

**NOTHING TEMPERAMENTAL ABOUT BILLY KELLY—HE'S AS GOOD IN RAIN AS HE IS IN SUNSHINE**

**BILLY KELLY WADES TO VICTORY THROUGH THE RAIN AND MUD**

**Captures Harford Handicap at Havre de Grace After Getting Off to Bad Start—Sets Own Pace and Out-classes Field in First Appearance as 3-Year-Old**

By ROBERT W. MAXWELL, Sports Editor Evening Public Ledger Copyright 1919, by Public Ledger Co.

Havre de Grace, Md., April 17.—**BILLY KELLY** won a boss race down here yesterday because he was Billy Kelly and you can't keep a good horse down. Class always tells, and Billy proved himself one of the classiest performers on the track when, virtually alone and unaided, he romped off with the Harford Handicap, running away from the field like Eddie Collins beating Heinie Zimmerman to the home-plate. Earl Sando was on the job to pilot the black gelding through five and one-half furlongs of slush, but the noted jockey was utterly superfluous. He was covered with mud, which caked in his eyes, nose and mouth, and had all he could do to keep his seat. Billy Kelly set his own pace, ran his own race and came through with his first victory of the year. It also was his first appearance as a three-year-old.

The race was run under terrible weather conditions. The worst time of the afternoon was selected, for the sky cracked in every moist, vulnerable spot, and the rain came down like Niagara Falls on a busy day. The track was a soft, soggy, sticky slime, and the horses just waded through the mire. Up in the grand stand the spectators, huddled close together to escape the curtain of water which was blown upon them by every vagrant gust of wind, silently peered through the semi-gloom, listened to the noisy pattering of rain-drops on the tin roof and wondered what was about to happen. It almost was impossible to see the start of the big race across the field.

Low hanging, heavy dark clouds began to gather before the race was called, and there was a sort of subdued silence instead of cheers when the thoroughbreds paraded in front of the stand. A vivid flash of lightning raced across the sky in the east, and was followed by a crackling peal of thunder which reverberated among the hills. A short distance from the home-stretch a standing locomotive belched dense clouds of heavy smoke, which hung like an impenetrable fog on that section of the track.

Then came the rain. It wasn't an ordinary storm, but a veritable cloudburst. The water seemed to be coming down in sheets and across the track waded vague, indistinct shapes which were recognized as horses and jockeys, because the spectators knew they were there. One jockey fell off his mount, but no one knew who it was. It was like gazing through a swirling, filmy curtain and guessing what was going on.

**Doctor Johnson and Jack Hare Take the Lead**

The fallen jockey regained his seat and the now bedraggled steeds lined up at the start. There was an air of intense excitement in the grand stand; loud talking and a few cheers were heard, but another flash of lightning with the accompanying reverberating thunder cast an unnatural lull in the throng. An eagle-eyed veteran stoically peered through his field-glasses and it was he who shouted "They're off!" These two sharp words made several nervous spectators jump.

"Doctor Johnson is off in front," chanted the veteran in a droning voice. "If he were talking to himself, 'The pace is too fast and utterly foolish—T-T-T-T-T' foolish, Jack Hare is creeping up, but he will blow in the stretch. What are those folks thinking about? This isn't a selling race, they should—hey! Pickwick is coming out in front. He's—"

"How about that Kelly boss?" interrupted one of the listeners excitedly. "Ain't Billy Kelly entered in this race? Was he left at the post? Look closely! Ain't he even CLOSE to the leader?"

"Pickwick is closing the gap," drooned the veteran, ignoring the questioner and still gazing through his binoculars. "Doctor Johnson is tiring and Jack Hare will be lucky if he is able to walk under the wire some time tomorrow. Something funny about this race."

Then the horses rounded the turn to enter the home stretch. The torrential rain continued and the animals and riders assumed grotesque shapes as they began the final sprint. Suddenly a horse came from somewhere in the rear, shot through an opening and splashed through the mud at a furious rate. For a time no one was certain who it was, but as it approached the wire the black and orange colors of the Ross stable could be distinguished.

"Billy Kelly!" roared the crowd. "Kelly! Kelly! KELLY!"

Thousands held tickets on the popular gelding and he proved a safe investment. Sando did not use the whip—it was not necessary. Billy knew what he was supposed to do and he did it. Pickwick made a feeble effort to dispute the lead, but fell back, plodded along and took second place from Charlie Leydecker, while Doctor Johnson and Jack Hare flopped hopelessly in the rear.

**SHORT** distance from the wire Billy Kelly put on an extra burst of speed, waded from force of habit but anything else, and the crowd went wild. All of the post-up feelings were turned loose and the victor was greeted like a winner of the Kentucky Derby.

All of this happened in one minute eight and two-fifths seconds!

**Sando's Face Was Smeared With Mud**

After the judges recognized the winner, the horses had been led to the stables and Sando had washed the mud off his face, the jockey turned to a friend and said:

"I don't know what happened in that race until we were turning into the home stretch. When the barrier dropped some one was in front, and the first thing I knew a flying cloud of soft mud hit me squarely in the face. I didn't expect it and some of it got in my eyes. All I could do was stick in the saddle and let Billy Kelly go it alone. I knew I was behind because the mud from the horses' hoofs continued to fly in my face, and it was not until I wiped my eyes on a dry spot on my sleeve that I could see what was going on."

"We were rounding the back turn and I leaned forward on Billy's neck. As we swept into the stretch I looked for an opening to shoot through, but was mighty careful, because I remembered what had happened to poor Robinson last week. Suddenly the leading horses swerved and there was a hole big enough to drive a truck through. Billy saw it, too, and was through like a flash. From then on I knew we had the race won, for no one in the bunch was good enough to give us any trouble. I didn't use the whip because Billy didn't need it."

Pickwick was the second choice on the pari mutuels and ran according to form. The wise ones figured him on his past performances, but some played a well-defined bluff—whatever that is.

Before the race Jimmy Isaminger studied his program and became excited when he saw Pickwick's name. "Pickwick, B. G. Garry Hermann-Zoola, he read. That means this horse is a son of another horse named Garry Hermann. Last week Garry Hermann finished second in the Baltimore 'Tods' suit, and for that reason Pickwick should finish second in this race. Let's put up the bankroll!"

**THE** bankroll was teetered and we were much obliged for the lunch. Pickwick finished second and paid \$270. The last two figures represent our combined winnings for the day.

**Outsider Grabs First Race and Pays Big Money**

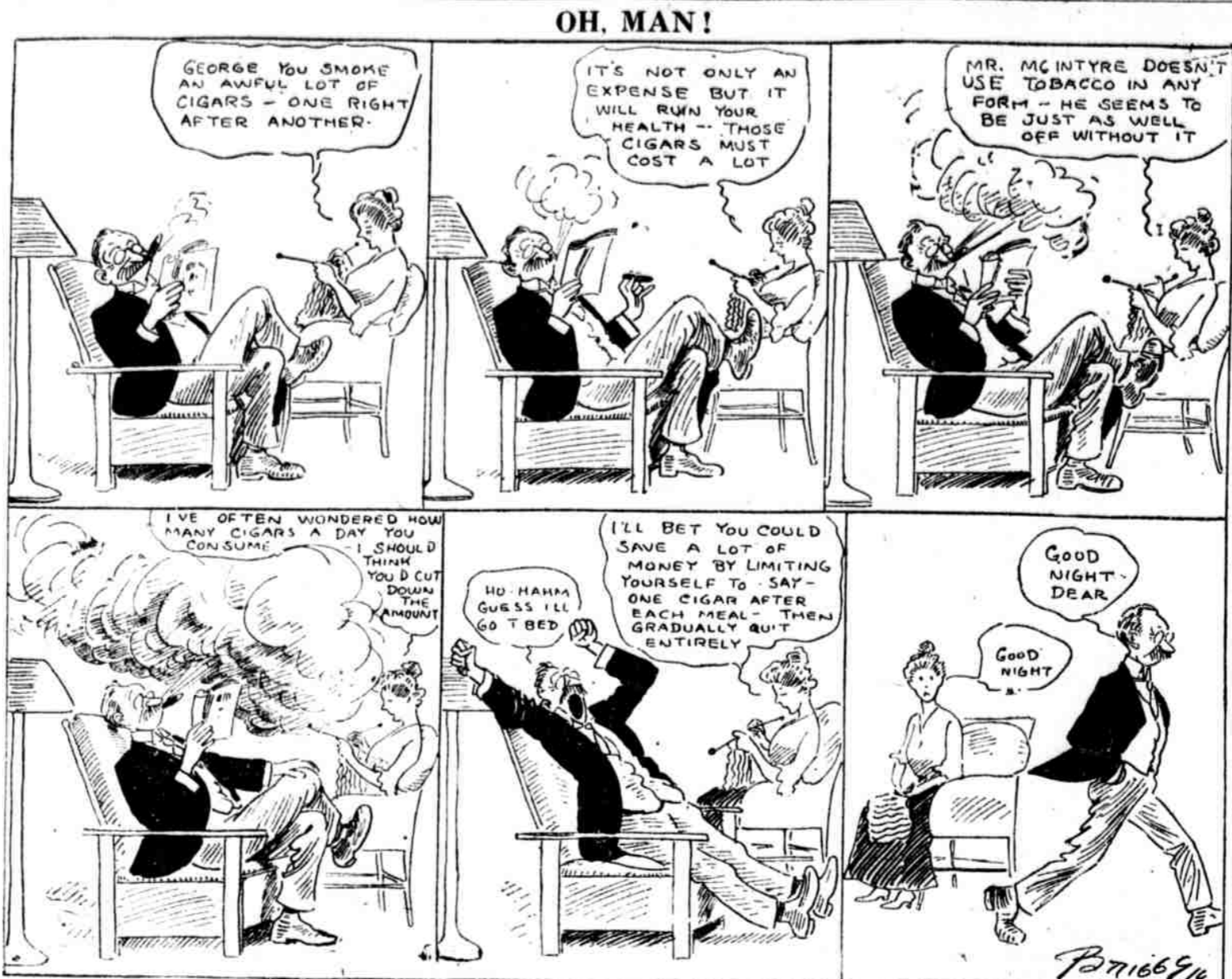
FORM players took the count in the opening event when Peter Combs romped home all alone as if the stragglers in the rear were not fit company for a respectable horse. Pete evidently was overlooked by the talent, for his price was \$41.80, which is good even for a rainy day. According to gossip in the clubhouse the result was a surprise, for Jockey Loftus was supposed to ride him. Loftus, who has been reinstated, will not be permitted to do any riding at this meeting and Nolan was given the mount. The substitute was not expected to win, and put over one of those well-known surprises.

Dottie Vandiver grabbed the second race with little difficulty, but a boss named Peasant horned into third place and paid the modest sum of \$45.70 on every pair of bucks. Thornbloom breezed in ahead of the gang in the third, but the big stiff came off in event No. 4.

Anackassin was a red-hot tip and the clever persons were on him with everything but the family jewels. He stepped out in front and could have been running backward. Star Realm, a spurious selection handed us by Mr. Isaminger, managed to finish second, but that caused no happiness in our set. The other races were perfectly satisfactory. Holders of the winning tickets ate the best horses won.

The crowd was fair for such a bum day and the usual pleasant time was had by all. Freddy Ford was the exception, and we found him leaning against the inside rail—of the track sympathizing with himself. He had picked everything but winners, but still had confidence in his system.

"THERE'S only one sport for me," he said sadly. "Ever see a mate race? The price isn't given to the winner, but to the loser. Everybody else's money goes to the winner, but to me, no one should get a GOOD run for my money."



**STANLEY PEARSON BEATS TEVIS HUHN**

National Champion Wins First Round Match in Racquet Club Tourney

SCORES 15-11, 15-7, 15-10

Stanley W. Pearson, the national squash racquet champion, defeated Tevis Huhn in the first round of the Philadelphia Racquet Club squash championship yesterday in straight games. The scores do not tell the story, for all three matches were closely contested, Pearson winning eventually by 15-11, 15-7 and 15-10.

Naturally, playing against the national champion, the interstate title-holder and the Germantown Cricket Club champion, it was not expected that Huhn would win, as it was the first time that he had played against the national star.

Squash critics who saw him play yesterday predict that he has great possibilities and that one of these days may be the national champion. He plays very fast and shows excellent judgment in his play. The rallies were very long and many of the returns on the part of both players were brilliant.

There were times in the first set when it looked as if the eighteen-year-old youngster would win, but the national champion always had the set in his own hands. He congratulated Huhn on his play, and everything considered Huhn did exceptionally well.

**MARATHON GOLFER KNIGHT MAY ATTEMPT TO PLAY SEVEN SEPARATE LINKS IN ONE DAY**

Merion's Two Courses, St. David's, Overbrook, Bala, Phila., C. C. and Lansdowne Offered as Novel Test

By PETER PUTER

THE fact that Fred W. Knight played eight rounds of golf in one day over the difficult Whitmarsh course in an average of slightly more than 80 and the first seven rounds in three strokes over St. David's convinced golfers that he easily can play seven consecutive rounds in 85 or under.

It must be remembered that the first and second rounds found him playing over fairways and greens coated with frost and then water-soaked greens, that he started entirely too early in the day, before the grass is properly knitted and over ground which was so heavy that there was no run to the ball after it struck and that, all in all, the weather conditions were anything but favorable.

A month from now everything will be perfect, and it is certain that at least two of those rounds, and possibly more, will be under 80.

**Separate Courses**

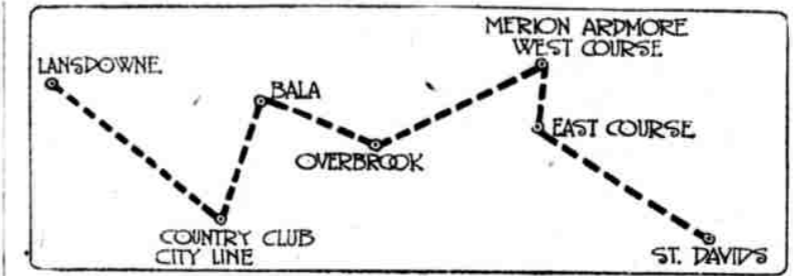
Some one has suggested a variation of the plan to play seven separate and distinct courses in the same day. His average for the eight rounds at Whitmarsh was about one hour and twenty-five minutes. Allowing about a half hour to get from one course to another, it is believed that he cannot

only play seven rounds but perform with about fourteen hours of play.

Under these conditions it would be necessary to start about the same time as he did at Whitmarsh, but a month from today the sun will have been up a full hour by 6:10. Here is a schedule that I would offer:

Start at St. David's at 6:10, play the east course at 8:10, the west course at 10, Overbrook at 11, Bala at 12, the Philadelphia Country Club at 2, and wind up the day at the public course at Cobbs Creek or the Country Club of Lansdowne.

In view of the congested play at Cobbs Creek and the hilly character of the course, it would be better to play at Lansdowne.



**Conveniently Located**

These courses are selected as they are conveniently located to each other and it is easy to get from one to another. Taking any other section of Philadelphia or vicinity and the distance between the clubs is greater. One thing that would not militate against him would be that he has played all these courses and this is particularly true of St. David's, the east course at Merion, Overbrook and Bala.

Recently he played either four or five consecutive rounds at St. David's in a fraction over 82. Of the seven courses all but Overbrook, Bala and Lansdowne are eighteen-hole affairs. Of the entire lot the hardest is the east course at Merion. He ought to be able to register low scores at St. David's, Overbrook and Lansdowne particularly.

**Some Walker**

Edwards has written Knight a letter of congratulation. Years ago when we all rode bicycles he was a frequent rider in the old century runs and there was hardly one that he missed. Later he became a long distance golfer and through the winter just ended he became a long distance walker. He frequently has walked thirty-five miles a day and in some cases more.

**HAVARD GOLF DATES**

**Ten Matches on Crimson Schedule, Play Penn**

Cambridge, Mass., April 17.—Ten events are included in the Harvard University golf schedule announced today. The list follows:

April 22, Wollaston C. C. at Wollaston; 24, Woodland at Newton; 30, Brae Burn at Newton; May 7, Williams at Springfield; 14, Dartmouth at Boston; 21, Georgia Tech. at Boston; 28, Albemarle at Swanton; Princeton at New York; 24, Pennsylvania at New York; June 3, Yale at Providence.

**Links Familiar**

A little familiarity with the west coast at Merion ought to enable him to play in the low eighties there, while the Country Club and Bala, both of which he frequently has played, should give him no trouble. The only real hard course he has on the schedule is Merion's east course, over which the last national championship was played. I stated a few days ago that the

**Entire Annapolis Crew Found to Be Eligible**

Annapolis, Md., April 17.—Gloom at the Naval Academy over the announcement Tuesday that three of the first eight and two of the fourth class would not be allowed to row Saturday in the race against Harvard and Princeton on account of scholastic conditions was turned to joy yesterday when a careful investigation of their record for the term showed that they were just within the limit. Under the circumstances, the order was abrogated, with a warning to all midshipmen engaged in athletics that they must keep up their work.

**McGRAW'S VENERABLE INFELD QUARTET**



The oldest infield in the majors. Left to right—Larry Doyle, 33; Arthur Fletcher, 35; Heinie Zimmerman, 31; Hal Chase, 36. The Giants will depend upon these veterans to stop opposing hitters.

**WITH YOUTH ABSENT, M'GRAW MUST COUNT UPON HIS VETERANS**

**Kauff and Young Only Giant Youngsters on List of Regulars, and if Uncertain Pitching Staff Fails New York Prospects Look Bad**

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No. 2—The New York Giants

THERE was a day when McGraw knew one main slogan—this was speed and aggressiveness in attack.

Today—mainly because there has been a sudden lull in the development of baseball youth—he has veered around to collecting the best array of veterans he could find, with only a few youngsters attached.

THOSE who care to make a close study upon the inroads of time will have an interesting subject at hand this season in the Giants

**The Veteran Infield**

THE Giant infield alone is one of the most interesting studies of the year, whether you happen to be an ingrowing fan or not.

There is Chase at first—thirty-six years old—facing his fifteenth campaign as a major leaguer.

There is Doyle at second—well beyond thirty—upon the edge of his eleventh season.

There is Fletcher at short—around thirty-three—going into action for his ninth campaign.

And there is Heinie Zimmerman, a star back in Chance's day, thirty-four years ago and another ten-year veteran of the main corral.

No club in modern history ever faced a season with an infield of this type.

And yet the remarkable feature is that, so far as the April returns might indicate, none of this veteran quartet has lost any noticeable amount of his old speed. Chase looks to be at his best—wiry, fast, alert, ready in every way for the test.

We recall Doyle and Fletcher around second and short as we remember them back in the big flag drive of 1911—a matter of eight years ago. They look as fast today as they looked then—with the same hustling, aggressive style of play. Zimmerman hasn't yet reached his top form, but the big third baseman will almost surely have one of his best years.

THIS infield won't show anything like the defensive steadiness of the Red Sox. But it will carry greater power on attack.

**The All-Star Outfield**

THE Giant outfield is the main strength of the club. It should be, if form carries through to a finish, the most valuable outfield in the game.

In Burns, Kauff and Young it has three .300 hitters, three men who are fast and sure, three fine base-runners—a combination equally strong upon defense and offense—one that can throw, run, bat and field.

George Burns always has been a top-liner, despite his quiet, almost retiring ways.

Benny Kauff is one of the few far-heralded phenoms who came through at top speed and more than made good.

Ross Young gives promise of reaching greatness—one of those rare birds who occasionally come along to pick up where the Cobbs and Speakers left off.

HE SHOULD bat .320 or better this year and rank with his two mates in every other line.

**The Main Problem**

THE main Giant problem is a matter of pitching—one of the most important of them all.

Without good pitching no ball club can ever win a flag. The Tigers have proved that from one year to another with a strong defensive club and one able to go out and collect a crop of five runs to the game through a season's average.

And there are now too many "ifs" surrounding the Giant pitching staff to cheer up the Manhattan fan.

McGraw has Schupp, Barnes, Benton, Causey and Winters to bank on. Barnes and Benton can be counted on to carry their share of the burden. Schupp is one of the great left-handers of the game—provided he can go the distance. Causey is a steady youngster, but as yet no developed star. Winters gives fine promise—but has yet to face the main test.

Given good pitching, McGraw has enough stuff to win. But without good pitching he never will lead off a Cub machine headed by Alexander and Vaughn.

IT IS here we bump into the various "ifs"—

IF Schupp is right again for a year's drive—

IF Young returns in time and in form—

IF Winters lives up to early promise—

But there is no particular IF attached to Grover Alexander and to Jim Vaughn—and not much of an IF tied to Tyler.

**The Round-Up**

IN THE final round-up we can say that McGraw has a powerful machine that still depends upon good pitching to arrive.

He will not require any spectacular pitching—a steady, dependable variety will be enough.

He has a club that can go out and get three or four runs a game. He has a club almost the opposite of the Red Sox—one where the attack predominates and where the defensive strength is the one uncertain element.

But he will have an interesting club to watch—one that will be replete with color and dash, and one that with good pitching may raise the well-known dilemma from the start.

But in this game you've got to have the pitching to win. And no one ever will know until the season is swinging well along just what pitching this McGraw machine can look to along the summer line of march.

He has three men who have led the National League at bat in Chase, Zimmerman and Doyle. He has seven regulars who have batted .300 or better at various times of their career. He has the punch.

THE rest of it will be issued in pamphlet or bulletin form later when the final reply arrives concerning Toney and Schupp.

**SCRAPS ABOUT SCRAPPERS**

**CAL DELANEY**, the Cleveland lightweight, will make his Philadelphia debut when he takes on Joe Phillips in the semi-windup to the Kilbane-Mahoney engagement at the National on Saturday night.

Delaney has tried hard to show here and he expects to make his first effort a winning one. He will arrive here tomorrow in company with Kilbane and Manager Jimmy Dug.

Three other bouts will complete the National card.

For the first time in two months Joey Box took a day off when he failed to report for a workout yesterday. Fearing stalemate, Manager Mahoney forced the willing man, Manager featherweight to take a rest. Fox expects to be in condition for his six-round fray with Artie Reed at the Olympia on Monday night.

There will be no show at the Atlantic City Sporting Club tonight. The Cambria City A. C. also will be in darkness tomorrow night. In Baltimore, however, the regular weekly program will be staged tomorrow evening, featuring Johnny Erbe and Frankie Daley.

Jack O'Brien expects to make the coming amateur boxing tourney, to be staged in his health studio, one of the best of its kind. The A. J. Brown middle tournament already has attracted more than 100 high-class entries. The bouts will be held on April 23 and 25.

Nate Smith, the new promoter, looks for a packed house when he stages his opening show at the Empire City Fifeenth and Baltimore streets, on the night of April 24. Leo Johnson meets Jimmy Johnson in the

**Bressier to Join Reds**

Lock Haven, Pa., April 17.—Raymond Bressier of Pennsylvania, a source of the city, has left for Cincinnati, having signed a contract.

**Sunday Biffs Before Governor**

Albany, April 17.—At the conclusion of a hearing on the Sunday baseball and Sunday movie bills yesterday, Governor Fox announced that he would make no decision on either until he had given both careful consideration.

**AMHERST RESUMES SPORTS**

**Track Team to Be Formed by Coach Nelligan**

Amherst, Mass., April 17.—Track athletics, suspended during the war, are to be resumed at Amherst College under the direction of R. F. Nelligan, the former coach, according to an announcement today by college officials.

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INCLUDING A STEEPLECHASE

Special Pennsylvania Railroad Train Leaves 12:34 P. M.; West Philadelphia, 12:38 P. M.

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ADMISSION: Grandstand and Paddock, \$1.65. Ladies, \$1.10—including War Tax.

FIRST RACE AT 2:30 P. M.

**SHIBE PARK BASEBALL TODAY ATHLETICS vs. PHILLIES**

Game called at 8 P. M. Tickets at Gimblet and Spalding's.

\* NATIONAL A. A. \* Sat. Night

Yummy Food vs. Earl Logan

Young Tom Sharkey vs. Kid Alberte

Jimmy Wilson vs. George Reynolds

Cal DeLaney vs. Joe Phillips

Job vs. Kilbane vs. Johnny Mahoney

Stables at Delaware, 33 S. Racecourse Station