

ATHLETICS FLUNK IN LESSONS ON HIGH-CLASS BASEBALL AS IS TAUGHT BY CONNIE MACK

REQUIRED 18 INNINGS FOR TIDE TO CHANGE IN FAVOR OF MACKS

Near Imperfect Decoration Day Comes to a Perfect End When A's Tie Count in Ninth, Win in Tenth and Divide Spoils With Boston

By ROBERT W. MAXWELL, Sports Editor Evening Public Ledger

IF THERE ever was a ball club in these United States that deserved to win a couple of Decoration Day games it was the A's yesterday. For seven innings they had nothing but hard luck. Everything went against them; but in the eighteenth and nineteenth the tide changed, the lowly worm turned into an alligator and the perfect day came to a perfect end.

There's something wrong with the Athletics, and the 21,000 people who witnessed both battles got hep immediately. The ball club looks good, the players are above the average and there is power some place which absolutely refuses to come to the surface.

Yesterday, however, the truth came out. The A's are lost in the dismal swamp not because of the things they do on the ball field, but because of the things they don't do. They have been taught high-class, scientific baseball by Connie Mack, but it seems that the boys have flunked in their lessons.

That was the reason for the loss of the morning game and almost ruined the chances to win the second. No wonder Connie wears a worried look. It must be tough for the brainy pilot to sit on the bench and watch his hired men emulate a gang of sand-lotters on an off day.

BUT the home-town boys came from behind, put on a regular slugging ninth-inning rally, tied the score and came back in the tenth stronger than ever. They could have scored half a dozen runs, but one was enough and the 15,000 spectators were satisfied.

Mackmen Waste Many Chances

EVERYTHING went against the A's in the afternoon. Penneck was pitching and base hits began to fly thick and fast. The locals should have scored a couple of dozen runs, but the fates were against them.

It was the most unlucky bunch of baseball ever seen and the fans could hardly believe it when a run finally was scored. To score that tally it required six innings of hard baseball and nine hits.

Fifteen hits were necessary to score four runs, which shows that you never can tell the score by studying the hit column. The four double plays in five innings, however, were the cause of it all.

After committing many errors of omission and allowing the Red Sox to take the lead by the score of 3 to 1, the A's came back in the ninth and pulled the unexpected. For the benefit of those who left early, allow us to state that Bobby Roth, who has recovered his batting eye, opened with a triple and scored on Burns's single.

But the tenth was wonderful to behold. Some one mislaid the home plate and Dumont walked the first two men. Roth beat out a bunt and the bases were clogged.

Now Clam Ruth's Homer Was Record One

BABE RUTH covered himself with glory in the two performances, getting two singles, two doubles and a homer. His circuit clout, which was saved for the afternoon, was one of the longest whacks ever seen.

It was in the eighth inning that wallp occurred. Strunk was on first and Perry was keeping them away from Ruth's bat.

Bobby Roth took two steps and stopped. Turning his back on the diamond, he watched the ball travel over the fence, strike the house and disappear forever.

That wallp has started a discussion, for many believe it is the longest hit ever made at Shibe Park. However, until some one uses a tape measure, gets the exact distance and then compares it with the homer hit by George Burns last year when he sent the ball OVER the left field bleacher wall the argument never will be settled.

Scott Perry had another unlucky day and once more departed without winning the game. The big pitcher worked his head off for eight innings, fielded his position perfectly, kept the hits scattered, but was removed in the ninth to allow Kinney to hit.

Thomas Plays an Improved Game

THE most pleasing feature of the day's work was the showing of Fred Thomas. Connie's new third-sacker, Fred has been fielding well and played as good a defensive game as any player in the league.

Yesterday, however, Fred came through beautifully. In the morning he connected with one solid single, but in the afternoon he had a perfect day at the plate.

THOMAS also is getting to be a regular foul hound. He follows the ball to all parts of the field and catches high flies near the grand stand, the dugout and back in short left.

Smith Scores Golf Win

A. Smith with an 81 net, and Shible with an net record of 82 were the winners in the 18-hole golf tournament.

WHY MEN ARE DRIVEN TO THE 19TH HOLE



FOUR PHILS IN .300 CLASS, CRAVATH LEADING; COBB REGAINS TOP FOR FIRST TIME THIS YEAR

Gavvy Heads the National League With .521 Rating. Williams and Meusel Hit Hard

SICKING IN SELECT

Table of National League club batting averages and individual batting statistics for various players including Gavvy Cravath, Sam Rice, and others.

CAUSEY, GIANT YOUTH, IS LEADING TWIRLER IN NATIONAL LEAGUE

Table of National League pitcher statistics including Gabe Causey, Walter Johnson, and other top performers.

Famous Georgian Sets Pace Now With His .377—No Macks in the .300 Class at Present

WALKER NEAR END

Table of American League club batting averages and individual batting statistics for players like Wally Schang and Sam Rice.

CICOTTE AND WILLIAMS HAVE WON ONE DOZEN GAMES FOR WHITE SOX

Table of American League pitcher statistics for Cicotte and Williams, showing their recent success for the White Sox.

AMATEUR BASEBALL NOTES

A collection of notes and news items regarding amateur baseball leagues, tournaments, and player activities across various cities.

HAVE BALL PLAYERS BEEN AFFECTED BY SERVICE IN FRANCE?

Alexander Has Dropped Four Straight, Cadore Has Been In and Out, but Sherrord Smith Came Through With Shutout, Proving Uncertainty of Dope

IN THE SPOTLIGHT—BY GRANTLAND RICE. Copyright, 1919. All rights reserved. You Know 'Em. These are some of the muffs I hate—The bloke who fills on an inside straight—And the duffer, coming from out of the rut, Who gobbles a forty-five-yard putt;

THE process of keeping your head down or your eye on the ball in golf seems to be one of the simplest of all achievements. Apparently it is something that requires neither skill, courage, strength, speed nor any of the other leading ingredients of play.

And there are times when the harder you try the quicker your head pops up. And the most harassing part of it all is that the more you are off your game, the more uncertain you are, the surer your well-known bean is destined to pop up.

Babe Ruth's Rasping Spring. Babe Ruth is a fickle jock. Late in March and early in April the eminent Babe Ruth was peeling the cover off the ball, romping along at a merry clip.

THE renewed Babe isn't the only one floundering along back of the column. Frank Baker has discovered that toying with the succulent cabbage and sparring with the young tomato is no way to develop or train a batting eye.

BAKER has been struggling below .250 nearly all spring and nothing short of an upheaval will ever get him back in the .300 class again.

THERE have been a vast number of words used so far in figuring how active service in France affected the ball player.

SPEAKING of trench warfare, Connie Mack dug himself in around 1915 and no one has been able to dislodge him yet. It begins to look once more that nothing but a blasting ever will dislocate the Athletic-Stellung.

And So It Goes. A cuppy lie, a few missed putts. A dumber with its yawning runs; The diurnal splash, the sudden quake Of golf balls splashing in a lake;

Alice, a hook, a top or worse, An "out of bounds" that brings a curse. A fozzled iron shot from the tee— 'T were the par is 3;

At the end with burning soul, It's 3 down at a "ball a hole." Another bunch of hairs turned gray, And yet all this is known as play.

THE race is not to the swift. Probably not. But a few days ago when the New York Yanks compiled thirteen hits for sixteen bases and only obtained one run, they were overdoing the old adage by a few leaps.

AN EARLY summer prognostication, the same being a cross section of the A pastoral dope, would indicate that at least one section of the next world series would be lodged in Chicago, Cook county, having developed the habit in 1917, doesn't desire to stop it too abruptly.

CUBS and Red Sox, picked as pennant favorites back in April, spend the bulk of June at home. The next thirty days will tell whether or not the 1918 jubilee was another "c'est la guerre" splash.

Concerning Sounds. There are sounds the stoutest nerves to try That leave a heavy load; A big shell whistling, hursting by— A machine-gun down the road; The dentist drill as he makes a gash Where a row never lies beyond; But the saddest sound is the diurnal splash When a golf ball hits the pond.

FOR three years Alexander had the record of winning thirty or more games. Now he's tearing out after a new record of losing that many. Add one more atrocity to "c'est la guerre."

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