THLETICS 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

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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 seventeen 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. All of which means the A's finally copped a combat, winning the p. m. affair after ten innings of ups and downs-mostly downs.

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. Looking over the line-up and then glancing over the standing of the clubs makes one feel that a big mistake has been made, for the local team is entirely too good to be immersed in the cellar.

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. They fon't think quickly, they often forget to cover a base, step in and take a throw from the outfield, back up third or the catcher and dozens of other things that ball players should do unconsciously.

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 slamming 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. They cared nothing about the three men who were stranded on the bags when the winning marker meandered homeward.

Mackmen Waste Many Chances

EVERYTHING went against the A's in the afternoon. Pennock was pitching and base hits began to fly thick and fast. The locals should have cored a couple of dozen runs, but the fates were against them. For example, take the first three innings. Each time the first man up got a hit, the next man failed to sacrifice and three double plays killed all chances for a score, In the fourth two doubles in a row failed to produce a single score, because Shannon, who hit the first one, tried to stretch it into a triple and was tagged because he went into the bag straight up instead of sliding. In the fifth a single and a triple produced nothing because another of those double plays gummed the works.

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. That certainly is a waste

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. Some day some figger filbert will discover that this is a record. We haven't the statistics on hand, but it should be a record if it isn't.

After committing many errors of omission and allowing the Red Sox to 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. Dugan doubled, sending George to third, and Pennock was erased from the scenario. Dumont went in and was greeted with a queeze play which scored Burns, and with a man on third and two out. Per-

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. Big Bill James was called to the peak and told to stop the rally. Big Bill, however, developed a wild streak like his namesake, Jesse, and hit Burns in the ribs, forcing home the winning talls

LTHOUGH James was wild in that inning, he was not one-half A as wild as Ed Barrow, the silent manager of the Red Sox.

Now Claim 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 not only cleared the right field fence, but also sailed to the top of a house on Twentieth street, hit the roof, bounced off and probably is going yet.

It was in the eighth inning that wallop occurred. Strunk was on first and Perry was keeping them away from Ruth's bat. Two strikes had been called and Scott shot a curve in the inside. Babe stepped back, put every nce of strength in those mighty shoulders behind the blow and he met the ball fairly. There was a crack when it struck the bat and away it sailed in the direction of right field.

Bobby Roth took two steps and stopped. Turning his back on the diaand, he watched the ball travel over the fence, strike the house and disappear forever. A guy in an airplane couldn't have caught it.

That wallop 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 least 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 hgad off for eight innings, fielded his position perfectly, kept the hits scattered, but was removed in the ninth to allow Kinney to hit. The score was even then and in the tenth the winning marker came in. At that, Scott deserves lots of credit, for he is a gritty, nervy hurler, does not know when he is beaten and pitches better when the breaks are against him. He truly is a great pitcher, despite the eight straight defeats.

Another man who is coming strong is Bobby Roth. The hustling captain has recovered from his wrenched shoulder and once more has his eye on the ball. Yesterday afternoon he got two singles, a double and a triple out of five times up, and hit to right field-which is pretty good for a right-handed

BOBBY now is an important cog in the Mack machine and it is sofe to any that Connic never will trade him. Roth is here to stay.

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, but his hitting was awful. He wasn't clouting the size of his collar and it looked as if he would e sent on the long journey.

Yesterday, however. Fred came through beautifully. In the morning he nected with one solid single, but in the afternoon he had a perfect day at the plate. Two singles, a triple and a base on balls out of four times up was

Thomas also is getting to be a regular foul hound. He follows the ball all parts of the field and catches high flies near the grand stand, the dugout and back in short left. He is a sure fielder and looks better than any man pie has had in years. With his improved stick work, Fred need not

WODAY will be another hig day and a huge crowd will be on hand. The A's have demonstrated they can play baseball and, with Tom a in the box, the home folks should win.

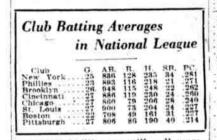
got off on the wrong foot and allowed themselves to be trimmed ne day. It's different when they play on a big field with



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

League With .521 Rating Williams and Meusel Hit Hard

SICKING IN SELECT



sented in the select class, with Gavvy Cravath continuing to show the way Gavyy tops the league with his attractive .521 rating. Meusel is fourth with .378 and "Cy" Williams is in sixth place with his .346.

Young, of the Giants, is still in second place, holding down the runner-up post with a .400 mark.

Pat Moran has his club bitting. having three men in the select. Wingo with .371, Rariden with .339 and Cueto with .333.

Sicking, the crippled infielder, is the fourth Phil above the .300 mark, having an average of .306.

The averages, including games played Wednesday, follow:

NATIONAL LEAGUE INDIVIDUAL BATTING St. Louis Chicago St. Louis Pittsb'sh Pittsburgh Chicago et Cincin hith St. L.
Illahan. Phils.
Magee, Riklyn.
Magee, Cincinines. Bklyn.
Iller. St. L.
ann. Chicago
al. Chicago
aranville. Bost.
ery. Pittsburgh.
Henry. St. L.
ier. Pittsburgh.

Gavey Heads the National CAUSEY, GIANT YOUTH, IS LEADING TWIRLER IN NATIONAL LEAGUE

NATIONAL LEAGUE

CICOTTE AND WILLIAMS HAVE WON ONE DOZEN GAMES FOR WHITE SOX

AMERICAN LEAGUE AMATEUR BASEBALL NOTES

And the duffer, coming from out of the rut, Who gobbles a forty-five-yard putt; And the guy in the stand with the leather lung Who says "There's Zim" schen it's Chase or Young. 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. It happens to require something that is even harderand that is thorough control of your nervous system, a thorough grip upon your subconscious impulses.

Famous Georgian Sets Pace

at Present

Macks in the .300 Class.

WALKER NEAR END

TY COBB has batted his way to the top. After a belated start, the

famous slugging Georgian has rapped

out a sufficient number of safeties to give

him a .377 rating and the American

Wally Schang, of the Red Sox, is

next. Wambsganss, last week's leader

has fallen to third place. Ping Bodie

has gone ahead of Joe Jackson, the

White Sox slugger trailing the Yankee

Not an Athletic regular is hitting over .300. Witt is the best Mack

hitter, clouting for a .298 rating. Burns

is second to Witt with .281 and Red

The averages, including the games played Wednesday, follow:

AMERICAN LEAGUE

INDIVIDUAL BATTING

Shannon's .264 makes him third.

League leadership.

by four points, with .357.

in American League

Club Batting Averages

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 des-

HAVE BALL PLAYERS

BEEN AFFECTED BY

Alexander Has Dropped Four Straight, Cadore Has

Been In and Out, but Sherrod Smith Came Through

With Shutout, Proving Uncertainty of Dope

IN THE SPORTLIGHT—BY GRANTLAND RICE

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You Know 'Em

These are some of the mutts I hate— The bloke who fills to an inside straight-

SERVICE IN FRANCE?

Babe Ruth's Rasping Spring

LATE is a fickle jade. Late in March and early in April the eminent Babe Ruth was peeling the cover off the ball, romping along at a merry clip.

He was a headliner of super-heroic mold. He steps to the bat in the first game of the year and tears off a home run, advance announcement of his

And then something happens. Another month goes by before the massive Babe can collect another home run, and in that lean and lank period he has

The Babe has either fallen heir to one of those spring slumps or he is facing far different pitching from the brand that helped to make him famous last year. As to which it is, you can make your own guess.

BUT if the Babe is to settle down in .300 society again, it is high time he was making a few quick starts.

And Others

THE renowed 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.

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

Back From France

THERE have been a vast number of words used so far in figuring how active Now With His .377-No

service in France affected the ball player.

The season is yet too soon to offer any certain proof. Alexander returns to drop his first four games, being hammered twice from the crest of the

And then Sherrod Smith comes along with a three-hit shut-out.

CADORE has been in and out, while Hank Gowdy has just started. Within another month it will be easier to tell.

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 bunker with its yawning ruls;

The dismal splash, the sudden quake Of golf balls splashing in a lake;

slice, a hook, a top or worse, In "out of bounds" that brings a curse.

I faasled iron shot from the tee-

1 7 where the par is 3;

at the end with burning soul it's 9 down at a "ball a hole.

Another bunch of hairs turned gray

And yet all this is known as

667THE 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 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, hurtling by-A machine-gun down the road The dentist drill as he makes a gash Where a raw nerve lies beyond; But the saddest sound is the dismal splash When a golf ball hits the pond.

A YEAR ago today Mr. Ludendorff, after a long drive, was just in the act of topping an approach to Paris. He lifted his head and plucked the aforesaid approach into the murky waters of the Marne.

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."

