JAWN M'GRAW WILL SEE RED IF HIS GIANTS LOSE SERIES TO PAT MORAN'S CINCINNATI CLUB

LITERARY SOLITUDE, OR HOW TO ENJOY A RAINY AFTERNOON

Baseball Scribe Has Swell Chance to Murder Exclusive Interview While Deciding Bets and Listening to Chatter of Boxers and Ball Players Out of Work

By ROBERT W. MAXWELL
Sports Editor Evening Public Ledger
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Time—Any damp, moist, murky, muddy, wet afternoon.
Place—Evening Public Ledger Sport Foundry.

BASEBALL SCRIBE (enters with a smile and a brilliant idea)—Game off, Joe? Swell stuff. Guess I'll sit down here while the place is quiet and dash off a couple of columns of breathless stuff so the dear old public will read the ads tomorrow. Pretty soft on these rainy days. Nothing to do but write about things you know nothing about.

Seizes typewriter, shifts gears, throws it in high speed and starts:

"Manager Cravath, of the Phils, is worried over the outcome of the ball game last week. He reluctantly handed out some chatter which is regarded as highly confidential and asked that nothing be said about it. However, we are in a position to tell the real reason for the present standing of the club—"

JOE (the office boy)—Jimmy Dougherty on the phone. Wants to talk to you.

SCRIBE—Ain't there nobody here to talk to him?

JOE—Nope. Jake Weinstein came in and took 'em all out to lunch.

SCRIBE (groans)—Just my luck. Switch him on the phone and I'll get an earful.

DOUGHERTY—Hello, my boy, how's the weather? How, how? Oughtta be here. Goin' any place next Monday night? What are you doin' kiddin' me? Didn't get your ticket yet? Something's wrong there. You know, I always take care of the boys. Must do that. Made the nails in show. Oughtta get it next Saturday morning. Who's fightin'? What's that? Another of them jokes? Why, Johnny Kilbane, featherweight champion of the universe, is fightin' Joey Fox, English champion, or somethin' like that. It will be a stupendous affair, plenty of excitement and there should be a thrilling climax. I know this is true 'cause Jimmy Isaminger wrote it. Now, if you want to know what Promoter Dougherty thinks about it, let me state that Joey Fox is goin' to get—

SCRIBE—He oughtta get life.

DOUGHERTY—A chance to see how good he is against a REAL featherweight and will give a swell exhibition. The fight comes off next Monday night an' you GOTTA be there. Kilbane is comin' back strong and if he beats Fox he will challenge Tendler or anybody. Don't say nothin' about it, but how would that match be? Nothe'thing. Jack Dempsey won't referee. Can't be here, because he wants to be a movie hero. Kilbane will be here, though, and that's enough. Gotta take care of the boys, now, an' see that they get some tickets. MUST take care of the boys. Good-by.

SCRIBE (resumes writing)—**"is due to the fact that only four games were played last week. Had seven or eight been played the standing of the club would have been something to be proud of because—"**

Enter Charley Weirmuller, with racing chart.

WEIRMULLER—Frogtown oughtta win holds in the mud. Swell price. Better get on.

SCRIBE (ignoring tip)—**"perhaps the Phils would have won seven or eight games instead of four. Cravath has a good ball club and can win if—"**

Enter Muggsy Taylor, well-known matchmaker, promoter and syndicate.

TAYLOR—Well, well! Here's the old boy himself. Now we can have a nice quiet chat on some real stuff I have up my sleeve. Gotta swell show to spring next month. Awful good. Benny Leonard, Mike O'Dowd, Ted Lewis, Patsy Cline, Johnny Dundee and Soldier Bartfield all on the same card. Pretty good, eh?"

SCRIBE (sarcastically)—How about Jack Dempsey? Ain't he good enough?

TAYLOR—Just a minute JUST A MINUTE. It isn't that kind of a show. In a short time I expect to get in communication with the world's champion and make him a flattering offer which he cannot reject. In DUE time I shall try to introduce the champion to the sport-loving public of Philadelphia against a worthy opponent. In the meantime, please mention in a casual, offhanded way that Johnny Tillman meets Johnny Griffiths in Denver on July 25. Tillman is the most glittering, gorgeous, garish jabber in the land. Why, he—

SCRIBE—He oughtta fight in Australia so we can't see him.

TAYLOR—I'm gonna match him with Britton for the championship after he licks Griffiths.

TYPEWRITER—**"the games are played in the rain or on a muddy field. Moisture and mud do not interfere with their—"**

Enter Phil Glassman.

GLASSMAN—Lew Tendler's gonna train again soon. Gonna use him in a special show in August. Matched him with Charley White. Swell bout.

TYPEWRITER—**"speed. At any rate, Manager Cravath says confidently that he expects to skid out of last place in the near future and will prove it by the—"**

TELEPHONE—Sporting editor? Well, me and a friend has gotta bet that John L. Sullivan never was champeen of the world. Now to decide this bet what s—

Scribe hurls down receiver. Business of collecting thoughts. Then resumes writing—**"percentage table. In a short time the club will make another Western trip and according to Manager Cravath in this exclusive interview more games will be won—"**

TELEPHONE—Is Mr. Carolan in yet?

SCRIBE—No, miss, he ain't here. Any message? Yes, I'll tell him you will go to the motordrome with him next Thursday night. You'll be first on the list. Oh, don't mention it.

Thinks hard and resumes.

TYPEWRITER—**"than on the last trip. Manager Cravath is confident this will be done and will bet on it. The pitchers are going better than ever before. Bradley Hogg has left the maiden class and now has one victory to his credit. Perhaps he will win another if he gets some breaks. At any rate, the new manager is ready to launch—"**

Loafer from local room enters.

LOAFER—Say, what's the matter with them Phils? They ain't doin' nothing this year an' just look at the A's. Now when the Phils was losin' I goes downstairs th' other day and I says—

SCRIBE (sarcastically)—Never mind what YOU said. It ain't worth repeating. And listen. This is no recreation park or smokehouse. Understand?

Loafer departs.

TYPEWRITER—**"a drive which will astound the other seven clubs in the National League. This is inside stuff—"**

Enter Joe.

JOE—Man outside to see you. Didn't give no name, but looks like that collector.

SCRIBE—Lissen, Joe. I ain't been here for a week and won't be here until I get back from Frisco. Show him th' gate.

Runs fingers through hair, bangs head and continues writing.

TYPEWRITER—**"and can be taken for what it is worth. Manager Cravath knows what he is talking about and must be taken—"**

TELEPHONE—Say, Mr. Editor, please put in the paper that the Hard Boiled Eggs, hard to beat, is the best sixteen-year-old uniformed team in the city. How much does it cost?

SCRIBE—They's nobody in (slams down receiver). Am I office boy and bureau of information in this joint? The next time I have a swell story I'm goin' to a nice, quiet place like Baldwin's and get it off my chest.

Resumes writing.

TYPEWRITER—**"seriously. Although untried as a pilot in the big show, Gavvy has the goods. He is fearless, tells the boys what he has on his mind and—"**

TELEPHONE—This is Johnny Burns. If you don't say something in the paper about Joe Borrell and the Cambria club, I'll bring a bum down and blow—

SCRIBE—That will be two bums if you bring it. Good-by.

TYPEWRITER—**"so forth. Tomorrow he will open with the Pittsburgh Pirates in a double-header and says the game will be played rain or shine if it doesn't—**

TELEPHONE—"Say, who won the third race at Empire City? What's that? You go there yourself, you big—

Scribe again slams receiver on hook.

Enter working staff accompanied by Jake Weinstein.

SCRIBE—Well, who lost the decision?

SPICK HALL—Weinstein. He reached for the check first.

SCRIBE—You guys must have one-way pockets. You get your hand in and can't take it out. Now beat it until I finish this story.

TYPEWRITER—**"rain. That's sound logic—"**

Enter John Sherman, with military walk.

JOHN—Got some exclusive news for you. A big golf match will be played at North Hills next Saturday between me—

SCRIBE—Who are you?

JOHN—I'm runner up in the third sixteen and will play Mr. Winskill for the title. Come out and see it.

SCRIBE—If such dubs like Woody Platt or Eddie Styles get in the way, shoo 'em off the course. Remind me about it next Monday.

TYPEWRITER—**"from Connie Mack and—"**

Scribe tears hair again and jumps from chair.

SCRIBE—Am I gettin' cookoo or somethin'? Here I start on a exclusive story about the Phils an' Gavvy Gravath and wind up by introducin' Connie Mack.

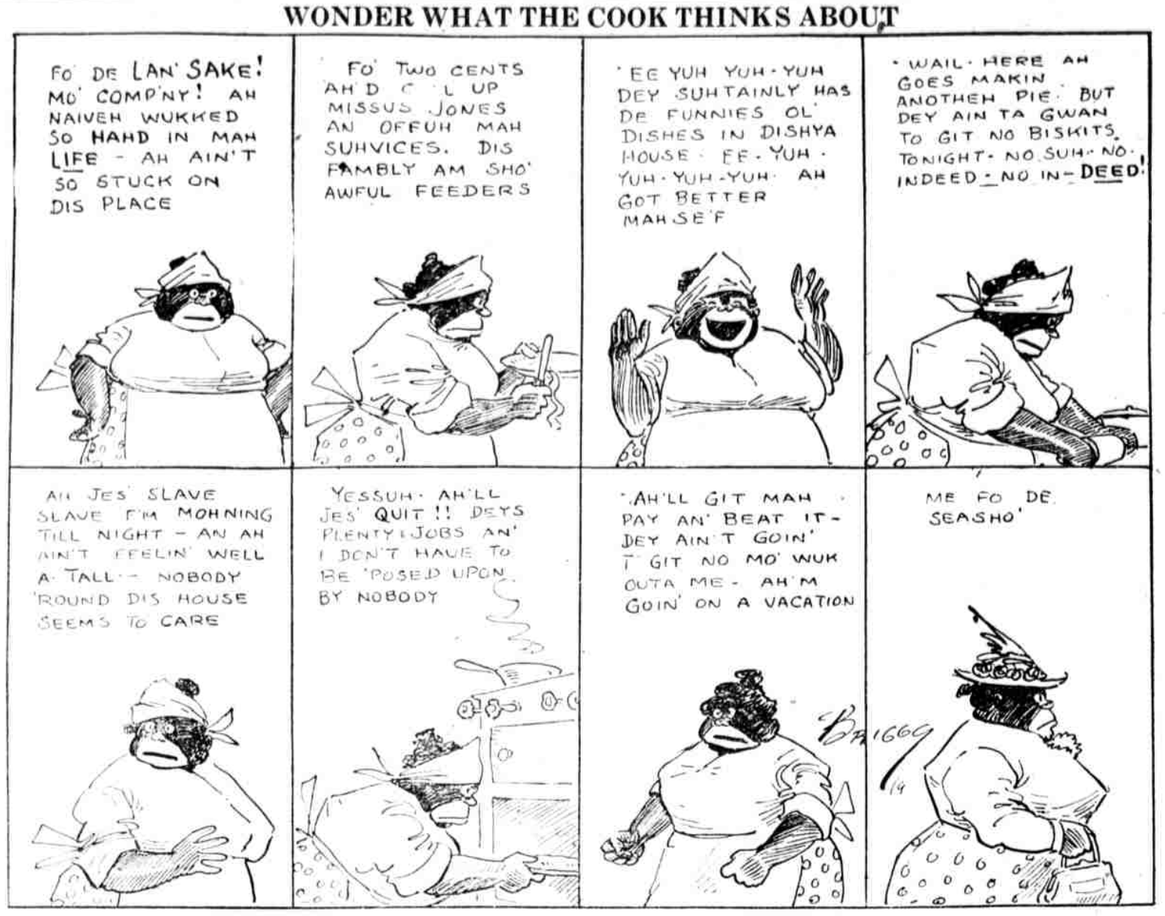
Enter Joe.

JOE—That guy is back again.

SCRIBE—Throw him out. He might be the best collector in Philadelphia, but he couldn't collect a thought in this joint. My exclusive story is ruined and I'm takin' a Brodie over the back fence. Just hold that collector five minutes, Joe. He'll never find me after that.

(Curtain).

WONDER WHAT THE COOK THINKS ABOUT



FORMER CHAMPIONS WILL TRY 'COME-BACK'

Johnston and Griffin Again Form Doubles Team—Play in Kansas City

WON TITLE IN 1915 AND 1916

All doubt as to William M. Johnston's partner in the championship doubles this season were settled today when it became known that on the advice of the U. S. N. L. T. A. officials Johnston and Clarence J. Griffin had withdrawn from the sectional doubles at Longwood and would instead play in the northwestern doubles at Kansas City.

On the advice of the same officials Fred B. Alexander and S. Howard Voshell now are speeding along the rails to Cleveland, where they will endeavor to qualify for the national doubles championship by winning the sectional tourney at Cleveland. By this channel of reasoning there will be quite a few strong teams to oppose the Australians in the national doubles, instead of one, if all competed this week at Longwood.

Will Be Favorites

If Johnston and Griffin succeed in rounding into the same form as that of 1915 and 1916, when they were the national doubles champions, many are of the opinion that there doesn't seem to be another team in this country that can defeat them. This includes Bill Tilden and Vincent Richards, the national indoor and outdoor champions.

Johnston and Griffin form one of the smoothest doubles team of American court history. Johnston was the aggressive, hard-hitting member of the team, with a forehand drive that ripped through the opposing court with terrific speed, and his overhand volleying as he came racing in for the net position was deadly.

Griffin Great on Defensive

Griffin was a wonderful defensive player and an ideal partner for Johnston. He was the deadliest and craftiest of lobbers, and when he and Johnston moved toward the net, like one man, it was almost impossible to drive them back. They won the national title at Forest Hills in 1915 by defeating McLoughlin and Bundy in the challenge round after a five-set struggle, and successfully defended their honors the following year.

In 1917 the champions did not play, both entering the service, Johnston in the navy and Griffin in the army, and they were overseas when the title was won by William Tilden, 2d, and Vincent Richards at Longwood last year.

Cynwyd Tourney Saturday

The annual tournament for the championship of eastern Pennsylvania in men's singles and doubles will start this Saturday afternoon on the clay courts of the Cynwyd Club. In addition to these two events, there will also be held the Pennsylvania state junior and boys' championships and the junior tennis center championship.

Play will begin each day in the boys' events at 10 a. m. The junior events will start at 3 p. m., and the men's events will start at 5 p. m. Prizes will be awarded in each event. The following members of the tennis committee will receive entries for these tournaments until noon of Friday, July 25: Warren Miles, C. N. Beard, Dr. P. B. Hawk, G. R. Powell, Carl Fischer, H. W. Swayne, William T. Tilden, 2d, and A. Piedlet.

Hugo Bezdek Ill; Leaves Pirates for His Home

Hugo Bezdek, manager of the Pittsburgh Pirates, left the team here this morning and returned to his home in Pittsburgh. The Pirate leader has been suffering from a nervous attack, and at the request of his wife left for Pittsburgh for a rest.

In the absence of Bezdek the Pirates will be handled by Acting Captain Cutshaw, assisted by Max Carey, the captain, who just has rejoined the club after an illness of three weeks.

AGGRESSIVE TYPE OF RING STAR IN FAVOR

Welsh, Great Fighter, Unpopular Because He Depended Upon Strong Defense—Also Hurt Fox

HE DEVELOPS ATTACK

By JAMES S. CAROLAN

IS JOEY FOX another Freddy Welsh?

Welsh, the brilliant little Englishman who dethroned Willie Ritchie in London back in 1914, waded through the American lightweight field for thirty-three months before he finally capitulated to the battering attack and crushing assault of the gallant little Benny Leonard.

Welsh was outpointed by more second-raters than any champion who ever reigned. Welsh suffered more verbal assaults from the fans and bitter drives from the scribes than any predecessor.

What was the trouble?

Welsh was an underrated and unappreciated ring warrior. He is admittedly one of the craftiest boxers who ever stepped into the ring. This is acknowledged not only by Welsh supporters but by many of the boys who have opposed him.

Must Be Aggressive

The American boxing public admires and stands by an aggressive fighter. Any boxer who collects a following ascribes it to his rushing, fearless tactics. It is typically American and for this reason makes an immediate hit with the gathering.

Benny Leonard, Johnny Kilbane, Johnny Dundee, Lew Tendler, George Chaney and other aggressive boys are drawing cards because they force the fight. Jack Dempsey is a popular heavyweight because he is superaggressive. He is a fighter with a fighter's heart and one who loves the game.

But Freddy Welsh lacked these qualities. He was a wonderful defensive battler. He could block punches and evade rushes with the utmost skill. He was an artist on the defense. His offensive was limited to a puny left jab. He had developed no attack. For this reason he was unpopular.

Fox Underrated

Joey Fox, the holder of the Lord Lonsdale belt in the featherweight division, has been handed a reception similar to the one accorded Welsh. Fox has engaged in at least five battles in this city. He fought well, gave his best, but in return all he heard were howls of disapproval.

Joey is a typical English fighter. He battles for points, not for blood. He has been schooled in this style of ring work and to become a convert to the American style cannot be accomplished in a day.

Ted (Kid) Lewis is an exception. Right now Lewis is an aggressive boy and almost as American in his attack as the best. Lewis's change in style made him a popular fighter.

Fox, however, admits his style did not impress. Joey is a bright fellow and it didn't require many of the hissing good-bys to convince him that something was wrong.

Mooney Wise Pilot

In addition, Joey has a very wise manager. Johnny Mooney, the former Boston promoter, is recognized as one of the wisest, fairest and squarest boxing men in the game. He is helping to Americanize the clever little Englishman. He has had flashy American stars working with his protege at Herrmann's gymnasium.

"It will be a different Joey Fox that steps into the ring against Johnny Kilbane at the Phils' Park on Monday night from the Joey who has fought well, but failed to please in the past," said Manager Mooney. "Fox is a great fighter, but one underrated by the fans.

"He has absorbed much during his brief stay here on this visit. He has developed an attack. His defense always was good, but he has learned that more than a defense is necessary to win. He will use both on the popular Cleveland boy."

There to Knock

The majority of the gathering that will attend this match will be there for one purpose—to witness the annihilation of Fox.

There are fans who attend fights to root and there are fans who attend to put on a hissing act. The hissers will be there in numbers Monday night.

When Philadelphia Jack O'Brien was at his best he had many knockers. But this never annoyed Philadelphia Jawn. In fact, he invited it.

"It always made me smile," said Philadelphia Jawn, "when I heard the boys start to howl. They wanted to see me knocked cold and every time I ducked a punch they hissed me.

"I always wanted to box on percentage, for I knew that eighty-five per cent of the fans came there every time to see me get my head knocked off. I notice that this Joey Fox's case is similar.

"Well, I admire Joey. I found that it never hurt my fighting. In fact, it did much to make me work harder to show up the rapping ones."

Few Fox Boosters

The following communication was received yesterday from one of the members of "The Fox Rooters' Club," of Kensington:

Boxing Editor, the Evening Public Ledger,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sir:

There are a lot of guys around here who say that Joey Fox won't have an ice cream cone's chance in Hades when he meets Johnnie Kilbane on Monday night at the Phillies' ball park. I'd like to know where they get that stuff off of. Kilbane is a great fighter, but when he meets Fox the American is going to have both of his gloved-hands more than full. There's one gang that's pulling for Fox and that mob will be heard loud and plenty when the bell rings. The bunch will be composed of "The Fox Rooters' Club" of Kensington.

We all like to see a boxer who gives the fans a run for their money. Fox is one of those fighters. He'll not only give the cash customers all the action they want, but Mr. Kilbane also will be in the running. You can say that the champion won't be overlooked.

Punches Well

You know that Fox is a good two-handed boxer, he doesn't hold on like a lot of supposed-to-be championship contenders—he punches all the time, and young Mr. Kilbane is promised a lot of punches.

Fox is out for a knockout. He may not succeed, still he cannot be arrested for trying. One thing is certain, the smart guys who think Kilbane is going to have things all his own way are going to admit they were very much mistaken.

Kilbane is in for one tough fight, and there's going to be a heluva big mob making a brass band performance when Fox is egged on by "The Fox Rooters' Club.

British May Pension Driscoll, Ex-Ring Star

London, July 22.—Jem Driscoll, retired featherweight champion, has announced his intention of returning to the ring, and it is reported that lack of funds prompts the contemplated move on Driscoll's part.

At a recent dinner at the Eccentric Club, Lord Lonsdale suggested that if it were true that Jem's finances are in poor shape British sportsmen should vote him a pension for life in recognition of the manner in which he upheld the honor of Great Britain by his victories in American rings.

The suggestion met with unanimous approval.

Phil Glassman announces that he will stage another all-star card at Shibe Park on the night of August 4. Lew Tendler will face Willie Jackson in the wind-up. The other bouts follow: Ted Lewis vs. Steve Latzo in a return battle, Joe Tiplitz vs. Frankie Britt, Joe Welling vs. Eddie Moy and George (Young) Ernst vs. Frankie Conifrey.

Benny Leonard, world's lightweight champion, and Irish Patsy Cline may meet in the final bout at an all-star open-air show at the Phillies' Park on the night of August 11. Herman Taylor, Bobby Gunnis and Jack Weinstein are promoting the show. The trio of promoters say they will have a great supporting card.

MORE TEAMS PLAN TWILIGHT BASEBALL

J. & J. Dobson and Recreation Team Latest to Join the Ranks

McWILLIAMS WITH DOBSON

Several more of Philadelphia's representative baseball teams have joined the ranks of those playing twilight baseball. They are the J. & J. Dobson team, of the Main Line, and the Athletic Recreation nine. They both play on Wednesday nights. For its opponent tomorrow evening the Dobson aggregation will play the strong Ambler club, of the Montgomery County League. "Lefty" Sterling will be on the pitching mound against "Pete" Liebert.

Managers Calhoun and Bates, of Dobson, are doing all in their power to strengthen the East Falls aggregation in order that they may capture the second-half pennant. The announcement is made that in the contest with Ambler "Ally" McWilliams will make his first appearance at second base, and in the league battle on Saturday Harry Fritz will make his debut at a position to be decided on before that time.

Passon Wants Games

Harry Passon, who holds a world's basketball record for playing three games in one night, seeks a little publicity in behalf of the Athletic Recreation nine, of which he has charge and which, according to the records Harry keeps, has won sixteen in a row without meeting defeat.

He has decided the time is ripe for twilight games, and tomorrow evening at Twenty-seventh and Master streets will stack up against Harry Seibold's All Stars. The former Athletic hurler has surrounded himself with a collection of Main Line stars and altogether has a fine line-up. Harry Passon would like to book games at home on Saturdays and on Wednesday evenings and away on Sundays. He can be reached at the recreation center.

Evening Games Pay

The financial success of the evening games is the appealing feature to those who have undertaken to stage the after-supper affairs. As much and in some cases more than the receipts of Saturday have been realized. An illustration is the case at Nativity. The Richmond club's finances are derived from a hat collection, and in their last night engagement it was found that $382 had been lifted, one-half, or $191, of which went to the visiting team, which in this case was Hilldale.

Manager Hagerty, of Nativity, paid a visit to Atlantic City on Sunday in an endeavor to bring the Bacharach Giants to Richmond, but missed the manager of the Shore Wonders by a few minutes. Hagerty wishes to announce that Nativity will play Quaker City on Friday evening and not Lupton, as announced. Quaker City will have Bobby Mair on the mound. He has not been scored upon for forty-five innings.

"Spha" Playing Fine Ball

Owing to the McForbes team deciding to travel the S. P. H. A. team is without a game for this Saturday. Although this is the "Spha's" first season on the diamond, they are having exceptional success, having defeated some of the best home teams in this vicinity.

"Chick" Passon, who last year pitched for Becker, Page & Smith, of the Manufacturers' League, and won eleven of fourteen games, is pitching in fine style. The team has been strengthened by the addition of Canady, the captain and shortstop of the 1916 Southern High team.

This addition has enabled Manager Williams to shift Kravitz to the outfield where he is playing sensational ball. Manager Williams also has several open dates in September. Semipro home teams wishing games and offering a suitable guarantee should address Dick Williams, 637 Ritner street, or phone Dickinson 1785 J.

NATIONAL LEAGUE PARK
DOUBLE HEADER
PHILLIES vs. PITTSBURGH
FIRST GAME AT 1:30 P. M.
Seats at Gimbels' and Spaldings

BRILLIANT VICTORY OF 1913 POLO TEAM RUNS HIGH IN SPORT

Conquest of This Famous Quartet Over Great Britain's Reputed Unbeatable Riders Is One of Six High Spots in American Sport

IN THE SPORTLIGHT—By GRANTLAND RICE
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Six High Spots in American Sport
No. 1—The Big Four Ride Again

THE first week in June, 1913, found the American sporting contingent at a low ebb.

So far as one could see with the undressed orb, Great Britain was on the verge of taking back the polo trophy, won at Hurlingham several years before and twice successfully defended.

But American prospects had suddenly gone bloojie. The Old Four who had triumphed so often looked to be in the sere and yellow. Their day was considered over.

* * *

AND the New Four, headed by Farball Keene, had suddenly disintegrated when Keene cracked a collarbone and left for the hospital.

* * *

The Sudden Change

THERE was nothing to do, of course, but to call in the Old Four again for a last ride.

This team consisted of the two Waterburys, H. P. Whitney and Devereux Milburn.

No one figured them with a chance. They were merely a last resort, a final resource that perhaps might make a game and courageous stand in defeat.

* * *

ENGLAND'S riders — Captains Cheape, Edwards, Ritson and Lockett— must have felt a confidence equal to America's depression. They formed a great quartet and the situation looked to be within easy reach.

The Unforgettable

SO, ON a balmy June day, in the presence of 25,000 or more who knew little of polo, but who sensed a great international contest, the two teams lined up:

America		Great Britain
L. Waterbury	No. 1	Captain Cheape
J. M. Waterbury	No. 2	Captain Edwards
H. P. Whitney	No. 3	Captain Ritson
D. Milburn	No. 4	Captain Lockett

The match had not been under way thirty seconds before a vast surprise was passed from the field to the big crowd. The Old Four might be all in, but they were out for one last whirl—one dashing finale that would get somewhere or cost a neck.

Riding "hell for leather" they went to it. Man and pony took every chance in the percentage realm, and within a minute and thirty-six seconds J. M. Waterbury had scored the first goal for the U. S. A. To suggest that started something would be putting it entirely too gently.

* * *

FOR the first time the crowd began to have visions of possible victory.

Veterans Attacked Early

FOR in that first period the American team rode and played as it had never ridden or played before. Captain H. P. Whitney decided the time to win was at the start, before the older team became wearied down. And of all the polo any international match ever has seen nothing surpassed the play of the Old Four in that first charge.

After Monte Waterbury had scored Larry Waterbury came through a short while later with a second goal, and before the period ended Devereux Milburn, probably the greatest of all Number Fours, had rung up still another goal.

Three goals to none in the first period! And this by a team that many believed to be outclassed.

* * *

THE first period was the episode that turned the trick.

England's Rally

STARTING the fifth period, the United States team was leading by 5 goals to 1. The Big Four had scored six goals, but had suffered two penalties for rough riding in their wild rush to prove they were not yet eligible for a veranda seat in the Old Man's Home.

It was here that England made her final rally. Realizing that in place of winning with fair ease, they were about to be beaten again, the invading four went to it with a dash. In attacks led by Cheape and Ritson they scored two goals and brought the fight almost to even terms.

But this was their last stand before the continued onslaught of their opponents.

The United States team was penalized again for half a point in the seventh period, but when the final period arrived it was Larry Waterbury who nailed England's last chance with another goal, leaving the final count at 5½ to 3.

* * *

THE American team had actually scored eight goals, but had suffered three penalties on their way up and out.

The Big Four's Last Victory

THIS match ended the Big Four's victorious stand. A year later England sent another set of challengers across, and this time the cup went back, to British soil.

Of that English team not one man is left. Captain Cheape, one of the greatest polo stars that ever played, was one of the first to fall with the Contemptibles that held back the German rush. One by one the others were killed outright or badly wounded.

* * *

THERE will be another American polo team leaving for British soil next summer, but of the eight who fought it out in June, 1913, not more than one will be in action when the next test comes.

* * *

Tomorrow—McLoughlin vs. Brookes.

PATSY WALLACE SCORES

Defeats Max Williamson in Fast Bout at Eleventh Street Arena

Patsy Wallace proved a royal entertainer last night at the Eleventh street arena. Patsy encountered a willing mixer in Max Williamson, but Wallace was all broken out with eagerness to fight last night and the diminutive Italian came through with a clear-cut victory.

This bout was not the only exciting feature of the evening. At the close of the semiwind-up one of the spectators waxed pugnacious and said something sarcastic to one of Battling Stinger's seconds. Immediately fists were flying. With prospects of a good time for all every one started clamoring in the ring. It was several minutes before order was restored, but it was a good fight while it lasted and in itself well worth the price of admission.