannot afford to honor rain checks on such an important day, hence the scheduling of a morning game despite the protests of Manager Moran, of the Phillies.

With the pennant at stake one would naturally suppose that the one object of magnates would be to see that everything was carried off in a business-like and decent manner, but Ebbets, sanctioned by President Tener, added another to the long list of "public bilkings" when he pulled the trick that never will be forgotten by the Brooklyn fans. The Brooklyn owners figure that close to 30,000 fans will be on hand for each battle today, whereas not more than this number could be crowded into the park for the twin bill.

Moran Opposes Morning Contests

MANAGER MORAN has several reasons for not wanting to play a morning and afternoon game, the most important of which was that he had planned to send Alexander the Great to the mound for both games, in case the double-header had been staged in the afternoon. Alexander is in wonderful shape and was anxious to make the remarkable record of having pitched every game of a pennant desiding series, but Manager Moran realized that the lay-off between the morning and afternoon games probably would tend to stiffen his muscles.

It is rather odd that we should have mentioned the meeting of Moran's board of strategy yesterday, during which this plan was discussed. During the session Oscar Dugey and George Whitted pleaded with Manager Moran to send Kantlehner to the mound yesterday, as they believed that the former Pittsburgh southpaw ould be able to trim the Dodgers, but Moran picked Eppa Rixey as his twirler after having warmed up both the Virginian and Kantlehner.

Offhand, we should say that Moran is some picker, judging by the way Rixey performed in his two innings on the mound. The lanky southpaw never looked better and it is unfortunate that the game was called off before two innings had en completed. While Rixey looked just as good as he did on the western trip, Pfeffer appeared to be off form, despite the fact that the champions were not able to score in the first innings.

When Pfeffer's fast ball is not breaking perfectly the Brooklyn star is nearly helpless, and yesterday he did not seem to have very much on his fast ball. The Phillies were meeting the ball cleanly and it only was a question of time before the break would come. Pfeffer appeared to be suffering from "stage fright," just as Cheney did on Thursday, and the entire Brooklyn team lacked the ginger one would expect from a pennant contender.

One Load Lifted From Ebbets's Shoulders

CHARLES EBBETS is drooping with the burden of apparent defeat in the National League pennant race and until yesterday he also had to bear the attack of fans throughout the country, who charged him with raising the prices of all grandstand seats to \$5 in the event that his club won the flag. Now there is no grave danger of fandom wreaking its vengeance because of this financial boost at Flatbush, hence Ebbets is comparatively safe in that respect.

But should Brooklyn win out Ebbets will not have to bear the brunt of this feeling regarding the prices of grandstand seats. President Tener, of the National League, has just issued a statement, in which he states that the national commission at its meeting in Cincinnati on September 15 set the prices themselves. Pennsylvania's ex-Governor also comes forth with the statement that the same prices would have been charged in Detroit had Jennings's men won the fing. He gave as the commission's reason for this that the grandstand seats in Detroit and Brooklyn were so limited that it would not be fair to the players and club owners not to boost the prices.

It is true that in former world's series the commission has put the prices of all grandstand seats at \$5 where the parks were small. However, the fans are not looking out for the prosperity of the club owners, just as the club owners are not looking out for the fans, unless it is to their financial advantage. Hence It is certain that as long as prices continue to soar the public is going to wax

Nevertheless as long as America is America baseball owners who win championships will have their parks filled during the world's series games.

Mack's Days of Experimentation About Over

WITH the downpour of rain yesterday causing a luil in the hectic National League race, relieved only by the amusing chortles of Charles Hepatica Ebbets, noble squire of Flatbush, fans turned their attention momentarily to Connie Mack and his flock of recruits.

The silent builder is following his own path these days around Shibe Park, intent only on mending his machine for next year. Outwardly impassive to ridicule of humorists, he tinkers with the broken parts and gets his fun in watching the morning practice games played between youngsters wearing the Athletic uniform-and some of 'em even haven't that-and teams from around the city.

Connie is sure to have the laugh on his critics; his friends are confident of that. The Tall Tiogan said yesterday that Healey had improved wonderfully, and the lad's playing at third during the second fracas with the Senators on Thursday surprised the fans. To be sure, he had one fielding lapse, but atoned for this with graceful handling of hard drives and bunts and smacked the Reach for two safeties in four trips to the plate. With Schang behind the plate, although Connie would not say whether Wally would be catching regularly next season, and with Johnson, Bush, Myers and Nabors as a steady hurling string, backed by a good infield and a stronger outfield, the Athletics look as good as at least five other teams in the junior major league organization. McInnis, Witt and Healey, with a new recruit at second, is an infield that is bound to be better than the average, while Bodie and Strunk, with possibly Thrasher, the youngster from Atlanta, are a trio of outer-gardeners who cover as much ground and who can hit as hard as any in the league, barring three similar combinations.

Glant's Record More Remarkable Than It Seems in Print

LEW fans realize how really remarkable the Giants' streak of winning twenty-five games has been. In spite of the reams of stuff written, with dusty archives as an aid, on their wonderful spurt, when one sits down and thinks of a team with no chance of a pennant hanging gamely on and pushing team after team out of the way, it is more than an episode of baseball; it tends more toward an epic. Perhaps Grant Rice or another Ernest Thayer will arise and chant the praise of McGraw's nine in blank verse of doggerel, but until that time the bare accounts of the game must suffice as a sketelton from which to build an imaginative yarn, It seems a shame that the Giants were mathematically eliminated from the pennant race yesterday, when rain postponed their game with the fast-fading Braves. If Charley Herzog and his teammates can't do anything else, they can shatter the record held by Cornicana for twenty-seven consecutive victories, made In the Texas League in 1902.

Tris Speaker deserves all of the honor and glory he can get from defeating Ty Cobb for the American League batting title. Of course, it is a pity that Cobb uld have been beaten when he had a chance to make a world's record by winning the honor ten times in a row; nevertheless it must be won, and he falled.

SOME CHARACTERS YOU MEET ON ANY GOLF COURSE



FAMOUS DRIVE OF JAP TENNIS STAR EXPOSED

Secret of Kumagae's Celebrated "Hop" Ground-Stroke Made Known

LIKE MURRAY'S SCOOP

By WILLIAM T. TILDEN, 2D

No tennis player who has ever graced the ourts of America has caused more discusdon or awakened more widespread interest than has Ichiya Kumagae, the wonderful little Japanese racquet wielder. From the ime of Kumagae's first American appearance until he stepped off the famous Casino court at Newport as the conqueror of William M. Johnston, then national champion, the question uppermost in the minds of ten nis followers of America was whether or not Kumagae was a serious contender for the national title.

Did he have championship catiber? Would he take the tennis title to Japan, as Molia Bjurstedt had taken the women's crown to

It was only looking over his record prio to the national that we could find an answer to these questions. Kumagae won three tournaments—Central West, New York State and Newport. He has defeated many State and Newport. He has detailed having prominent players among them being Griffin (three times). Beekman, Cannon, Hoerr, Whitney, J. O'Neale, Prentice, Larned, H. C. Johnson, Watters, Niles and Johnston.

He has been defeated only five times-by Murray (twice), at Seabright, by 2 sets to 1, and at the Crescent A. C. in straight sets by Washburn in his first tournament on grass, by Armstrong at Longwood and by Church in straight sets in the national.

Jap Developing

Kumagae is now in a state of develop-ment. He came to America simply "to see how the game was played here," as he put it. He knew nothing of our style of at-tack; had never tried to meet it or play it.

When Kumagae came to America he was purely a baseline player, never going to the net. By the end of the season Kumagae found that it was essential to success on grass to reach the net, and Newport and Forest Hills found him making occasional to extend the state of net attacks. He still is, and always will be, owing to his small stature, a baseline player, but another year will find him mixing a slight net game with his marvelous back-

Much has been written about Kumagae's "double-curve" ground stroke. It is mainly exaggeration. His ground stroke is really nothing more than a greatly topped drive. placed with singular accuracy. Because Kumagae is left-handed the natural curve and twist to his shot is the exact opposite to the curve and twist on the shot of the average player and for this reason seems

Kumagae's drive is not unlike the "scoop" Lindley Murray uses from his deep forchand corner. Where Kumagae differs from all other great players is in the fact that he steps away from the ball instead of into it, thus pulling the ball sharply when bitting cross court or slicing away from it for his

Uses Western Grip

His grip on the racquet, which is on the order of the western type, only even more eccentric, allows a sharp "wrist snap," which gives great pace to the shot and im-parts enormous "top-spin." Time and again Kumsgae drove to Church in the national than the latter's head and the top pin held the ball in the court.

His backhand has not the beautiful full swing of his forehand, but it is accurate to a point that is almost uncanny. He almost "pokes" his straight backhand shot,

HERZOG RATED AS THE MOST VALUABLE INFIELDER IN GAME; MAIDEN, WONDER GOLF TUTOR

His Hustling Qualities Atlanta Pro Has Deand Wonderful Playing Make Him Real Asset to Any Club

CARLY in the season, for the first three Li weeks, and then on through June, July and August, McGraw rarely could find a pitcher capable of lasting out five innings of any one game. This list included Tes reau, Perritt and Benton, with Schupp occasionally tossed in.

In game after game these were shrapneled from the hiltop and driven to cover. Now, over a record-breaking stretch lasting for a month, they all are unbeatable. The same men are there with the same arms. The same men that couldn't last five innings now are lasting five weeks. And yet there are those who look to the consistency of the Grandolddope.

The 1912 Hero

Some one has referred to Joe Wood and Christy Mathewson as the 1912 world series heroes. Not precisely. The 1912 world series hero beyond any debate was Buck Herzog. He not only batted 400 or more, but he saved the Giants day after day by his spectacular fielding.

But for Herzog the Giants would have been beaten 4 to 1 in that series. As it was, they carried the engagement to eight games. Herzog's work in that historic quarrel was on a par with the play of Duffy Lewis last fall.

Herzog and 1916

Which reminds us that Herzog today is the most valuable influider in baseball, bar-ring no other candidate.

He is of greater team value than Eddle Collins or George Sisler, the two American League stars, for Herzog's help to the Giants is beyond all expression.

He has shown his ability to play wonder ful ball at second, third and short. And he has shown more extended hustling qual-ities than any ball player we ever saw on than any ball player we ever saw on

Next Week's Finish

In the turmoil which follows next week, winding up the National League season, Brooklyn faces four encounters with Mc-Graw's murdering Glants, while the Phillies have six games left with the Boston Braves. A wind-up of this tempestuous sort is a fitting climax for one of the great seasons of basebail. Both leading contenders are forced to finish against the toughest competition they can meet, where the interest is likely to be carried on within a breath of the clears games.

We knew the price of lumber had gone up, but it never occurred to us that it had advanced \$2 an inch. It remained for that stirling or sterling economist, Colonel Eb-bets, to discover the sharp upward turn.

We understand that in Vidal, of Dakota, the army eleven had a football star even better than Elmer Oliphant.

If this is true the Navy should adopt Gormany's system and discover some Kiel Canal along the Atlantic Coast before com-plete demolition arrives Any football team that has an Oliphant and a better man than Oliphant teamed together should be forced to play with four men, the other two being a center rush and a quarterback, in order to maintain fair

You Said It

The three-foot putt looks simple, An casy job, but when You're two down and you need it It is something else again. H. TOITY.

veloped Miss Stirling. Bobby Jones and Adair,

Bobby Jones and Adair,

Bobby Jones and Live a tower with his niblic.

He at once recognized it as the well-known spotted trotting tiger turtle. Its turquoise shelter of a back was crushed, and set like a set like a long to the was crushed.

THERE is a chunky little Scotchman from Carnoustle way with headquarters at the East Lake Golf Club, Atlanta, Ga., who soon will be recognized generally as one of the rare geniuses of his profession, the same being to teach the young idea, as the saying is, how to shoot for the pin.

This chunky little Carnoustie Scot, quiet o'the point of phiegmatism, must have a rare instructatorial touch if results are to count for anything at all. His name is Stewart Maiden. He is the one who first ook Bobby Jones and Perry Adair, the phenomenal youngsters, in charge He also is the instructor who built up the game of Alexa Stirling, the Atlanta girl golfer, who now is conceded the best chance to win the women's championship at Belmont Springs in the early October tournament.

In addition to these start youngsters Maiden has several other kid golfers com-ing along, and one of them recently de-feated young Jones 3 to 1.

Maiden's Work A great admirer of Stewart Malden's in

structive ability sends us the following in

"Stewart has spent a big part of his time with Bobby Jones, Perry Adair and Alexa Stirling on the East Lake course for the Stirling on the East Lake course for the last five years. He took these youngsters when they were scarcely old enough to lift a putter and now they are sensations in the golf world. Alexa lives right by the course; Bobby Jones has spent his vacations in a small cottage by the second green, and Perry Adair has been Stewart's protege since he took up golf.

"The whole story is in the form these oungsters have acquired. To illustratelast year when Miss Stirling was playing Mrs. Vanderbeck in the championship semi-finals at Chicago I happened to be in the gallery following the match. At the third green a big fellow near me exclaimed after her drive: 'Blow me over, but the child has the form of Stewart Maiden.'

"I asked him what he knew of Malden and he replied: 'Why he was the Carnoustie champion at sixteen and had the best form Scotland ever knew.' On further inquiry I found out that he never had seen Stewart since he left Scotland ten years ago. I told him that Alexa was one of Stewart's pupils. He nearly had a fit. 'I knew that form,' he said, 'could come from one also but the Carnoustie here.'"

no one else but the Carnoustie boy." The Test

There is no longer any question about Maiden's uncanny ability to teach the Scottish game. There are now five youngsters in Atlanta between fourteen and eighteen who can play a test course between 74 and 78. And this list does not include Miss Stirling, who is conceded to have the best chance to be the next queen of the goifing domain.

Maiden's instruction is all to the point. He wastes no great amount of words, being about as talkative as the Sphinx. But he hats an eye for form and the tenacity to continue instruction until an error in making the stroke has been corrected. Most of Maiden's instruction is spent upon iron pia, and without exception his young pupils as wonders with a mashle or a mid iron or driving from. They all have a certain easin using any of these clubs, and yet it an ease mixed with a decided firmness.

He is a great believer in a compact style of play where the club head travels back no further than it has to come to get the distance needed. It is a joy to watch Miss Stirling make a shot, and it was as great a joy at Merion to watch the mingled came and compactness of young Jones and Perry Adair.

By GRANTLAND RICE.

HEMPHILL MAKES HISTORY. WHILE DARREFF CAPTURES GOLF MEDAL AT SEAVIEW

Takes Turtle in Ribs | Montgomery-Stone Team With Brassie Shot and Amphibian Bites Dust -Other Shots

By SANDY McNIBLICK

JUST pickle my bones. Thus plaintive yips of many a golfer, but to few has come the fate which befell a small six-inch amphibian at the Seaview Golf Club. Today they are serving REAL golfer's

Tis snapper and it has the exhitarating outdoor tang of links action such as is seldom tasted.

beldom tasted.

Danny Darreff took the medal for his own yesterday for low score in the ancient and honorable tourney over the seaside course, but while he was doing it, "strate add American golf history" was written with a vengeance by E. D. Hemphill, West Chester.

Golfer Hemphill Ale

Golfer Hemphill did a deed such as one

While the Heavens Wept

While the Heavens Wept

The bottom was falling out of the skies as he took his brassie in hand for the second shot on hole No. 6 at the Absecon course. It deluged over his iron-gray head and poured from the tips of his beard. But he minded it not as he cocked his eye and took aim between two saplings that blocked his approach to the green a couple of hundred yards away. His ball was on the edge of a sand trap and it needed a mighty wallop on a straight line to carry pinwards.

Hemphill took the mighty wallop.

Hemphill took the mighty wallop. Columns of rain clouded his view of the flight of the ball, but he heard a dull thud and thought it had struck one of the small trees. He and his partner, Emmet O'Neill, Cricket Club, and their caddies,

O'Neill, Cricket Club, and their caddles, searched everywhere on the fairway and in the traps but could find no ball.

Some moving thing, limping in the direction of the hole, caught the eye of Veteran O'Neill.

As he watched fascinated, the thing suddenly turned over and after a short pawings in the air with four feeble feet, it was still.

and, set like a jewel in its midrib, was a golf ball, gashed, siashed, but yet a golf ball. "It's mine," excaimed Hemphill when h came running up.
Sure enough it was. The turtle had been

headed on a straight line for the hole. But for the heavy rainfall and the premature drowning of the "critter" all present agreed that the ball would likely have been carried to the flag, and likely the turtle would have fallen in the cup, making as perfect a golf story as was ever presented for least story as was ever presented for

Good Snapper

As it was the turtle, interiorally speak-ing, was converted into soup, and the lively thickness is attributed to the rubber concould not be left out of the golf concoction.

Those tasting thereof today were forewarned, and only the dyed-in-the-wool fanatic, of course, ordered the delicacy.

The skeleton and shell of the turtle are on view at the clubbours.

view at the clubhouse. The turtle has bee bottled against the assaults of time in jar of alcohol. It rises simply to the sur face with a reassuring bubble or two at the pressure of a hand it recognizes as that of a true golf fanatic and solemn believer in the casualties of the great little game of golf. Those not believing that Golfer Hemphili actually made the remarkable big-game kill may view his victim between the hours of 6 and 6 at the Seaview Golf Club, Absecon

N. J., from hence forward. The silver-locked West Chesterian hunter has had some few years of golf.

"I have slaughtered a robin in my golf wanderings and I once killed another kind of a bird." said Hemphill, as he hold up his victim of yesterday by its tail to the ad-miring throng, "but never before have I killed a beast of the field."

Also on Land

The high and low record for successive holes was made by Arthur M. Wood, Aroni-mink, famous as a cricketer long before he began to achieve prowess on the links, yesterday at Seaview.

He got into all the trouble possible the difficult twelfth and before he had tinned out his ball he was guilty of the same number of strokes as the number of the hole, the twelfth.

He then took his old cricket stance, grig and mashie and faced the thirteenth much as he would have faced a bewier of old. The result was that he got a two. Which is the well-known game of percentage.

The greens at Seavlew yesterday im-pressed the veterans, none of whom wer pressed the veterans, none of whom were less than fifty-five years of age, to a great

BRYN MAWR HORSE SHOW Sept. 28 to Oct. 3

Bryn Mawr, Pa.

SUITS TO ORDER .80

PETER MORAN & CO. MERCHANT TAILORS S. E. COB. STH AND ARCH STS.

Play the Royal and Ancient

Fred Sione. America's premier comediances to be serious.

That is a hard one to swallow, after seeing him on the stage. But it is true stage in the stage of the

degree, and there was a chorus

The course is the product of the roll, genius of Clarence H. Geist, who was the founder of the club. He heard through the praise of his green spaces and the told something of his troubles.

told something of his troubles.

"A golf green is just like a baby," he said. "It has to be nursed along and takes care of just like an infant. A fellow almost has to sit up nights with it. After a while it begins to get healthy and srow. Then it has to be disciplined and pampered and punished. When it grows up it gets to be quite a daughter. It needs just to be quite a daughter. It needs just and slik dresses and all that sort of thing it's a whole lot more finicky and worse behaved, though, than any daughter ever thought of being, I believe."

Today's Football Games. With Last Year's Results

West Virginia, at Penn, 0-7, Princeton, at Holy Cross, did not play.

Bates, at Harvard, did not play. Boston, at Dartmouth, did not play. Carnegie Institute, at Yale, did not play.

Susquehanna, at Colgate, 0-44.

Middleburg, at Union, did not play, Fort McKinley, at Bowdoin, did not Rhode Island, at Brown, 0-38.

Albright, at Bucknell, did not play. Eastern College, at Catholic University, did not play. Clarkson, at Hamilton, 6-12.

Fordham, at Lafayette, did not play. Ursinus, at Lehigh, 0-20, Westminster, at Pennsylvania State,

Villanova, at Rutgers, did not play. Norwich, at Trinity, 0-27. Lebanon, at West Point, did not play. Dickinson, at Annapolis, did not play. New Hampshire, at Maine, did not

Geneva, at Washington and Jefferson, 0-7. Conn. Aggies, at Wesleyan, did no

play. Rensselaer, at Williams, 0-15,



BASEBALL TODAY—TWO GAMES SHIBE PARK Athletics vs. Washington FIRST GAME CALLED AT 1:00 P. M.

PALACE RINK ROLLER ing floor. Rink enlarged, all new sharp many other improvements. Mulitary Adm. Morning & Afternoon. 10c. Evel.

OLYMPIA A. A. Broad & Bat MONDAY EVENING, OCT. 2, 2502 8H Denny Hughes vs. Frankle Coewa. Guanle Lewis vs. Mirkey Brown Brankle Golnian vs. Young Bigins Saller Suitley vs. Young Painer. Benny Kaufman vs. Kid Will GREAT FIGHT CARD T

NATIONAL A. C. Juck McGopan "Five bouts which I consider the be-flebling set-tos that I have ever offered public at regular prices. Each on

TRY IT IN

CIGHT'S BETTER







