THE BIG WAR MAY STOP BASEBALL NEXT YEAR, BUT RAIN IS STOPPING IT THIS YEAR

MISS ALEXA STIRLING, DIXIELANDER, MIGHT NOT DEFEND HER GOLF TITLE, PREFERRING VIOLIN TO THE MASHIE

National Champion Plays Musical Bars Instead of Linksical Pars—No Joke

By SANDY McNIBLICK

ALEXA STIRLING is said to be through. The golden-haired Georgia girl who holds the woman's golf championship of the United States will not defend her national title this year, it is said.

The deep-eyed Dixie artist of the mashie and niblick has laid them away in their canvas kit forever, it is feared, and instead she has chosen to give her time, her artistry and her soul to mastering the violin. Luring sonatas and melodies of the masters with her bow from the crooning strings of the instrument she loves gives the little champion more comfort, 'tis said, than the sweetest shots of her wood and iron.

All this comes to us through the medium of Atlanta golfers and from some who played in the Druid Hills tourney. It is stated as a fact that Miss Stirling has not touched a golf club since she was the heroine of the coronation ceremonies on the seventeenth green at Belmont Spring last year, where she was crowned queen at the age of 19 after she had sunk a twelve-foot putt before a jamming gallery to beat Miss Mildred Caverly for the national title.

Miss Stirling had been playing golf since she was 12 years old. She figured in the championship at 17 and at 18 years of age as the southern champion she magnetized a Chicago following at the national in a nerve-tearing match she had with Mrs. Clarence H. Vanderbeck, eventual winner of the title. Miss Stirling was down and up, to finally take the match to the twenty-second hole, where she lost in the semi-finals.

"I can beat Mrs. Vanderbeck," pouted the sunny Southern girl after that match.

She had to wait a whole year to do it, but finally the chance came here in Philadelphia last year at Huntingdon Valley. It was in the finals for the Berthellyn Cup. Miss Stirling beat Mrs. G. Henry Stetson and Miss Caverly before facing her chance for revenge. She went for Mrs. Vanderbeck relentlessly and won. From here she went to Boston to her other longing, the United States championship.

The Great Day

The brilliant jewel of Georgia was a long-odds favorite and went through a series of bitter matches to the great cup, the gold token of the United States Golf Association, and "hail, hail" of the gathering.

She had done her bit.

Now, just inside the gates of a triumphant march through the fairway of the links, it is said she is through.

It is said by close and intimate friends that her family has given up in despair interesting her to play the game any more.

It is said that all her desire to conquer ceased when there were apparently no more worlds to conquer except again those already laid waste.

It is said, indeed, that the sight of a brassie lying idle does not stir her, nor the rust on an unused putter.

It is said of the ex-eager champion that even newly laid traps on her own course at the Atlanta Athletic Club fail to quicken her limp linksing pulse, or the new holes, with work to be done, to send a single throb to her now-dormant golfing soul. Ah, days gone by.

Her life is now her violin.

"We are in despair," say her family.

It is one more golf tragedy, if true, added to American women's history. Mrs. H. Arnold Jackson won the national in 1914, and did not defend. Mrs. Vanderbeck won in 1915 and did not defend.

Miss Stirling won the title in 1916. Will she cast off as a fever this unwarranted, unnatural, nay more, unhuman aversion for the game, to enter the lists again in proud conflict to hold the flag at Shawnee?

Or, as is threatened and expected, will she cuddle the violin of her heart 'neath her chin in the seclusion of her far-off home in sunny Georgia, while niblic crosses niblic for the title in the Northland, to lull her troubled bosom with a stretch of stilly music?

It's not precedent! It's not Hoyle. It's not done!

Alaskan Antics

They make shots in Alaska, wabbly and wavering, because of cold or nippy fingers. Along these lines was also built the play-off medal round at Northfield yesterday for the Atlantic City Golf medal.

After the first few holes, where only one or two of the three golfers in the tracas played poorly, the sloppy play became general. Deep breeches pockets were unavailing in bringing back the warmth to the players' hands.

Maurice Risley followed a slopped-over approach to the first with a topped drive, and missed an eight-inch put on the second, for an 8, to Warren Corkran's 4. At the fifth tee Corkran led Risley by five strokes. Then Corkran went bad and lost all five on the next four holes.

Phil Randolph hung on with a contribution of wild wallops and swell recoveries as they came to the turn, three abreast in 42 seconds. Corkran was upset when he lost two in the seventh gulch and took four putts from off the eighth green.

They were mostly as wild as the herring-fed rookies on the home nine. Wide hooks, eager tops, frantic slices, tremulous putts, were all good form. A groggy, out from one of the "hell holes" and a low cleek that caught another on the long fourteenth, put Corkran out of it. Though only a stroke behind, he missed a small putt on the seventeenth to draw level with Risley.

The day was a perfect ending of the four days. It was very cold, very wet, very raw.

"Three or four," replied Risley, when asked how many times he had won the medal.

So yesterday was his fourth or fifth.

It Was Empty

One of the players who figured prominently in the Atlantic City opened was not able to endure the pneumonia-inciting weather except by aid of some cheering apple juice.

His big African caddy was also presented with a bottle to keep warm. "The stuff went low at the turn and it was time to fill up.

"Gess yo'all bettah fill mah bottle, too, boss," said the caddy. The golfer protested that the bag carrier should not have gone after it with so much enthusiasm.

"Yo' done tole me only to take a drink when yo' missed, an' dat's what ah done, boss."

The most popular prize before it was won was the umbrella.

E. M. Alvin, Country Club, knew he would win it beforehand, because he had won others in the past and felt it was fate. He had been soaking wet for a day and a half, been through 20-hole matches and so on. Then he got licked and the umbrella.

After that it stopped raining.

Tomorrow's Tournaments

PHILADELPHIA TEAM CUP

Philmont vs. Cricket Club at Philmont.
Huntingdon Valley vs. Merion at Noble.
St. Davids vs. Old York Road at St. Davids.

SUBURBAN TEAM CUP

Woodbury vs. Merchantville at Woodbury.
Bala vs. Moorestown at Bala.
Springhaven vs. Overbrook at Media.
West Chester vs. Riverton at West Chester.

WALLINGFORD TEAM CUP

North Hills vs. Bon Air at Edge Hill.
Lansdowne vs. Whitemarsh at Lansdowne.
Aronimink vs. Stenton at Aronimink.
Philadelphia Country Club vs. Wilmington at Bala.

HOW TO PLAY GOLF

By CHARLES "CHICK" EVANS

IN WRITING these articles on golf, I am sincerely eager to help every reader of this paper who enjoys the great game to play better golf. I shall be glad to answer all questions which any of you may wish to ask me to the best of my ability. If there are any points about any of the articles which are not perfectly clear I shall be glad to explain further through my Question and Answer Department. The editors have asked me to open this series with a brief sketch of my first title.

The Western Interscholastic Golf Championship of 1907 was the first important golf event I ever won—it was my first championship!

The summer of 1906 saw my first competitive golf, except little caddie events, and I played in exactly four tournaments. The last of these was the Calumet tournament in Chicago, where I won the low score medal over a fine field—two of the competitors being Ned Sawyer, the western champion, and Warren Wood, the runner-up in the extra-hole western final of that year.

I joined the Jackson Park Club in late August, 1906, in order to be able to compete in the Western Championship which was played that year at Glen Echo, in St. Louis. I qualified, but was defeated in the first round by George Clingman, a well-known Chicago golfer.

Play Is Not Exceptional

It can thus be seen that there was nothing spectacular about my first year of golf, but it was enough to sting me with the championship bee. That winter I hung up an old mattress in the attic and practiced shots the cold weather through. My objective, as the soldiers say, was the Interscholastic in 1907. In those days we held the interscholastic events early in June, immediately after the close of school. When the emblems had been given out in chapel and I heard each football, track or baseball hero loudly applauded, for a time I wished I had given more attention to one of these other sports in which I had shown greater promise than in golf. The links still called, however, and I think intuition guided me wisely.

I entered the qualifying rounds of the 1907 Interscholastic championship with misgivings, but the next morning the papers gave big headlines to the small boy who led the field of youthful golfers with an 81. I had not then reached my seventeenth birthday, and I was small, thin and shy of clothes and golf equipment.

The golf reporters came out and seemed to like me for all the things that I lacked, and to their encouraging attitude at that time I owe much of the success that has since been mine.

In this tournament I played with Albert Seckel for the first time. It was in the semi-finals, and from that day until he embarked on the wide sea of matrimony, leaving me standing desolately on the shore, we managed to meet in about every important tournament in the country.

Met Charley McArthur

In the final I played Charlie McArthur, of the University High School. He was a very good driver, and sometimes I have thought my victory may have been the result of a compliment I paid him. It led him to press. On one hole, the eighth, the famous Boomerang, where Chandler Egan used to carry the corner of the dog leg so prettily, Charlie put three perfect drives out of bounds and refused [illegible]

Mr. Evans will be pleased to answer questions from our readers on golf. Stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed to insure reply.

YANKS' MANAGER AND HIS TWO FORMER A'S

FEDERAL LEAGUE 'ANGEL' DROPPED A FORTUNE

Late Owner of Defunct Brooklyn Club Lost Million and Quarter Backing Third Circuit

NEW YORK, May 7.

That the late Robert Boyd Ward, who, at the time of his death, October 18, 1915, was president of the Brooklyn Federal League Club and vice president of the Federal League, lost a fortune in baseball, was disclosed when a report of the appraisal of his estate, filed in Westchester County, showed that his estate, which prior to his entrance in the baseball venture had been estimated at more than $3,000,000, had decreased to $1,739,158.

Ward was known as the "Angel" of the tottering Federal League, started in 1912. His son, George S. Ward, also was interested in the affairs of the Federal League. The elder Ward put up much of the money that enabled the promoters of the Federal League to pay the large salaries that aroused the ire of the owners of the American and National Leagues.

The appraisal showed that Ward held promissory notes of the Federal League and the Brooklyn club, amounting to $229,800. It also was shown that $50,000 was advanced to the league out of the estate on contracts the club had made while he was its president. He owned 1347 shares of preferred stock and 2373 shares of common stock in the Federal League clubs, which were set down as of no value.

Charles A. Ward, eldest son of Mr. Ward, said he understood his father paid par for this stock, or $373,000. With the promissory notes, this shows a total of $651,800 sunk in the baseball venture, not taking into account the large sums he advanced and of which the estate contains no record.

Tomorrow's Pimlico Entries

First race, maiden two-year-olds, selling, 4½ furlongs—Lambator, 112; George W. Acers, 112; Producer, 112; African Arrow (imp.), Mohican, 112; Juanita III (imp.), 112.

Second race, Hunters' Steeplechase, handicap, 2½ miles—Gopal, 145; Rapacious, 145; Gobin, 145; Margery Jaque, 162; Yarico, 148.

Third race, three-year-olds, 6 furlongs—Owwa, 115; Southsayer (imp.), 112; Alvord, 112; Julia Leon, 107; Courtship (imp.), 115; Sir Wollons, 115; Golden Rod, 107; Comacho, 112; James F. Cummings (formerly Nebraska), 112; Harlem, 112; Star Finch, 112; Night Owl, 112; Curly Tassel (imp.), 115.

Fourth race, the Ticket of Leave Steeplechase, maiden four-year-olds and upward, 2 miles—Distant Shore, 147; Iron Chant, 140; Achaius, 149; Bacrave, 149; a[illegible] (imp.), 138; Masterful, 140; Turmoil, 140; Janet, 145; Tomahawk III (imp.), 147; Duke of Norfolk, 149; Trumpeter, 140; The Carmet, 140; a[illegible] (imp.), 138; Sharpshooter, 147; Chevron, 147; Reddest, 147; a[illegible] entry.

Fifth race, claiming, two-year-olds, 4½ furlongs—*Lady Grey (imp.), 101; Lord Herbert (imp.), 112; Old Homestead, 112; Tit for Tat, 109; Miss Filley, 109.

Sixth race, the Pimlico Spring Handicap, three-year-olds and up, mile and 70 yards—Pyramus, 132; Lechaire, 128; Crimper (imp.), 117; Rimes, 105; Woodstroke, 106; a[illegible] Christie, 107; G. J. Lillie, 111; Hauberk, 111; Nightstick, 118; Barberry Candle, 123; Warsaw, 101; Rhine Maiden, 108; Saadi (imp.), 98; a[illegible] Smiles, 109; b[illegible] Wooden Shoes, 111; a[illegible] coffer entry; b[illegible] entry.

Seventh race, the Gwyn Oak Selling Handicap, three-year-olds and upward, 7 furlongs—Ikebo, 105; Harbart, 110; a[illegible] Mariano, 104; Estimable, 115; b[illegible] Abara, 108; Transit, 105; Hope, 108; a[illegible] Goodwood, 108; b[illegible] Cannonade, 110; Farewell, 98; b[illegible] Caps entry; b[illegible] entry.

*Apprentice allowance claimed.

Weather, clear; track, good.

Reading Downs Elmira

ELMIRA, N. Y., May 7.—A ninth-inning rally, aided by Louth's error when he had a double play in sight, gave Reading two runs and the game yesterday afternoon. Both Jordan and Donohue were driven to cover early in the contest and Herscher and O'Connor, who finished, pitched good ball. Bowers' catch of Melanger's long drive and the batting of Sullivan were the features.

Bingles and Bungles

Wail of Hughie Jennings

The Czar may think he has a world of trouble,
The Kaiser's in as bad as he can be;
His monarchy may blow up like a bubble,
But still he hasn't anything on me.

Just as I start to slip myself the mitten
Because the pitchers show a lot of stuff,
I find my heavy hitters aren't hittin',
And I can tell the world 'tis awful tough.

The Kaiser may have a holler coming
When Hindenburg took three swings in a pinch,
And though they put the Czar out of the running,
Compared to me he has a moral cinch.

Yesterday's hero—a double-header. Mul Watson heaved the Cardinals into first place, and **Rob Groom** reached pitching perfection with a no-hit game.

And those Browns took the elevator to second place. Whaddaya know about that? Two victories over the White Sox is the answer.

Trimming Pittsburgh isn't a habit with the western clubs this spring. It's a disease.

George Sisler has made seven more hits than any other major leaguer this season. He has thirty safe smacks to his credit. All of which brings joy to the heart of Barney Dreyfuss, does it not?

IT DOES NOT.

Nice weather they've been having in Detroit and Cleveland. Nice weather for Esquimos.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION LOSING $1000 A DAY

Meeting to Be Held This Week Will Decide Fate of Circuit. Threaten to Quit

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., May 7.

What steps to be taken to remedy present conditions or whether the American Association is to discontinue its playing season will be decided at a meeting to be called late this week, Thomas J. Hickey, president of the league, said last night. Mr. Hickey has been conferring with M. E. Cantillon, president of the local club, and John W. Norton, head of the St. Paul team, regarding the meeting.

"The measure now before Congress which would impose a tax of 10 per cent on the gross receipts of baseball, poor attendance because of the war, bad weather and the fact that thousands of fans will soon be called into military service, have the club owners greatly worried," declared Mr. Hickey.

"The league has lost no less than $1000 a day for the last ten days, and certain magnates may decide to vote for a discontinuance of the playing season."

Remedies suggested are the curtailment of the player limit from seventeen to fifteen or fourteen, and the reduction of salaries, or both, he said.

Mr. Hickey left last night for Chicago, where he will confer today with several club owners and managers regarding the case of Dan Shay, Milwaukee manager, who is being held in Indianapolis in connection with the death of a negro.

Amateur Day Is May 15

DETROIT, May 7.—Having decided to continue its activities as previously arranged at a recent meeting, the National Baseball Federation has designated May 15 as "amateur day" and urged all amateur teams throughout the country to observe the occasion. The organization has a membership of more than 100,000 players in the amateur ranks, and the services of the entire number have been offered to the Government.

ADVERSE WEATHER ELEMENTS GIVE MINOR LEAGUES HERE BIG SETBACK

Only Three Games Played on Saturday on Schedule That Had Almost 100 on List. P. R. R. League Opens

Standing of Local Leagues

DELAWARE COUNTY LEAGUE

	W.	L.	PC.		W.	L.	PC.
Chester	1	0	1.000	Grill	0	0	.000
Upland	0	0	.000	Media	0	1	.000

MAIN LINE LEAGUE

	W.	L.	PC.		W.	L.	PC.
Narberth	1	0	1.000	Wayne	0	1	.000
Dun & Co.	1	0	1.000	Ben-Air	0	1	.000
Autocar Club	1	0	1.000	Villanova	0	1	.000
Paoli, P.R.R.	1	0	1.000	Merion	0	1	.000

SHOE MANUFACTURERS' LEAGUE

	W.	L.	PC.		W.	L.	PC.
Smaltz-G. Co.	1	0	1.000	J. Edwards	0	1	.000
Mrs. King	1	0	1.000	Hallahan	0	1	.000
W.W.Lenox	1	0	1.000	Edwards Co.	0	1	.000

INDUSTRIAL LEAGUE (North Section)

	W.	L.	PC.		W.	L.	PC.
J. & J.Dobs'n	1	0	1.000	Hale-Kilburn	0	1	.000
Disston	1	0	1.000	Standard R.B.	0	1	.000
Electric S. B.	1	0	1.000	Keen Kutter	0	1	.000
Midvale	1	0	1.000	Amer. Mang.	0	1	.000

INDUSTRIAL LEAGUE (South Section)

	W.	L.	PC.		W.	L.	PC.
Barrett	1	0	1.000	Phila.R. & M.	0	1	.000
Lupton	1	0	1.000	Ward	0	1	.000
Hess-Bright	1	0	1.000	Houghton	0	1	.000
Quaker City	1	0	1.000	Miller Lock	0	1	.000

MANUFACTURERS' LEAGUE

	W.	L.	PC.		W.	L.	PC.
Girard Shoe	1	0	1.000	Stokes & S.	0	0	.000
Butterworth	0	0	.000	Barrett	0	0	.000
Amer. Pulley	0	0	.000	Becker S. & P	0	0	.000
Lanston Mon	0	0	.000	Wheeler	0	1	.000

OLD Jupiter Pluvius and Mr. Coldweather handed the minor baseball leagues in this vicinity a deadly blow on Saturday and expectations and anticipations of several months' preparation went by the board as a result. In three instances the elements were defied and, according to the box scores, baseball games were really played, the three contests being scattered over as many leagues.

In the Delaware County, Chester had a bulge of 3 to 0 on Media, as the "Medes" loaded the bases in the seventh, and when Touchstone was called out by Umpire Keenan a general melee resulted which terminated in Media refusing to continue and the decision was awarde Chester 9 to 0.

One battle was staged in the Manufacturers' League, Girard Shoe defeating Wheeler Pump 8 to 3, despite the fact that the losers were outhit and Pitcher Kennedy fanned seventeen of the winning side.

In the Frankford Suburban League, St. John's C. C. and Frankford 3d battled to a 2-2 nine-inning tie, Pitcher Misko, of St. John's, was the star, not allowing his opponents a solitary hit. All other games in the Delaware River, Main Line, Montgomery County, Shoe Manufacturers' and Camden County Leagues were called off.

The General Office Baseball League of the Pennsylvania Railroad, which has among its eligible players the stars of many of the foremost semipro and minor league ball teams, inaugurates the season this afternoon at the P. R. R. Y. M. C. A. grounds, Forty-fourth street and Parkside avenue, with Herman Baetzel as umpire.

Special ceremonies will be the feature of the event, including a band concert of forty pieces under the direction of Bandmaster Johnston. The teams that will participate are Auditor of Miscellaneous Accounts and Freight Traffic. W. B. Kraft, auditor of freight traffic, will throw out the first ball. Jack Roden, manager, auditor of miscellaneous accounts, will place dependence in his premier pitcher, "Oats" Dannenhower.

Manager McCullough, of Freight Traffic, has not decided who he will pitch, but it looks as if he will use either Johnnie Clark or Bishop.

The players who will take part in the opener are: Auditor of Miscellaneous Accounts, Rube Cashman, captain; Reilly, Thomas, O'Donnell, Dannenhower, Pierson, Haggerty, Tuckerman, Earl, Link, Boyd, Jones, Kirkpatrick and Matthews; Auditor of Freight Traffic, Charles Helte, captain; Dodd, Clark, Zane, Bishop, Davis, Kirkpatrick, Quinn, Harris, Miller, McKay, Baker, Mann, McClincock and Cooper.

The teams comprising the General Office Baseball League and their managers are:

Division A—Auditor Freight Traffic, J. A. McCullough; Auditor Miscellaneous Accounts, Jack Roden; Auditor Passenger Traffic, W. Calhoun, Jr.; Purchasing, T. V. Touchstone; Transportation, R. H. Walker.

Division B—Auditor Disbursements, D. M. Barr; Freight Traffic, Charles A. McCrea; Maintenance of Way, J. L. Layton; Relief, R. H. Holt; Treasury, F. E. Fleck.

Physical department committee—H. B. Hauck, chairman.

Subcommittee of baseball—Charles E. Clay, chairman.

Elmwood F. C. won its third straight game by defeating Oakfield A. A. The former is open for games with eighteen to nineteen-year-old teams. Benjamin Miller, 1223 West Firth street.

FEDERAL EFFICIENCY

62% of Federal Sales Are Repeat Orders

The satisfying performance and substantial saving of the first Federal invariably sell "another Federal" and often an entire fleet.

If you have goods to deliver you'll find it pays to use

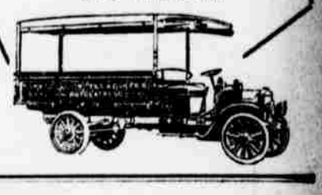
FEDERAL MOTOR TRUCKS

Capacities
1, 1½, 2, 2½, 3½, 5 tons

Federal Sales Co. of Phila.
2302 Chestnut Street

Day and Night Service Station
3426 Ludlow Street

One of the trucks sold to Hipple & Baker to conquer the hard "going" about Media.



RIPWOOD

Low enough in front to be comfortable, high enough in back to be correct in style. "Ripwood" is *the* collar for warm days.

E&W 15 cent Collars
EARL & WILSON
The best Style is your Style

It's toasted

LUCKY STRIKE
The real Burley Cigarette

YES, just the same as your delicious, brown, buttered-hot morning toast. The tobacco—it's toasted.

This toasting has given you the real Burley cigarette at last. Until now it couldn't be made; now the toasting holds the flavor and keeps the cigarette fresh.

Of course you'll want to smoke the real Burley cigarette—because it's Burley, *toasted*. Burley is "blame good" tobacco; and you smokers are *for* it.

Begin trying it today: Lucky Strike, the real Burley cigarette—it's toasted.

How to open the package
Tear off part of the top only as shown
Cigarettes in paper packages of 20 are carried more handily this way and keep better; less likely to spill into your pocket

20 for 10c

If your dealer does not carry them, send $1 for a carton of 10 packages to The American Tobacco Co., New York City

Guaranteed by The American Tobacco Co.

Our men will demonstrate to you how the tobacco is toasted