

DUNDEE, LIKE TERRY M'GOVERN, IS NOT IMMUNE TO KNOCKOUT, AND HISTORY MAY REPEAT

PROMISING BASEBALL TALENT IS QUITE AS OBTRUSIVE JUST NOW AS LOOSE TEN-DOLLAR GOLD PIECES

Stick Combers and Ivory Hunters Doing Swell Bankruptcy Business This Season—Dreyfuss Very Keen for the McGraw Chase

IT IS just as easy to pick up good ball players in the bushes these days as it is to gather \$10 gold pieces in City Hall square. The crop of high-class major league talent has been ruined for some reason or other and the species is becoming extinct. In fact, there are as many good players in the forest primeval as there are heavyweights in the boxing game, and there ain't no such animal as a baseball scout, sometimes referred to as an "ivory hunter," report a glaring scarcity of material in the sticks this season, and few of the boys from the lower ranks will climb into the big show next year. This is not the plaint of one man. Every bush comber in the big leagues is sore at the world and wonders how long he will hold his job.

Baseball scouts penetrate places in these United States that are not even on the county maps. Sometimes they need a compass and a guide, but if a player shows any kind of promise these guys will scale a few mountain ranges to take a look. At present Ed Wolf, scout for the Phillies, is "somewhere in America" observing embryonic talent, but no important discoveries have been made. Bobby Gilks, who is doing the Columbus act for the Yankees, returned recently empty-handed after a cruise to all parts of coast boasting professional ball clubs. Bobby says that a few of the future greats will bear watching, but the majority are so green that it would be a shame to pluck them from the bush. Joe Kelly is up in the Northwest looking over young Hollocher, the highly touted shortstop on the Portland club. Manager Walter McCredie says his star is as good as Bancroft, but Kelly thinks differently. At any rate, he did not think well enough of him to sign his name to a contract.

IT IS impossible to assign a reason for this lack of talent. Dopsters assert that the failure to pay salaries in the minor leagues has kept the promising players out of the game, and unless conditions change in the near future the game will suffer. Anyway, this lack of stellar athletes in the lower leagues is a good excuse for the poor showing of some of our large circuit clubs.

Phillies Take on Bender as Pinch Twirler

THE Phillies have been hot on the trail of a pitcher since the season opened, and as a last resort Chief Bender was signed to fill the gap. Bender is far from being a has-been, but it is seldom that an ancient guy like that is hired in the big show. Connie Mack grabbed Falkenberg because he seemed to be the best hurler in the American Association, and the same is true of Bender. He looks better than anything the scout has seen, so why not take a chance?

Some time ago it was announced that Grover Loudermilk, the human giraffe, was about to join our Phils, but that was as far as it got. Grover is going good in Columbus and the bugs down there believe that he is the best pitcher in the world. However, one cannot be too sure. Loudermilk was given a try-out with the St. Louis Browns a couple of years ago and was allowed to drift to Cleveland. There Lee Fohl took him in hand and tried hard to get him in shape. The pitcher had all kinds of "stuff" in practice, but when he stepped on the rubber and curved them at the foe his work was frightfully sad. He had what is termed a "rubber arm" and the elastic stuff drove him out of the league. A rubber arm is one which cannot be controlled. Louie let himself out only on rare occasions, and when he did the ball would go up into the press box as often as across the plate. He could give more bases on balls than any other pitcher living, and last year he was so wild that Fohl sent him to the Wild and Woolly-up in Portland. Here Loudermilk got off to a bad start and at the end of a week decided that he had enough. It is seldom that a ball player quits of his own accord, but the giraffe did that very thing. He canned himself after trying for five games to find the home plate, just to save trouble for the management.

ONE afternoon he walked the first six batters and looked toward the bench. There was no sign from McCredie, so Grover took off his glove and calmly strolled to the coop. There he shook hands with the boys and waved a farewell to the players on the field. That night he boarded a train for the East.

Jess Willard is Having Trouble With Former Unsilent Partners IT TOOK a lot of brains and scheming to boost Jess Willard from the ranks of the eighth-raters to the top of the pugilistic ladder, but it was done, and Mr. Willard profited greatly thereby. The lion's share of the work was done by Jack Curley, who furnished the brains, and his assistant, who came through occasionally with a scheme or two. It was Curley who traveled almost around the world to get Jack Johnson to consent to the championship battle in Havana, and it was he who arranged the little business details—if there were any. In other words, Big Jess owes his present rating in Dun and Bradstreet to his former managers, whom he canned recently because they took too much of the profits. Perhaps that was good business on Willard's part, but it savors strongly of Kaiser Wilhelmism. Perhaps Jess once read of Bill's actions when he invaded Belgium.

But the heavyweight champion circus owner is not yet out of the woods. His unsilent partners refuse to be canned and insist that the big bloke go through with his contract, which expires in September. If not, some \$20,000 must be handed out as heart balm, or something like that. Curley is using his brains again, and this time the courts have been asked to aid. An injunction was secured which will be heard on July 5, but Jack couldn't wait that long. He has attached the show in every town it plays and Willard is entangled in a legal mesh which is ruling his disposition. Curley says he will not allow the circus to leave New York State until he gets what is coming to him. Tamm Jones seconds the motion and, as they say at the camp, there are breakers ahead.

WILLARD has been making oodles of scads in the last three years. He is the world's champion fighting fighter and gets away with it. His income is more than \$250,000 a year, and of that he gets 80 per cent. He bought out Joe Weber and Harry Frazee soon after winning the title, and both Jones and Curley received 10 per cent each.

Dreyfuss Embraces Swell Chance to Start Something AS A real live "closed incident," the McGraw episode is entitled to the titles of patriotic championship. The only reason a trophy cup or belt is not forthcoming is that these little reminders of distinguished prowess are not in vogue the present season. The incident stands out against the world and simply won't emulate the lowly clam.

Whoever it was that penned that immortal couplet "Oh, what a tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive" said a whole mouthful, for the further along the thing goes the worse the tangle. It was alleged at first that everybody was to be satisfied, all parties involved—the league directors, McGraw, the New York authorities, other club owners, the league directors and the general public. This seemed to be true, but one insignificant detail was overlooked. The poor newspaper booby who had been raking McGraw's chestnuts out of the fire for years and who was expected to stand the limit for Muggsy turned just like a pet worm. They declined to accept the nomination, foolishly demanding the truth, had a little meeting expressing their feelings in the matter and put it up to the league officials to reopen the count.

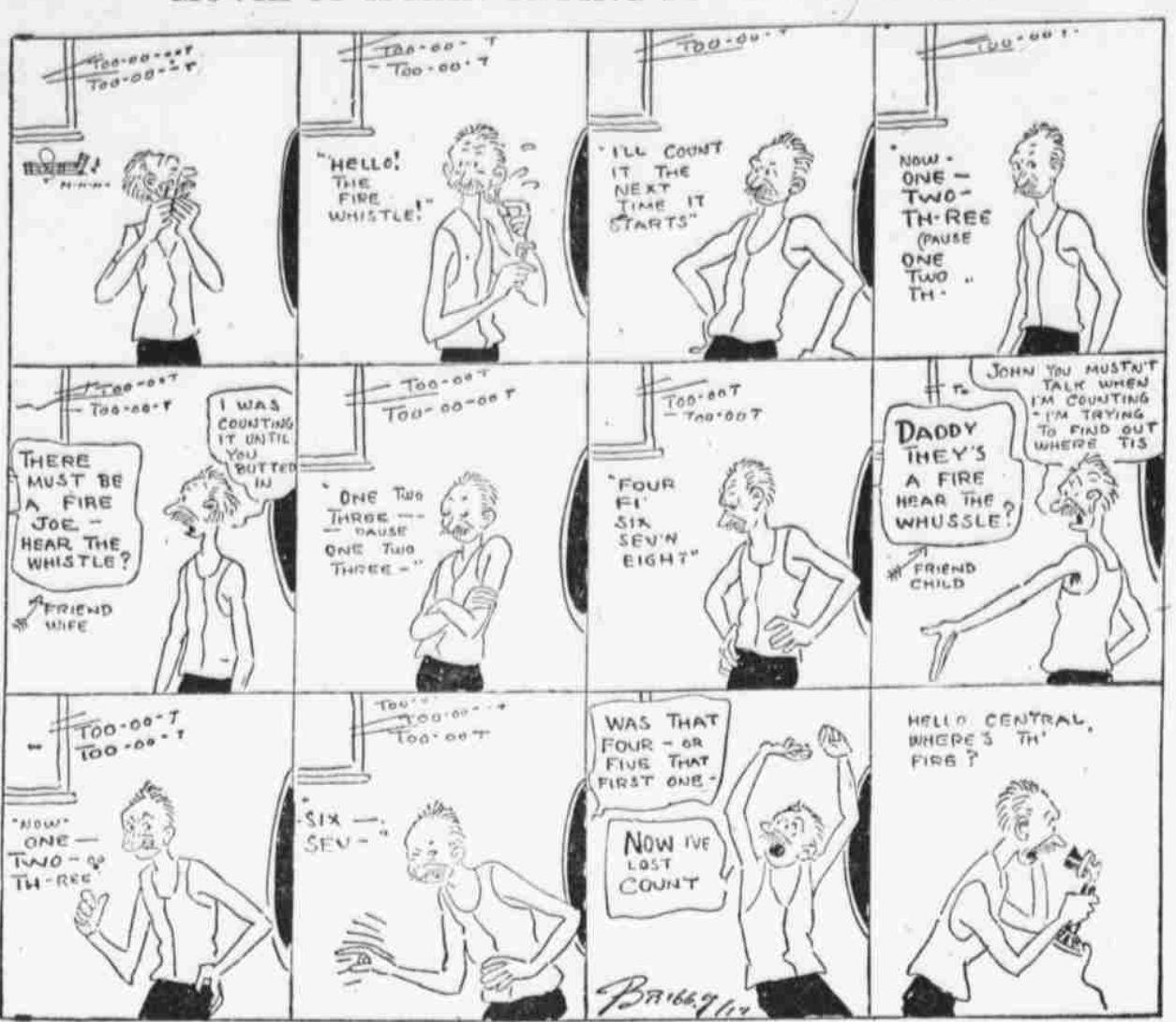
And here is where the plot fattens, or something like that. President Tener intimates that he also is looking for the truth, which strongly suggests a certain rehearsing; and Margate Barney Dreyfuss of Pittsburgh opines that he proposes to do some reopening if he has to use the shears or the trusty barlow. And there is much credence to be attached to the strongly expressed intention of the smoke-town mogul to start something. Mr. Dreyfuss detects signs of the psychological moment. He has long been hiding his little bulb under a bushel and he is disappointed generally, for the reason that everything has been breaking against him lately, including the gate receipts. He feels that he was eulogized in the Sieder deal; he had to swallow his pride, and cough up real money in the Wagner situation, and the managerial job has been hanging heavily on his constitution since Fred Clarke started to become a millionaire. Considered from the various angles of speculation, Mr. Dreyfuss may be stated to be sore, and he wants to stage a come-back in the general limelight. And here was the opportunity of a lifetime, his position doubtless being strengthened by the fact that the start of the McGraw-Tener fracas was made in Pittsburgh and reflected as much upon local scribbles who published the McGraw stuff as upon the New York contingent.

BARNIE is not overlooking the chance to again get back in the graces of the newspaper fraternity. Another angle to which discussion is to be noted in the Wagner report. Hans as manager would be the real re-enforcing card to the publicity play, causing Dreyfuss to become solid again with both the local papers and fans.

Reverse Dope in Phillies' Opening

HOW the dope may yield exactly opposite results was demonstrated yesterday by the fates of Rixey and Oeschger in the double-header in Brooklyn. The Dodgers have beaten Rixey a fair share of times. They never did seem to have much fear of the cracks of the Philadelphia pitching staff, and have probably knocked Alexander out of the box in the last three years more often than any other team in the league has performed that important feat. When they did not tremble at the name of Aleck they were worried by the thoughts of Rixey's southpaw slant. As for Oeschger, they considered him a mere bagatelle and would have bet ten to one they could beat him. As things turned out, Rixey was 4 for the Dodgers. They knocked him out of the box with nine hits in five innings and made all of his five runs off him. Oeschger, on the contrary, had been completely hypnotized. He gave six bases on balls and once walked enough men to fill all the bases, yet the Dodgers could do nothing with him. They made three miscellaneous and utterly useless hits, had six men left and never came near scoring. Such is life in the big leagues and the small.

MOVIE OF A MAN TRYING TO LOCATE A FIRE



SAME OLD STORY, COBB GETS HIS HIT

Tyrus, Hans Wagner, Stuffy and Zack Wheat Enjoy Another Good Day

Hans Wagner and Ty Cobb are going back after new records. The Pirates won a regular ball game yesterday. Detroit clocked a box score from the White Sox and the respective stars, Wagner and Cobb, helped out some. Hans had three hits on Wednesday and two yesterday. Cobb got one, and it made for Tyrus a record of having hit safely in twenty-five consecutive games. Stuffy McInnis did all he could to help the Johnson family settle the opener at Shibe villa, three hits being marked to his credit, but Walter gets credit for the victory—and victories look good to the big fellow at this time. Bancroft, for the Phils, had two hits in the second game and one in the first. Just to show the faithful that his four errors in the last home game was a mere slip of the cup, Davy handled twelve chances in the first stanza and only one got away from him.

Table with columns: AMERICAN LEAGUE, NATIONAL LEAGUE, G, AB, R, H, E. Lists statistics for various teams and players.

WAGNER WOULD REFUSE MANAGEMENT OF PIRATES

PITTSBURGH, Pa., June 29.—The talk of Hans Wagner for Jimmy Callahan's position of the Pittsburgh ball team in newspaper talk as yet, although it is known that Barney Dreyfuss is dissatisfied with the work of his manager, Hans Wagner said last night he would not take the place if it was offered to him, and Dreyfuss said the matter had not come to a head and there was nothing to give out. He said there had been no talk between him and Callahan as to a change, and did not know when there would be. However, the chances are there will be a change soon, as several of the local sporting editors are demanding Callahan's retirement.

DUGAN, OF HOLY CROSS, REPORTS TO MACK TODAY

Joe Dugan is the latest addition to Connie Mack's forces. He will be on the job this afternoon. Dugan is the Holy Cross second baseman after whom the scouts of several big league teams were seeking, only to find that Connie Mack had engaged Dugan's services some time last winter.

Baker Sets New Cycle Records CINCINNATI, June 29.—Erwin Baker, of Indianapolis, set a new cycle record today in a race, established what is claimed to be a new endurance record by covering a mile in 1:30. Baker's riding time was 22 hours 25 minutes. He made nineteen stops and altogether spent 4 hours and 24 minutes at the pits for gasoline and repairs. Baker is said also to be clearing a record for 600 miles by 1 hour 15 minutes and 30 seconds. His average time per hour was given as 87 1/2 miles.

Store Team to Meet Champions MacAndrews & Forbes, the recognized champions of Camden County, will play Strawbridge & Clothier on the latter's 8th, 9th and 10th streets, tomorrow afternoon. MacAndrews & Forbes won the championship of Camden and also the pennant in the Camden County League last year. Wentzel will be in the box, with Naughton behind the bat for MacAndrews & Forbes and Hartline or McKenty will pitch for Strawbridge & Clothier. Frank Krue or Loan behind the bat.

Amateur Baseball Games Beck Engraving baseball team would like to meet from any first-class team having grounds and a manager. Manager Earl has arranged to meet the Turner Field Club of Philadelphia.

Manayunk Profs has June 30 open for any first-class home team. H. Herbert, 4457 Main street. Philadelphia A. A. would like to hear from strictly first-class amateur teams having grounds and a manager. Write to H. Herbert, 4457 Main street.

Amble, of the Montgomery County League, will have an open date on their league schedule next Saturday, and Manager Earl has arranged to meet the Turner Field Club of Philadelphia.

Becker, Smith & Pore, of the Manufacturers' League, has July 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31 open for any first-class home team. Write to A. Schaefer, 1400 North Fifth street.

JACKSON WILL EMULATE CORBETT'S TWO KNOCKOUTS OVER M'GOVERN, IF DUNDEE IS HALTED AGAIN TONIGHT

Another Key for Willie Against Italian Star Would Prove Re-enactment of Double Defeat of Once Invincible "Terrible Terry"

By LOUIS H. JAFFE Being on a time there was a light-weight named Terry McGovern. He was a terrible person in the ring, thus his nom de guerre "Terrible Terry." "Terrible Terry" was invincible in the twenty-four-foot ring. Nobody could beat McGovern, and it was believed he would reign supreme until the end of time, but, lo, along came an unknown, William Rothwell by name, and under the guise of Johnny Corbett he knocked out the great terrible person. "Fluke!" was the cry, and to prove that McGovern was the fluke Corbett repeated the knockout victory shortly after. All of which leads up to tonight's contest between Johnny Dundee and Willie Jackson. This returns meeting after Jackson's one-round knockout over the Scotch Wop here several months ago, is almost parallel to that of the McGovern-Corbett episode. The psychology of Jackson's key is all in his favor, and if he succeeds in repeating the same potion, then Willie would prove another Corbett.

Deemed Punch-Proof Like "Terrible Terry" who was a rushing, smashing batter, Dundee, clever, fast, elusive, was deemed punch-proof. Until Jackson knocked out Old Man Dope and McGovern no one had even shaken up the Terrible One. It was virtually so with Dundee, although Johnny doesn't believe in proving how good he is by the toughness of his jawbone. Dundee was never caught flat-footed long enough to have any one crack his chin effectively. Then along came Willie, and presto! he massaged Dundee's jaw with a hefty wallop and Johnny flopped flat on his face, unconscious, completely knocked out—and history of the McGovern-Corbett first hot repeated.

Whether Jackson can put over a similar drama to the one enacted between McGovern and Corbett when Willie squares off with Dundee tonight, also in a repeater, remains to be seen. Dundee possesses a wallop that wouldn't so much as knock one's hat off, his only forte to avenge Jackson's smarting K. O. is to win on points. Going over to Jackson's camp, though, we find that his aim of sleep is no dream by any means. Didn't Willie knock out Benny Simler in twelve rounds? Wasn't Simler the same young man whom Benny Leonard was unable to drop off into slumber in as many rounds? So, if there is to be a knockout tonight, it won't be Jackson who will decorate the canvas. There is little chance of this dope going wrong, although stranger things have happened.

Boxing Well Jackson has been boxing well since he took his place before the spectators. Critics who recognized Willie only as a good second or third rater now are lauding him as a serious contender for Leonard's title. Jackson is placed on a pedestal with lightweight who should be considered dangerous by the new champ.

Both Jackson and Dundee are in great shape, down to their best fighting weight and each will be strong at the official ringside poundage, 133, according to a statement from New York today. It should be an interesting bout and a good one as long as it lasts, and no matter which man wins.

SCRAPS ABOUT SCRAPPERS Evening Ledger Decisions NEW YORK — Patsy Cline easily defeated Pansy Hommey. Jack Courtney outpointed Frankie Adams. Mike Orford won from Soldier Barthold.

LAWRENCE, MASS.—Al Badoud defeated Joe Egan.

Dick Curley has been assigned to a new job. He will make matches for the Empire A. C. He will be in charge of the bouts. Benny Leonard or Jim Coffey for his first bout.

Duke Dundee is a new Little Italy lightweight who hopes to emulate Johnny Dundee in the near future. He boxes Joe Lento Stinger-Harry Boris match, July 2. Frank Lento is matchmaker.

Battling Stinger is the latest comeback. After

RUNS SCORED BY MAJORS THIS WEEK AMERICAN LEAGUE

Table with columns: Team, Runs, Hits, Errors, etc. Lists statistics for various teams.

JOCK HUTCHINSON IS REAL HARD LUCK KID IN THE CANNY GAME THAT CAME FROM BONNY SCOTLAND

Nosed Out of Golf Honors Last Season By Outrageous Breaks—Mops Up Now and Doesn't Get Title, "Nor Nuthin'"

By GRANTLAND RICE The Recruit Those who only remember Robert W. Chambers by his present-day output in a novel way may have probably forgotten that he also wrote "The Recruit," quite applicable to the present situation. The first verse follows: See Corporal Madden to Private McFadden: "Bedad, yer a bad 'un! Now turn out yer 'un! Yer belt is unhooked! Yer cap is on crookit! Yer may not be drunk, But, be jabbers, ye look it! Wan—Two— Wan—Two— Ye monkey-faced devil, I'll jolly ye through! Time—Mark— Ye march like the eagle in Citheral Park!"

A GOOD part of it is in the break. Not all, but a husky section. Where class is fairly even it's the break that counts. There's Jock Hutchinson and golf. Jock last season was playing brilliantly all the year. In the open championship he led all pros by more than a stroke. He turned in the lowest score ever made in an open. But Chick Evans, an amateur, beat him to the wire.

In the professional championship later on he played with equal brilliancy. He should have won. But Jim Barnes nosed him out on the last putt. This season Hutchinson led the Whitmarsh open by a healthy margin. It was not even close. But this season they were awarded no championship. So here is Jock without a championship, despite some of the finest golf ever seen. Yet it has been whispered that Fate has nothing to do with it when the concluding showdown arrives.

Coaching a football team, managing a ball team or instructing a golfer is no jolly-coated endeavor. You might also ask some sergeant if he considers training recruits a hollow-jointed cinch. But when you ask him that be ready to duck.

The Best First Baseman When you open an argument that calls for naming the best first basemen in the game today you get four answers from various points of the compass. They are Stuffy McInnis, Wally Pipp, George Sliker and Hal Chase. These, to a certainty, are the four best. Chase is the premier in the National League, with the of or three back and no one in the American. It would be hard to find a more valuable first baseman than Walter Pipp is now.

In addition to being a brilliant infielder, he is the most timely batsman in the game. Last season he drove over more runs than any other player, not barrier Speaker and Cobb, who outbatted him 15 m eighty to 100 points. This season he is leading the league again as a run-driver. Yet who can place any man above Stuffy McInnis—a great infielder, a hard hitter and a batter—except even with a tall-end team? Stuffy certainly leads over the long count—for he carries an eight-year average around .315, and in that time no man has fielded the job with greater effect.

The Game's Variety Dear Sir—I don't see how a good golfer gets any fun out of the game. For where is the element of uncertainty or surprise—the greatest in sport? Evans or Kirby or Traverser know their ball is only going in one direction. Whereas I know mine can go in any one of four directions, and it is always a highly interesting moment to see just which of the four routes is taken. This mo-

UMP BYRON HAS RECORD FOR THROWIN' 'EM OUT

Has Chased More Players Than All Umpires of American League ST. LOUIS, June 29.—William Byron, the National League umpire who caused the suspension and firing of Manager McGraw, of the New York club, because McGraw knocked him down, has put more players out of the game this season than all of the other National League umpires combined.

MAULBETSCH, MICHIGAN STAR, SECRETLY WEDDED

HOLLAND, June 29.—John H. Maulbetsch, 1916 Michigan football captain, signed a contract for life when he led Miss Ida Elizabeth Cannon, of this city, to the altar. Although the marriage was solemnized in Greenville a month ago, announcements of the nuptials came to the bride's friends here today as a happy surprise. Mr. and Mrs. Maulbetsch will locate in East Okla., where Maulbetsch will hold a position as coach in athletics.

Advertisement for Newark Shoe Stores Co. featuring 5000 Pairs White & Palm Beach Canvas Oxfords. Includes images of shoes and text describing the quality and price of the footwear.