

RUTH'S WALLOP STARTED SOMETHING, BODIE GETS JEALOUS, HITS TWO HOMERS IN ONE GAME

BODIE AND SHAWKEY, FORMER MEN OF MACK, FOOL THEIR OLD BOSS

Ping Hits for Fourteen Bases in Two Games, Bob Pitches Airtight Ball and the Result Is the Loss of a Double-Header to New York

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

"YOU can't tell nothin' about baseball," muttered the Rt. Hon. P. Bodie last night as he waited for his limousine to haul him from the ball yard. "No," he insisted, "you never can tell nothin' about the old game. I was a pretty good player when I worked for the A's, but I didn't start to improve until I got to N'Yawk, and now look at me!"

"For fifteen years I have been dashin' around the orchards and never before—mark you, NEVER in all of my experience—have I crashed the ol' apple for two homers in one game. Ain't it funny how it happens? Today I never expected to get two long hits. I expected one—always expect to crash a long one—but you could have bought me for a nickel or something when the second homer floated into the bleachers. For that reason I say you can't never tell nothin' about baseball."

The Rt. Hon. Ping Bodie removed his coat, wiped the sweat off his brow and glared at Jimmy the Elk as he expected an argument. None was forthcoming, so Ping sighed and stroked the front of his vest.

"Losin' lots of weight," he declared happily. "Never felt better in my life. Have speed and everything. Been off'n the stiff for eight months and don't care how soon July 1 gets here."

The Rt. Hon., who once paid the trifling sum of \$600 for one glass of beer, certainly looked the part of a trained athlete. During the afternoon he had every appearance of a highly trained slugger, for in the double-header against the A's he did nothing but wallop two homers, two doubles and two singles out of eight trips to the plate. He made one-third of the hits registered by the Yankees in eighteen innings and in the second game drove in four runs and scored two himself. He was there like a goldfish and enjoyed himself thoroughly.

His first sock in the second act was a long wallop, which went beyond the score board in center field. This is a quite common stunt, some one always pulling it about once every five years. That ball was pitched on the outside and, believe us, it had a long ride. After that Ping practiced up with a single and a double, and when he stepped up for the last time Walter Kinney smiled sweetly and remarked that the Rt. Hon. Ping Bodie was through for the day and he might as well leave his bat in the dugout.

Ping, however, thought otherwise and straightened out a fast ball on the inside, sent it into the center-field bleachers and received the plaudits of the multitude. Then he knocked off work, for he had put in a full day.

PING always has been known as a slugger, and no pitcher ever felt comfortable while he is at the rubber. He has a record of thirty-one homers in one season, performing that feat in 1919, when he was with Frisco. Now he is after the big-league record. But did you ever pause and think what Ping would do if he ever was turned loose in the Phillies' park?

Two Former Mackmen Win Two Ball Games

IT TOOK two former members of the Athletics to put the skids under the home folks yesterday afternoon. Of course, the home folks did a little skidding themselves and played well for New York on several occasions, but the pair of cast-offs, Mr. Bob Shawkey and the Rt. Hon. Ping Bodie, furnished all of the fireworks.

In the opening scenario Shawkey had everything, including a sunburned neck. He had the boys swinging like rusty, unused signs in "dry" Ohio, kept them away from the home plate and allowed four of the most widely scattered bingles you ever saw. Robert was there forty ways yesterday and one wondered how and why Connie Mack ever turned him loose. In two innings he allowed the first man to hit safely and then tightened up like a cotton umbrella or something like that. There wasn't a chance for the folks, for with that brand of pitching and Bodie's slugging they couldn't have won in a week.

But the A's did not keep the spectators in suspense very long. They perpetrated every conceivable form of foolery, kicked them with their hands and feet and occasionally resorted to clever dodging to keep from getting hit on the head. Five times did the home boys fizzle in the opener and four of them gave the other guys some runs. Perkins, Grover, Dugan, Siebold and Thomas were the offenders.

The A's can lose ball games in more different ways than any club in the world. Muffing pop-up flies is their specialty, but they also are good at making bum leaves, dropping thrown balls and trying to kick the ball to first instead of throwing it. If none of the fielders makes an error and there is a man on third waiting to score, the twirler will unwork a wild pitch, which has the same result.

CONNIE'S club makes such childish, simple, inexcusable foolery that he should put the players through twilight practice, so they can hide their shame in the darkness. They run aimlessly about the diamond and at times play worse than sore-armed and lottery. Connie can tell his men how to play, but he can't go out and play himself. The lean leader surely is having a hard time of it.

Shawkey Considered Best Pitcher in League

BUT before we go any further we must return to the subject of Robert Shawkey, the premier pitcher. Robert looks better than any time in his career, and the New York papers say he is the best hurler in the American League—which includes Walter Johnson. In five days Shawkey has won four games, going in to save the day when another finger falters, starting and finishing his own game or working out of turn when the other guys go wrong. He will be one of the big ones this year and he deserves every bit of his success. Herb Thormahlen, the souper-slinger, has won every game this year, but had a lucky break in the finale. After being hammered all over the lot and his team was one run behind, Miller Huggins used excellent judgment and yanked him off the peak. It makes no difference with Hug who the hurler is when he uses the derriek. Past performances mean nothing and the best finger in the world will get the hook if the time is ripe. Herb was yanked, but his record did not suffer.

Phils Manage to Drop Two to Giants

WE HAVE but one thing to console us today. The Philadelphia baseball clubs cannot do worse than they did yesterday unless triple-headers are introduced. The Phils dropped a pair to the Giants while the A's were being operated upon. No one knows how the men of Coombs dropped that second game when they were six runs to the good in the first inning, but they did. Scoring six in the first and then losing the conflict by the score of 9 to 7 is going some.

It's funny how the long arm of coincidence stretches from one town to another. The A's were trimmed in the eighth inning of the second game when New York scored five runs and the Phils were walloped on the Polo Grounds when New York also counted five times in the eighth. That inning must be our hoodoo.

However, Cecil Algerson Red Causey surely was a lucky stiff. He was chased after yielding those half-dozen runs, went back to the bench to grieve over a busted winning streak and then watched J an Dubuc save the day. Thus Cecil Algerson is not charged with a defeat and his record remains unscathed.

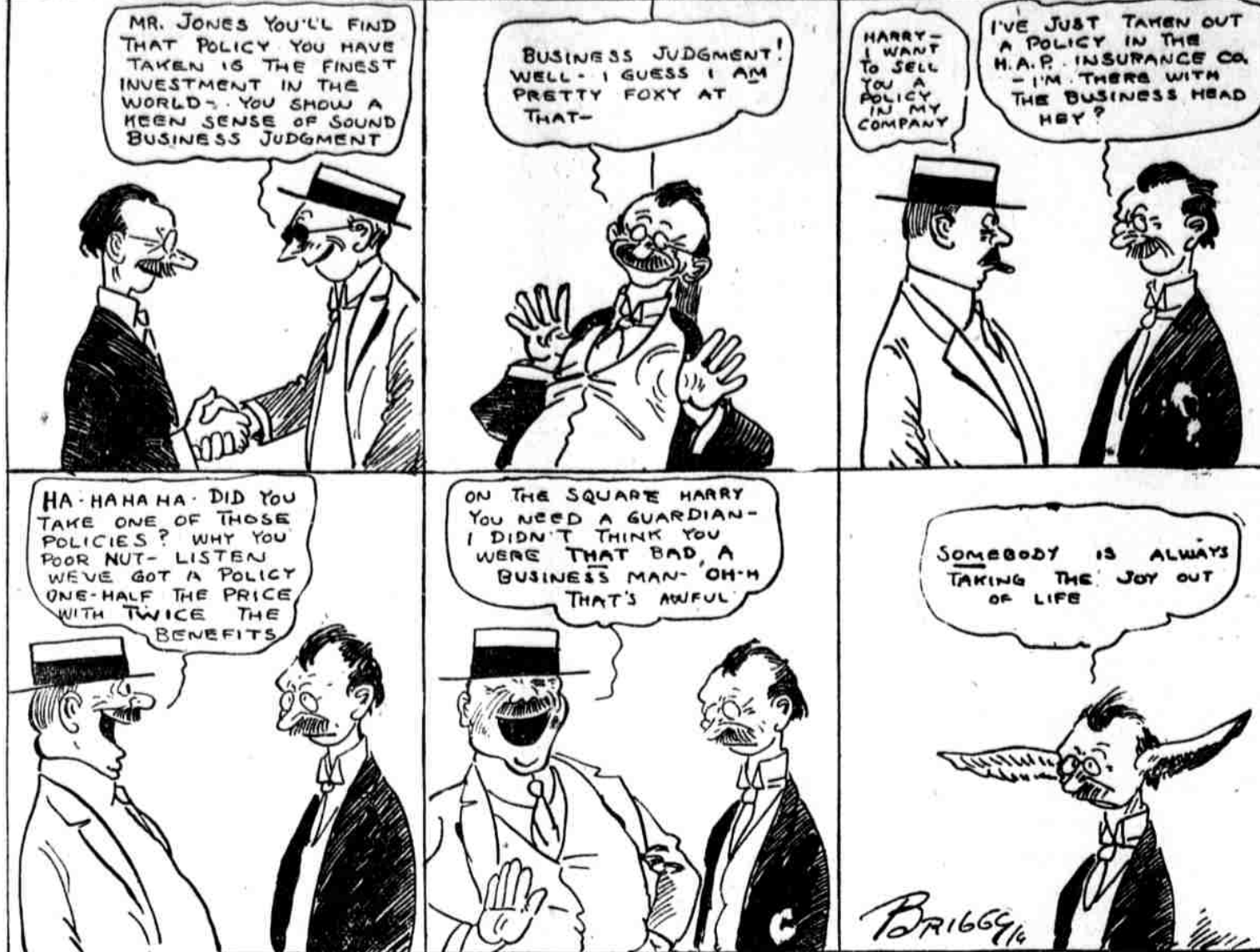
Bleacherites Must Remain in Own Section

THE crowd at Shibe Park left the bleachers and took seats in the grand stand yesterday, stepped all over the patrons in that section and made it uncomfortable for those who paid real money for their seats. There was no excuse for it and the comedy cops, who take their daily sun bath in the outfield, made no attempt to stop the rash.

John Shibe, who has charge of the crowd, has been more than generous in the past. He allowed the bleacherites to go where they pleased last year during the war and the attendance was slim, invited them to get under cover during rainstorms and always has given the bleacherites the best of it. Now they are taking advantage of his generosity, but never again.

Yesterday nine persons were arrested for leaving the bleacher section, and from now on every man leaving his seat in one part of the field to go into another section will be grabbed by a policeman. The grand-stand patrons will appreciate this.

SOMEBODY IS ALWAYS TAKING THE JOY OUT OF LIFE



JOE LYNCH TRIUMPHS OVER K. O. O'DONNELL

Gloucester Boy Gives Rangy New Yorker Hard Battle in Olympia Final

O'MALLEY TRIMS DON LEW

By JAMES S. CAROLAN

Joe Lynch, mixing slugging with boxing, battled his way to a victory over the rugged, rushing Joe O'Donnell, of Gloucester, in the season's finale at the Olympia last night.

During the early rounds it was all Lynch. That advantage in height and reach was an asset that the determined little Jersey warrior could not overcome.

Left jabs to the face and right crosses to the head kept O'Donnell on the defense, and in the clinches only was little Joe able to do any harm. A right uppercut or a left swing were O'Donnell's messengers of destruction, and it was seldom that they connected.

A Knockout Boy

Lynch once gained a knockout decision over Kid Williams. Ever since that victory Lynch apparently believes he is capable of knocking them all dead, go instead of the usual ten seconds. The majority connecting with space. There is no question that Lynch is a good hitter, but all his power is lost in his lack of direction.

The final round was the thriller of the evening. The timer tapped his cane by mistake when there was one minute to go instead of the usual ten seconds. The boys started their belated rally and for sixty seconds staged a hurricane session that for a time threatened to wreck both of the principals. Each received a bloody, battered nose in the exchanges, and each welcomed that seemingly much-delayed final gong.

Reddy Surprises Brown

Battling Reddy was in fighting form and had just enough at the finish to force Harry (Kid) Brown to run second. Reddy timed his smashers better, landed offense and rights more effect and take the defensive. Brown fought well, but not good enough to beat the veteran New York boy.

Johnny Mayo, after a two years' desertion from the ring, came back with a win over the slugging Joe Masters of Wilmington. He did plenty of right and left, but what he handed Masters more than offset his own punch absorbing.

O'Malley Beats Lew

Sammy Seiger outgated Young Medway in six fast rounds. Frankie McKenna went six rounds to an even break with Johnny Hanna.

Tommy O'Malley and Don Lew, both of Penn., appeared in the three-round amateur engagement. O'Malley, the American 135-pound amateur king, handed the Oriental a severe beating during the abbreviated battle. He earned the decision and received a loving cup for his triumph.

Clarence Carman, the former world's motor-paced champion, was at the ring and confided in Louis H. Jaffe and Dr. George W. Wittmarer that he would much sooner follow pace than dodge punches.

Big Race at Drome Tonight

The champion and three former title holders will get away in the special forty-mile event at Point Breeze tonight over the new Velodrome. Wiley is the present honor man, with Carman, Lawrence and Corry the former middle distance champions. The race will be a motor-paced one, and Lawrence will endeavor to win back the laurels he lost last year. The new track is much faster, and better timed are due.

Central Sophs Triumph

Yesterday afternoon the sophomores won the annual interschool meet at the Central High School at Housatonic Field by making a total of 46 points. The juniors were second with 44 points, but the points behind their younger set. The seniors totaled 34, and the best the freshmen could do was 9. It was a close race between the juniors and sophomores all the way through.

MAXWELL AND SANDS PLAY WONDERFUL GOLF FOR CUP

Cards of Both a Continuous Series of Birds and Par Holes, Each Having an Eagle

EVERYTHING considered, the golf played by Norman H. Maxwell and Harold A. Sands on Memorial Day at the Cricket Club, when they tied for the Joseph Henry Patterson memorial cup, and on Sunday, when they played it off, Maxwell winning, was extraordinary. Maxwell lost his father recently and he has taken charge of the latter's business. Naturally, he has not been able to play as much golf as he has in other years. Sands played in his first tournament in two years, having just returned from overseas service. George W. Hoffer, who was just recently released from national service, was the third man in the big and representative field.

Three Real Stars

Here we have three men who have not been able to play as much as the rest of the field yet leading it. It speaks a lot for their sterling golf. It is interesting to note the number of eagles, birds and par holes these two men had on the two days. Here is the schedule:

Table with columns: Player, Day, Eagles, Birds, Par holes, Total. Rows for Maxwell and Sands on Memorial Day and Sunday.

Some Best Ball

Their best ball was a wonderful bit of scoring. On Memorial Day they had a 60 and on Sunday a 67. Their combined best ball for the two days of play was 60. Here are the figures:

Table with columns: Player, Day, Total. Rows for Maxwell and Sands on Memorial Day and Sunday.

SCRAPS ABOUT SCRAPPERS

JOHNNY MALONEY and Bobby Burns, Andy Burns and Tommy Hogan, Andy McMahon and Willie McCloskey, and Kid Diamond and Johnny Moran.

LEONARD OFFERED \$15,000 FOR BOUT HERE WITH TENDLER

Promoter Glassman Wires Challenge to Gibson With Weight at 133 Pounds

Benny Leonard has a chance to draw down some real big money for a six-round engagement here. The lightweight engagement was offered what is equivalent to a \$15,000 guarantee to entertain with Lew Tandler, the Quaker City lightweight entry.

Phil Glassman, manager of Tandler and promoter of open-air bouts at Shibe Park, wired his offer to Billy Gibson. The message follows: "Will guarantee Leonard \$12,500 to box Tandler six rounds in Philadelphia any date in July you select. Weight 133 pounds ringside. Will give Leonard a bonus of \$2500 if he stays the limit with Tandler."

Both boys will appear in this city this month. Tandler against George Chaney at Shibe Park tomorrow night, while Leonard entertains with Johnny Dundee at the Phillies' Park on June 16.

Johnny Dundee meets Joe Trilick and Willie Jackson engages Matt Bonin in the other two star bouts at Shibe Park tomorrow night.

WILLARD LOOKS FINE, IS RICKARD'S OPINION

Champion's Apparent Good Condition Surprises Promoter of July 4 Heavyweight Bout

EVEN BET ON GO, SAYS TEX

Toledo, O., June 3.—Thoroughly rested from his tiresome journey from California, Jess Willard is ready today to settle down to training at his camp on the shores of Maumee Bay for his heavyweight championship contest with Jack Dempsey here July 4. The title holder planned to go on the road for five miles, and to do his first boxing in camp this afternoon.

Tex Rickard, promoter of the contest, was so agreeably surprised over Willard's condition that he said picking the winner of the match would be guesswork. Willard looked impressive in his street clothes and did not appear to carry any surplus weight.

"I do not mean that I look for a draw, but the contest I believe will be an even one unless there is a knockout," Rickard said. "Willard certainly looks fine. I can tell by his appearance that he has been training constantly, and that he has the confidence of being able to dispose of Dempsey. If I were to wager any money on either man I would insist on betting it on even."

Recreation will be on for Dempsey until Saturday when he will resume boxing. The challenger dropped all work with the gloves yesterday after stepping through three-minute rounds the same distance he is to go Independence Day. Dempsey plans to spend the week fishing, boating and swimming.

Coogan Outpoints Kelly

Jersey City, June 3.—Mel Coogan, of Brooklyn, outpointed Harry Eddy Kelly in a five-round fight at the Armory A. A. in Jersey City last night.

Joe Borrell Wins on Foul

Jersey City, June 3.—Wild Burt Kennedy appeared unusually well last night in his bout with Joe Borrell, of Philadelphia, in the Armory A. A. of New Jersey and was disqualified in the second round by the referee for fouling.

Vall Gains Eighth Place

Indianapolis, Ind., June 3.—Joe Vall was awarded eighth place in the 500-mile automobile race here Saturday, when officials reckoned the second fastest and accented officially that he was credited with five more laps than announced Saturday.

RED SOX HAVEN'T ANY EASY TASK REDUCING LEAD OF WHITE SOX

Class Still With Boston Team, but No Club Is Able to Spot Gleason's Pacemakers' Liberal Handicap and Expect to Share World Series Spoils

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June Memories I know you wouldn't go back again For all earth's yellow gold, Over the same old track again Through heat and rain and cold, Slugging on to a new advance By field and wood and town, Over the endless roads of France Where the big pack were you down.

I know you wouldn't cheer much again If war, in its iron grip, Should reach for you with its clutch again For a sailing eastbound ship; To wait for the rafter cart in vain On the edge of a weary tramp, And then to flop in the mud and rain With a pup tent for a camp.

But I wonder if ever you miss the thrill (Where memories hold their trust) This club where you looms from a distant hill Or a field through the morning mist, The thrill again of the swinging bat As marching men go by, The swinging beat of million feet Under a far June sky?

The big shell singing down the world, With the rip of the Eighty-eight, To roar and crash with an echo hurled From its twilight song of hate; But how much better it looks today This side of the crest of fear, Three thousand miles and a gear away, Under the skies of home.

These Here Red Sox

WHILE the Boston Red Sox in the last five years lost such stars as Tris Speaker, Duffy Lewis, Dutch Leonard and Ernie Shore, they have replaced this talent with such people as Jack Barry, Stuffy McInnis, Willie Schang, Joe Bush, Oscar Vitt and Amos Strunk.

Willard will be fifty pounds heavier than Dempsey—but Dempsey will be twelve or thirteen years younger than Willard. Willard may think he is better than he was four years ago against Johnson, but four years, after you have drifted well past thirty, is quite a spell.

SO FAR the expected pitching power hasn't developed, but there may be a big change with summer scorching replacing the cold, wet spring that tied more than one festive salary arm into a number of knots.

WEIGHT isn't the sole winning ingredient in a battle. Corbett was ten years younger than Sullivan, Jeffries was far younger than Fitz, Johnson was younger than Jeffries and Willard was younger than Johnson.

QUITE a considerable chunk of time, taken up, down and around.

The Dub's Requiem

Here in the bunker's gloom Daily I stand, Facing my deadly doom, Nibbling in hand; Tell me, amid the rue Of my wrecked bliss, Why did I quit work to Suffer like this?

Why was it that I planned Any such date, Merely to shovel sand, Cursing my fate?

Chick Evans to Defend Title

THE published statement that Chick Evans is to defend his title of open champion is more in line with the proper sportsmanship. If through pressure of business or serious causes a champion is unable to face the field his absence is to be expected.

AN AMATEUR team headed by Evans, Ouimet and Travers will give the pros a hard barricade to face, as brilliantly as several of their leading stars are now playing.

IT MAY be that Babe Ruth can hit a baseball harder than any entry in the game, but he isn't hitting the aforesaid pill quite as often as a number of others. The Babe barely hung by the .300 edge last year and now he is having a pale pink time of it reaching .200. Quality is a corpulent asset, but quantity still has its place in the season's compilation.

AMONG those who "are always taking the joy out of life" we now rise to remark that June 2 is but a twenty-nine-day jump to July 1. And twenty-nine days are only twenty-nine days.

THERE is no one or nothing that can lift the joy out of the Rt. Hon. Ping Bodie's life, as he can continue to Crash the Old Apple. Ping has been whaling the wye out of the ball ever since the season opened, and as long as this hilarious state of affairs continues nothing else will matter.

Ping may not be the fastest citizen that ever raced around the bases, but he is outgunning the rest of his mates so far that lack of speed is forgotten in admiration of the lurid gleam in his batting eye.

Weather or not! The moisture-proof package keeps the taste in and the dampness out. Chesterfields never become too moist or too dry. They Satisfy.