

ALL PHILS HAVE TO FACE IS ALEX AND MORAN'S POWERFUL STAFF OF MOUND RECEIVERS

WHEN HOGG STARTED ONLY UNCERTAINTY WAS SIZE OF SCORE

Game Never in Doubt Once the Atlanta Barrister Began to Toil and Cubs Flailed Sphere for One of Season's Easiest Triumphs

By ROBERT W. MAXWELL Sports Editor Evening Public Ledger

AFTER a slow, sluggish, sodden, sloppy, terrible, weak, pensive, lackadaisical afternoon, the Chicago Cubs wallowed the Phils by the score of 5 to 1.

"It must have been a awful ball game," said Captain Sam Gross, of the Bingham Giants, last night. "Cap'n Sam was right and at the same time a very lucky guy. He didn't have to see the disaster."

Sometimes one attends a real interesting conflict between two major league clubs, and at others one knows from the start which team will win. Such was the case yesterday. As soon as Bradley Hogg started to fling them within reach of the bats of the Cubs in the opening frame, nobody in the arena was deceived.

There was one interruption and that featured the afternoon. A sudden, sincere rainstorm came up in the middle of the second inning and was a big hit. The only objection was that it didn't last long enough.

As was said before, Mr. Hogg pitched. That meant ground and lofty hitting by the Cubs, and a glance at the box score proves such was the case. Thirteen bingles flew off their bats, and in addition, Bradley hit a couple in the ribs.

Another feature of the afternoon was the hitting of Cy Williams. Cy got a hit in the ninth, but before that he had hit his annual. Cy's only chance is to knock the ball out of the park.

Alex Will Toil in Cubs' Farewell

THE Cubs and their series here this afternoon and will not be seen again by the home folks until 1920. Grever Cleveland Alexander will hurl for the enemy, and either Pat Murray or George Smith will be on the mound for Cravath.

Strange as it may seem, the Phils are anxious to wallow Moran's club. They are in a fighting mood—whatever that may be—and say that their ex-manager will not have an easy time of it.

Moran is the biggest man in baseball today and that, coupled with his popularity, means a big ovation from the Philadelphia fans. He has proved his worth with Cincinnati. Taking a misstep, mismanaged ball club last spring, he tried to train on a field in Texas which was a couple of feet under water.

Another double-header will be played on Monday, and then will come the Giants for their final appearance. Boston will follow, and the Phils then will take the road until September 25, when they return to play four games with Brooklyn.

Death-Knell for Twilight Games

WHEN the daylight-saving law was shot to pieces by our high-brow congressmen and senators in Washington last Wednesday, it sounded the death knell for twilight baseball in Philadelphia this year.

Twilight baseball is a big thing in this city. There are teams playing in every section and thousands of spectators attend. When Nativity played Hildale a week ago, some 10,000 gathered on the lot at Belgrade and Cumberland streets to witness the game.

Plans have been laid for the 1920 season, but now they must be called off. Dave Bonnis intended to build a fence around the grounds at Magnolia and Chelton avenues and have a real place for his Germantown team.

Business men also will suffer. This year, with the extra hour of daylight, they have been able to play some golf, tennis or indulge in other forms of outdoor sport after leaving their offices for the day.

TAKING it all in all, the repeal of the daylight saving law might be a good thing for the farmer, but a bad thing for the working people in the big cities.

Bartfield to Train Here for Leonard

LEON RAINS, the listie impresario, is in again. After scouring this section of the country for pugilistic talent, he finally arranged a program of events which will be exposed to the public at the Phillies' ball park on Wednesday evening, September 3.

Willie Jackson has consented to appear in the semi and probably will meet Eddie Wallace, of Brooklyn. Joe O'Donnell, of Gloucester, and Johnny Murray will look up in one of the other bouts, and Joe Benjamin will be turned loose against a tough opponent—whatever that is—in the opener.

Tonight at Newark, Jack Britton will step out of his class and endeavor to take the measure of Mike O'Dowd, middleweight champion of the world. Britton is a shifty person, has a perfect defense and will need it. He must keep away from O'Dowd's swings, because Michael will ruin him if he ever lands. It probably will be one of those hit-and-run things with the accent on the run.

Successful in his juss with O'Dowd, it is reported that Britton will meet Lew Tandler here on September 10 at 135 pounds ringside. Britton is showing versatility if nothing else.

AIN'T IT A GRAND AND GLORIOUS FEELIN'?



GAMENESS ALONE HELPED PLATT WIN OVER OUMMET

North Hills Youth Scores One of Golf History's Most Dramatic Triumphs in Eliminating Bostonian

Two Fearless Stars By SPICK HALL Staff Correspondent Evening Public Ledger

PHILADELPHIA'S golf star is in the ascendancy. Here's hoping that it will not be in the ascendancy any time soon.

The youth who foped the Quaker City's luminary to such lofty heights is J. Wood Platt, the twenty-one-year-old club-wielder of the North Hills Country Club.

Yesterday Woody did what the world-famous Chick Evans could not do on Wednesday—eliminate Francis Oummet, of Boston, the man who once knocked the prop from under the dope by defeating Great Britain's mightiest player, Gordon and Ray.

This club is so exclusive that the visitors have to stand in the show line every morning to get their lunch tickets, and then wear their gaudy buttons with "O. C. C." emblazoned on them before they are passed by the club's official food server.

Woody won his match in the most dramatic, to say nothing of campy style that any match was ever won in this land. The fight was carried around the course twice, thirty-six holes, and then a couple more for good measure.

On the thirty-eighth green Woody sank the putt that won for him the right to play S. Davidson Heron, of Pittsburgh, in the semifinal round for the national amateur golf championship today on the super-trapped links of the exclusive Oakmont County Club.

Exclusive "O. C. C." This club is so exclusive that the visitors have to stand in the show line every morning to get their lunch tickets, and then wear their gaudy buttons with "O. C. C." emblazoned on them before they are passed by the club's official food server.

Woody Confident "I didn't think about being beaten," said Woody after the match. "I was just figuring on whether I would have to play one more hole or two before I got him. It turned out to be a hundred yards when I stepped out on the tee and got a club in my hand I felt all right again, and I was all right from that time on until the finish."

The nervousness that Platt mentioned was the same variety that affects the football player just before the kickoff—that feeling that something is about to give way in the stomach—but which vanishes as soon as the player gets into action.

Fielding Post once remarked that if he had a player that he thought was perfectly at ease before a football game he wouldn't put him in the game because that feeling would keep him from showing the necessary aggressiveness.

Was Aggressive At any rate, Woody B. Platt had the feeling of nervousness and he came through with an unbeatable brand of aggressiveness. He played some very

Conqueror of Britain's Mightiest Players Cracks in Match, but Not for Want of Courage

IS STEADY IN STORM

sent pit just below the green, in the rough. His third shot landed ten feet from the cup. His only chance to win the match was to putt and halve the hole, then capture another.

The Game Finish His putt was true in alignment but the rain-soaked green retarded the speed of the ball and it stopped a few inches from the cup. He sank the putt for a five, hoping against hope that Platt would miss two putts, but it wasn't to be.

Platt's approach putt was short but a moment later he slid it with a swish over the sodden turf and it dropped in, giving him the match after a nerve-racking battle of many hours and thirty-eight holes.

After Oummet had congratulated Platt he was surrounded by a host of followers, who could scarcely realize that this youth, of whom the majority had never heard before, had beaten one of the world's greatest golfers in one of the world's greatest matches.

The illness which affected Oummet's playing Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday did not interfere with him yesterday. He started before he began that he felt well and had no fever. After the match he was badly run physically and mentally from the terrific strain, but he was not ill.

Thunder Peals Just at this moment the third terrific storm of the day broke. The rain came down in blinding sheets, the lightning rent the heavy air and thunder crashed out peal after peal. The huge crowd was drenched in an instant, despite hundreds of umbrellas which gave the scene the appearance of a cluster of huge mushrooms, but this adverse display of the elements did not worry Platt in the least.

He was used to that thunder, lightning and rain in France. He merely looked the situation over, then lifted the ball toward the green. It struck a few feet from the pin and rolled until it was on the brink of the cup.

Every one held his breath while Oummet threw away his raincoat and set himself for the putt that would have won the match, but he missed and the hole was halved for a bird four, a remarkable performance in that blinding sheet of rain.

Crowd Trails There was not a man, woman or child that did not continue to follow the players down the hill, across the bridge to the second tee. Many of the spectators roared far up the hill to get a good glance at the green, others lined the fairway and a huge crowd surrounded three sides of the tee to see them drive.

Oummet drove first, a long, low shot that went into the rough on the right. Platt calmly teed up his ball and drove it straight up the fairway, but a trifle shorter than Oummet's. The Bostonian cracked out an iron shot that was lost in the mist for a few seconds, but when it dropped, it was apparent that he again had pulled his shot, that fatal mechanical error that cost him many holes during the day.

Platt's approach was eight feet from the hole and when Oummet came up he found his ball on the brink of the hole.

NATIONAL LEAGUE PARK PHILLIES vs. CINCINNATI DOUBLE-HEADER AT 1:30 P. M. Box Seats, \$1.10. Now on Sale at Gimbel's Spalding's and Ball Park.

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BABE RUTH'S ANSWER TO WHO IS HARDEST HITTER IN BASEBALL

Given a Chance to Play First Complete Season, Red Sox Star Smashes Past American League Records Before Middle of August

IN THE SPOTLIGHT—BY GRANTLAND RICE So Cheer Up and Go to It

When life looks dark and clouds are black, When no one thinks you have a chance, A ten to one shot in the pack, Through fire or adverse circumstance, Why let that block you up the steps, Or take a crimp into your chest? For back in April's expert dope Who picked the Reds to win this year?

When Fate is sitting on your neck, Or hard luck stops you for a spell, Although you look to be a wreck, Why not brace up and give 'em 'ell? You say you haven't got a show? The Kaiser said the same for France, And back in April's sunny glow Who picked the Reds to have a chance?

A queer old mess, this sport called Life, Or any other game you play, For those who hang on in the strife, The break is bound to come their way: The Reds have shown that in the whirl, Of Give-and Take, through varied plot, Their time will come, if, in the swirl, They stick around with all they've got.

THERE is quite a lap between an alibi and a legitimate excuse. But the main appeal still rests in the final score.

The Babe's Answer

GIVEN a chance to play his first complete season and take his shot at opposing pitchers every day, Babe Ruth has wound up the query as to who might be the hardest hitting young man in baseball.

The eminent Babe answered this argument by smashing all past American League records before the middle of August. He had climbed on by ancient marks set by such Sons of Swat as Sam Crawford, Harry Davis, Home-Run Baker, Wally Pich and others renowned for their ability to poke the ball outside the Palisades.

He may not smash the musty record of Buck Freeman, who had twenty-five circuit smashes to his credit, but you can count on the versatile Babe to keep piling along for the rest of the route.

RUTH is the hardest hitter baseball has produced since Ed Delahanty, and it's no part of a certainty that even Del had anything on the Red Sox star.

The Noncombatant Rejoins

If I could play a mashie like Chick Evans, If I could lay a hunt like T. R. Cobb, If I could only swing a Tilden, Brooks or Murray, I wouldn't give a rap about a job.

If I could only putt like Francis Oummet, Or sink a ball as Ruth does now and then, Or if I could wield a racquet like those Californians smack it, I'd never do a lick of work again.

WIO has the hardest wallop," queries a reader. "Babe Ruth or Jack Dempsey?" It depends on whether they are hitting a baseball or Jess Willard.

Memories of 1908

THE battle between Chicago and Detroit recalls the 1908 campaign, where the White Sox used Ed Walsh something like eight games to break through. The two clubs were only a half nose apart when it came to the final game, where Wild Bill Donovan stepped in and hoisted the Tigers safely through. The wonder is that Kid Gleason has maneuvered his pitching staff so well, as the Kid has been forced to bank on only two consistent winners. In the way of pitching, the Tigers have the edge for the first time since the days of Donovan and Mullen.

THERE is said to be no truth in the rumor that the Russian Reds will send for Pat Moran to one Manager Trotsky blows up. Pat handles athletes that wear red stockings, not those who wear red whiskers.

A NUMBER of American tennis players can now understand why the Turks didn't care to play any return engagement against the Anaerex at Gallipoli.

"IS AUSTRALIA east or west from here?" queries a tennis enthusiast. "Yes."

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