

ALL SALLEE HAD WAS AN AMIABLE DISPOSITION AND THE ABILITY TO TAKE PUNISHMENT

ROYAL DEANS FIGURE SOX VICTORY WAS KEROSENE CIRCUIT PLAYING PULLED ON BIG-TIME AUDIENCE

Had There Been a Referee on the Scene Saturday He Would Probably Have Given His Decision by Mail—Umpires Are Used to It

HAD Johnny Kilbane staggered to his feet in the third round of that memorable fight in Shibe Park last summer, and in a final desperate rally hit Benny Leonard on the jaw and knocked him into the left field bleachers for a home run, it would not have been one-half so amazing, startling or surprising as the outcome of the game between the White Sox and the Giants in Chicago on Saturday.

POST-MORTEMs are necessary in a case like this, but nothing can change the final verdict. It was the worst ball game ever played in a world series and both teams should have been taken out and shot at sunrise.

McGraw Elected to Merkle Club

THE big figure which looms on the horizon today is none other than John Jay McGraw himself, who was unanimously elected to the Merkle-Snodgrass-John Anderson League after his valiant efforts in that fifth game.

All he did was to lose for New York when he stood out there and allowed Harry Scatter, alias Slim Saltee, take a grueling beating without answering his signals of distress.

McGraw evidently decided to make him another Joe Grim, and succeeded. Joe never went through a battle like that one. On four different occasions Muggsy could have tossed in the sponge, but his arms apparently were tied behind his back.

In the first inning there were three on base and Felsch up to bat, but Slim was allowed to pitch himself out of the hole. A run was scored in the third when Felsch almost knocked the ball into the bleachers, and in the fifth it was apparent that the slender person was weakening fast.

It is unusual for the Giants to set up a ball game and then proceed to toss it away. There was no excuse for losing on Saturday, but we must give credit to the White Sox for pulling it out of the fire.

Free-for-All Not Unlikely

IT WOULD not be at all surprising to see one of the games break up in a free-for-all fight between the players. Considerable ill-feeling has been shown and on several occasions the men were on the verge of flying at each other's throats.

In five games the Giants showed that they are star players, but each man is not working for the team. He wants all of the individual glory he can get and is working for it. Herzog wants to outshine Eddie Collins, Kauff is anxious to make a better showing than Felsch; Fletcher's ego thought is to outshine Weaver, and all down the line.

THE game was played in ideal football weather and in some respects resembled the gridiron sport. The White Sox made several drop-kicks and goals from the field, while fumbles were quite frequent.

Today Big Day for Giants

THE seventh game will be played on the Polo Grounds on Wednesday. The day intervening will be used to sell tickets to the howling mob if they get up early enough to attend the sale.

Rowland has decided to use Claude Williams this afternoon, although he reserves the right to change his mind at the last minute.

He was baptized under fire on Saturday and this experience is deemed enough to nominate him today. Williams was captured out in Salt Lake City when he twirled on the same team with Paul Fitterly last year.

THE Deans congratulated themselves last night when the commuting train between Chicago and New York ended. They have traveled more than 4000 miles in a week and, after spending so many nights in stuffy berths, the Deans feel like sardines.

ROBERT W. MAXWELL

THE DAYS OF REAL SPORT



WHEN WORK WAS A PLEASURE

WEE WILLIE MEEHAN GETS BACK INTO LOCAL COLOR BY MEETING JACK DILLON AT THE OLYMPIA

Fat Fellow From Frisco, Famed for Furious Fighting, Framed for Furious Fracas—No Cinch Tonight for Eugene Christopher Walcott

By LOUIS H. JAFFE

WEE WILLIE MEEHAN, fat, top-sided, funny and larruping, will show as much grace as a three-legged elephant when he waddles his way back into Philly's fistic limelight at the Olympia tonight.

When Muggsy Taylor got the tip that a New York promoter wanted Tillman for a bout with Ted-Kid Lewis, and it was a good tip, too, while negotiations for a Tillman-Lewis bout were going on, Taylor could see no other bouts, and for that reason other offers were thrown into the basket.

Dillon a Fierce Fighter

Dillon has a serious-looking face when in the ring, and he is serious. He looks as if he means every punch, and he does. If Dillon can knock out Meehan with the first punch out of the box he will. So the large crowd that is to receive their large and welcome guest are to see a regular battle, rather than a comedy performance.

Meehan is not to have a pink tea by any means. While Willie is serving Dillon with punches in his clever, clumsy and clownish way, the Fat Boy will have to be on a sharp lookout for Jack's sharp-shooting shots. It's not to be a punching party on the part of only one participant.

Good Test for Meehan

A victory for Meehan remains in his unbelievable cleverness to outpoint Dillon. While he isn't a high-class pugilist, he does carry a clout hard enough to topple the Indianaopolis Cavenham.

SOCIETY NOTE—Mrs. Eugene Christopher Walcott, of San Francisco, will be among those present at the Olympia tonight. It will be remembered that Mrs. Walcott was a strict believer of the then popular color line.

Return of the Dusky Flash

UPTON about two years ago a flash like a comet from a clear sky scintillated out of the northeastern section of the city every once in a while and emblazoned the local battle horizon.

Tommy Reilly is one person who cannot be convinced that had it not been for Brown's color the negro would have had the same pugilistic rating as Joe Walcott, Joe Gans, George Dixon and Jack Johnson.

LAST fall Brown didn't thrive so well in the ring; whether he had gone back or was rusty because of lack of competition, anyone who has seen him in the ring will admit.

McNamara Wins 25-Mile Race

ROBERT F. McNamara had a big day at the Volo, Wis., 25-mile race on Saturday. He won the race in 1 hour, 10 minutes and 15 seconds.

HOW TO PLAY GOLF

When I was caddie at the Old Edge-water Golf Club one of my most cherished treasures was a Vardon Flyer. It was an old gutta ball and I used it principally for bouncing, for in those days I did not play a great deal.



CHARLES EVANS

once played a match with Vardon and had beaten him on one eighteen hole. So it appeared that from the very beginning of my golf playing I acquired a great respect for the name of Harry Vardon.

Vardon Grip Popular

Years passed and Harry Vardon won more championships. The Vardon grip became famous and was largely copied, but I regret to say that I was one of the few who did not try to copy it.

PLAY FOR THAYER CUP TOMORROW

Thirty-six-Hole Medal Golf Event at Wilmington Country Club

WILL END WEDNESDAY

The play for the Mary Thayer Farmum Memorial Cup will begin on the golf course at the Wilmington Country Club tomorrow, and will continue Wednesday.

In addition to the cup, there will be prizes for the best net score for thirty-six holes, the best choice net score and the best choice gross score.

9:55—Mrs. J. W. Lucas, Philadelphia Country; Miss Marion Cresswell, Riverton, C. C.

10:00—Mrs. C. F. Milton, Herold, Philmont Country Club; Mrs. M. B. Turner, Springhaven; Mrs. E. V. Murphy, Aronimink.

10:05—Mrs. W. S. Hillis, Wilmington Country Club; Mrs. H. B. Barlow, Merion Cricket Club; Mrs. H. G. Steison, Huntingdon Valley Country Club; Mrs. J. W. Turnball, Whitemarsh Valley Country Club; Mrs. J. Aronimink, Merion Cricket Club; Mrs. W. S. Hillis, Wilmington Country Club; Mrs. M. B. Turner, Springhaven; Mrs. E. V. Murphy, Aronimink.

10:10—Miss Mary L. Griffith, Lansdowne Country Club; Miss E. Draper, Wilmington Country Club; Miss M. F. Shiple, Bon Air Country Club; Mrs. J. Parker, Wilmington Country Club; Mrs. H. G. Steison, Huntingdon Valley Country Club; Mrs. J. W. Turnball, Whitemarsh Valley Country Club; Mrs. J. Aronimink, Merion Cricket Club; Mrs. W. S. Hillis, Wilmington Country Club; Mrs. M. B. Turner, Springhaven; Mrs. E. V. Murphy, Aronimink.

10:15—Mrs. W. H. Johnson, Merion Country Club; Mrs. M. B. Turner, Springhaven; Mrs. A. P. Damon, J. Springhaven Country Club; Mrs. J. W. Turnball, Whitemarsh Valley Country Club; Mrs. J. Aronimink, Merion Cricket Club; Mrs. W. S. Hillis, Wilmington Country Club; Mrs. M. B. Turner, Springhaven; Mrs. E. V. Murphy, Aronimink.

11:20—Miss Frances M. W. Merion Cricket Club; Mrs. C. Collins, Wilmington Country Club; Mrs. H. B. Barlow, Merion Cricket Club; Mrs. H. G. Steison, Huntingdon Valley Country Club; Mrs. J. W. Turnball, Whitemarsh Valley Country Club; Mrs. J. Aronimink, Merion Cricket Club; Mrs. W. S. Hillis, Wilmington Country Club; Mrs. M. B. Turner, Springhaven; Mrs. E. V. Murphy, Aronimink.

11:25—Miss Frances M. W. Merion Cricket Club; Mrs. C. Collins, Wilmington Country Club; Mrs. H. B. Barlow, Merion Cricket Club; Mrs. H. G. Steison, Huntingdon Valley Country Club; Mrs. J. W. Turnball, Whitemarsh Valley Country Club; Mrs. J. Aronimink, Merion Cricket Club; Mrs. W. S. Hillis, Wilmington Country Club; Mrs. M. B. Turner, Springhaven; Mrs. E. V. Murphy, Aronimink.

11:30—Mrs. T. W. Campbell, Wilmington Country Club; Mrs. J. Aronimink, Merion Cricket Club; Mrs. W. S. Hillis, Wilmington Country Club; Mrs. M. B. Turner, Springhaven; Mrs. E. V. Murphy, Aronimink.

11:35—Mrs. W. H. Johnson, Merion Country Club; Mrs. M. B. Turner, Springhaven; Mrs. A. P. Damon, J. Springhaven Country Club; Mrs. J. W. Turnball, Whitemarsh Valley Country Club; Mrs. J. Aronimink, Merion Cricket Club; Mrs. W. S. Hillis, Wilmington Country Club; Mrs. M. B. Turner, Springhaven; Mrs. E. V. Murphy, Aronimink.

GIANTS, AGAIN FORCED TO WALL, PREPARE FOR STRENUOUS BATTLE WITH GENERAL ROWLAND'S PETS

Victory for White Sox in Sixth Game on Polo Grounds Today Would Decide 1917 World's Series in Favor of American League

By GRANTLAND RICE

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THE raw fury of that fifth world series game in Chicago died down a trifle on the long drift eastward as the rival athletes sought repose on different terrain. But, judging conditions by the average aspect of Saturday's battle, it is almost certain to break out at the Polo Grounds this afternoon, when Rube Benton and Red Faber meet head on in the sixth clash of the Big-Ten war.

As the series now stands 3 to 2, with Chicago predominating, the mathematics of the case are simple enough. The Sox need but one more victory to finish on top of the Main Peak, while the Giants need two in a row.

THE SOX expect to win now within six games. But they expected less than a week ago, on their first eastern jaunt, to win in four games, or maybe five. Great expectations are not always to be cashed at the Bank of Fact.

AS CONDITIONS rest at present before the sixth game the dope unfurls about as follows in behalf of both clubs:

FOR CHICAGO—The Sox carry a decided advantage in having only one more game to win. If Faber falls to overwhelm Benton on Monday, Cloutte, with a three day rest, will be ready to go after Schupp on Tuesday—a twelve-year veteran and against a youngster in one of the most important and highly critical ball games ever played. The Sox also report that they have nailed in the second start virtually every pitcher this season who stopped them in the first encounter.

NEITHER CLUB HAS LOST ON HOME LOT

FOR NEW YORK—The Giants are banking on the dope running true to its finish, that no ball club in the series has lost a game at home. They further add that the records show that the Sox have played badly at the Polo Grounds all year, even against the sixth-place Yankees, and that out of thirteen starts since May they have won only four games.

GIANTS CHOICE TODAY, EITHER TEAM TOMORROW

IF YOU care to examine the statistics you will also come upon these salient facts: In the five games played the Sox have scored 17 runs and the Giants 10. The Sox have made 47 hits and the Giants 45; the Sox have made 11 errors and the Giants 8.

ON THE journey eastward with the White Sox the main talk of the day was that fifth game upheaval. The Sox all state that it was easy to see that Saltee, a warm weather pitcher, working on a cold, raw day, was not right from the start.

THE main matter for the moment comes down to a test between Rube Benton and Red Faber, who will meet this afternoon. Rube will be there with a shut-out to remember, and a raving, rabid crowd to back him up.

SOX HAVE NO EASY TASK BEFORE THEM

FABER in his two starts has pitched only good, average ball—nothing certain to roar about. Unless the Sox tear out Benton and hit him with savage consistency, they will have a hard time winning, for the series has now reached a point where a run or two means very little.

THE two clubs are at such high tension after these first five games that it is now, in addition to the pitching, largely a matter of club and individual gamesmanship against the test. The next two battles, if both are played, are going to be young wars—about as close as you can get to the real article this far away from Flinders, Ypres and Verdun.

There Are Three Heroes at the Bat

THE main batting battle of the series is now a three-cornered affair among Dave Robertson and Bill Hardien, of the Giants, with Eddie Collins, of the Sox. These three have been peeling the hide off the ball game after game.

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Advertisement for 'An outdoor favorite because it burns right' featuring a pocket knife and the brand name 'Henrietta ADMIRALS'. Price: 10¢ straight. Eisenlohr's Masterpiece.