

KING THRUSH WARBLER A WILDAIR WHEN MAN-O-WAR UPHELD THE DOPE AGAINST AN UPSET

SOME HOSS! EJACULATES GRIZZLED VET AS MAN-O-WAR RUNS OFF WITH RICH PIMLICO PREAKNESS STAKES

By ROBERT W. MAXWELL Sports Editor Evening Public Ledger Pimlico, Md., May 19. "MAN O' WAR!" shouted the grizzled veteran of many race tracks as he leaned over the rail at Pimlico yesterday. "THE GREATEST HOSS that ever sunk his hoofs in a race track! The real Man o' War of the turf!"

A chestnut colt cantered up to the judges' stand and 20,000 voices united in a thunderous cheer which apparently was unheeded by the thoroughbred. The jockey saluted, tossed his whip to waiting hostler, dismounted, removed the saddle and walked into the weighing room. The colt was bunched up in a blanket and led to the stable, where a vegetarian meal was waiting. Thoughts of that meal made more of a hit than the cheers.

Man o' War had just captured the feature race of Maryland, won it easily after outclassing a wonderful field, but it was all in a day's work. Cheers meant nothing to him. The thousands of dollars which he won for thousands of people were mere incidents. In fact, he didn't know what it was all about.

Perhaps he didn't even know he had been in a race, for not once in the mile and a furlong jaunt did he get a square look at any of his opponents. It was just the same as a practice gallop, for he leaped to the front when the barrier snapped, set his own pace and the others trailed behind. The real fight was for second and third places. There was no doubt as to the winner after the first jump.

The race was one of the picturesque events of the year. There was color—lots of it; there was the intense excitement which only can be found at a race track; there was the crowd packed in the grand stand and on the front lawn, packed so tightly that another person could not possibly wedge his way through, and there was that multi-colored roof of hats spread in front, uneven, but swaying from side to side like a thatched covering in the wind, the brilliant straws and gaudy plumage of the female patrons mingling with the somber winter headgear of the men who still believe the straw hat season opens on June 1.

That was the picture at Pimlico before the Preakness handicap, with a purse of \$25,000 to the owner of the winning thoroughbred. Every person in the place had backed his and her judgment with good coin of the realm and was anxiously waiting to learn if his judgment had been correct.

Man o' War Runs Away A BUGLER stepped in front of the judges' stand and blew "hoops and saddles." There was a restless murmur from the dense throng, a craning of necks and then a complete silence which could be heard. The nine contenders for the Preakness honors were about to parade past the stand to the starting point, one furlong away. It was supposed to be a stately procession, led by a majordomo clad in a brilliant red coat, with each horse moving slowly and in a dignified manner to the barrier. That is what the spectators imagined.

But it was entirely different. When thousands of eyes were turned toward the parade gate as a sorrel meteor flashed out on the track, turned and ran with terrific speed past the stand.

"Man o' War!" roared the crowd. "He's running away! The jockey can't hold him!"

Down the back stretch he flew, with little Kummer sitting astride his neck. Slowly the jockey calmed the colt, brought him to a walk and stopped at the barrier. Then the crowd sighed with relief and turned to watch the other steeds nonchalantly sauntering toward the starter.

Man o' War is all in and watch Upset!" roared the crowd. "Upset beat Man o' War once and will do it again! Here they come!"

Into the homestretch came the galloping steeds, leaving a dense cloud of dust behind. Kummer lugged the rail on the turn and in the straightaway it looked for an instant as if Upset and Wildair would jump into the lead. But it was only for an instant. Kummer let his mount run for all that was in him and he drew away as if the others were standing still. Ambrose on Wildair and Rodriguez on Upset whipped their mounts unmercifully, but the final effort was too much.

While they were struggling along, putting every ounce of strength into every leap, Man o' War, running easily, crossed the finish line several lengths to the good. His time was 1:51 3/5, the best made since 1911, when August Belmont's Waterville established the record of 1:51. Had Riddle's colt been present there is no doubt that he would have smashed the record. He is in a class by himself and stands alone as the king of the turf.

"YES, he's some hoss—SOME HOSS!" resumed the grizzled veteran after the cheering subsided and he could make himself heard. "Ton had we can't see him in a race with Colin, eh? Colin was a mighty hoss and never lost a race; but I don't see how he can compare with Man o' War. Some hoss, I say. SOME HOSS!"

There was trouble at the barrier. St. Allan refused to stand still. On Watch was misbehaving. Upset started to kick his heels in the air and then Man o' War started to cut up. Two hostlers held him in position, while half a dozen others tried to argue with the others. Once every horse was in position and it looked as if a perfect start would be made, but St. Allan whirled around again and put the whole line out of place.

"That's the drug store favorite," muttered a spectator disgustedly. "All he can do is put the parade out of step."

Upset and Wildair Become Dangerous AT THE quarter Man o' War still was leading, with King Thrush at his heels. The Ross entry, by the way, was a red-hot tip and many expected him to give the Riddle colt a hard fight. He stuck closely, but in the meantime Wildair had crept up and was racing neck and neck with Upset, his stable companion.

When the half-mile post was passed the light blue silk of the Whitney stable could be seen creeping closer to the front, while King Thrush was beginning to falter. Sande was riding a grand race and his mount was giving every thing he had, but the pace was beginning to tell on him.

Around the turn the black blouse with the yellow sash and yellow bars on the sleeves still was in front, but the blue was moving closer.

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Almost every one of the guests or investigators stood aghast—their eyes wide open, while others were so impressed that they stood with mouths open wide—speechless, as it were.

"Wonderful!" ejaculated Sammy Harris, Baltimore, and who was the first to regain his breath. "I have visited every city in the United States where boxing is permissible. This club cannot be even tied. Never saw anything like it."

Home Run Features A home run by Calver Large featured Montgomery & Co.'s victory yesterday over West & Co. in the second contest of the Bankers' and Brokers' League.

Leading Hitters Today in Major Leagues

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NEW BOXING CLUB IS MAGNIFICENT ARENA

Philadelphia Auditorium, Which Is to Open Tonight With Six Bouts, Has Seating Capacity of 10,000, With All Sorts of Elbow Room

By LOUIS H. JAFFE still a favorite despite having his middleweight laurels shorn, will go on in the "good night" by trying to slip a good-night wallop on the Greek chin of George Knockout Brown.

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PHILS' BOX STAFF BOLSTERED A LOT

Addition of Gallia and Smith's Great Work May Lift Club in Standing

St. Louis, May 18.—With Melvin Gallia purchased by the Browns and George Smith pitching a 1-0 victory over the Cardinals, the Phillies' pitching staff, which appeared to be sinking when Lee Meadows was injured, now promises to lift the Quakers out of the second division.

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STALLINGS THREATENS MIRACLE STUFF AGAIN

Boston Braves Are Beginning to Show Something Unexpected in National League—Carpentier Is Flashy Boxer, but Dempsey Hits With Lightning Speed

By GRANTLAND RICE The Duffer's Revision

Howe'er it be it seems to me, It's noble to be on one's game; Long puts are more than coronets, And massive shots than endless fame.

STALLINGS has won a lot of pen-ants in various leagues since that campaign of '94 or '95. And he has won most of them through his ability to make his earnest athletes arise upon their hind legs and hustle all the way.

South Philadelphia Hebrew Team Scheduled Through Dates in June

S. P. H. A. NINE WELL BOOKED

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COBB'S 1920 START POOREST IN 12 YEARS

Ty's Bat Never Weaker at Beginning of Season Than .243 Average Shows Now—His Best Was .491 in 1913 Campaign

By EDWIN J. POLLOCK IS TY COBB going back? The answer is yes, but not yet. Even if he were going back he has a long way to go before he is just a star ball player.

Some of the pitchers around Ben Johnson's circuit may have the idea that Ty is sliding downward on the team track. But ask the young men of Mr. Mack's pitching staff. Ty has been raising the roof in the series with the A's here and it looks as if he is beginning to find his 1920 self.

The great T. R. didn't do much yesterday. That is he had only one hit in the eleven that he hit in the 8 to 2 Detroit victory. That one was a hum-dinger. It was a triple and came in the eighth inning with Donnie Bush resting on first.

And then to prove that the backslider was not a backslider, the great T. R. stole home while young Pat Martin was taking a long and lusty windup.

Ty has whaled the ball at close to 400 here and certainly his batting figures will recover their correct proportions shortly, but the Detroit denier got one of the worst starts in his career this season.

The sage who coined the expression that the world's upside down must have had an idea of what the 1920 batting averages look like. Cobb is far south in the list and judging from Babe Ruth's position, one might think the averages were arranged in alphabetical order.

Hitting 243 Now Tyrus at present is hitting at the non-Cobbian figure of .243 which is not at all becoming to the decade old batting king. Never in the last dozen seasons has the perennial one had a worse beginning. We say the last dozen years because the records before that time are not handy. Perhaps Ernie Lanigan or Al Monroe Alphas will come to the rescue.

Since 1908 and previous to this year, Cobb's worst start came in 1918. At this time two years ago, the Georgian was laboring under the severe handicap of a .277 percentage.

His best getaway was in 1913 when he began the season with the whole-some average of .491 in seventeen games which embraced 57 times at bat, he collected twenty-eight hits.

His average during the last dozen years at this time of the campaigns follows:

Table with columns for Year, G, AB, R, H, Ave.

HENLEY REGATTA TWO-DAY EVENT

With at Least Six Crews in Childs Cup Race, Preliminary Heat Is Necessary

So many college crews are anxious to row in the sixteenth American Henley Regatta on the Schuylkill river on Saturday May 29, that the Managing Committee may be compelled to make the Regatta a two-day affair.

The problem of having all these crews start under proper conditions is now up to the officials of the American Rowing Association. They are in communication with other universities and a decision will be announced within a few days, if some of the races are held on Friday it will be the first time that the American Henley has been a two-day affair.

While it has been said that the seating capacity of the new arena is 12,000, Pawling explained last night that, in order to make things more orderly in terms of many years entertained by the arena, that this Regatta should be a two or three-day affair similar to the English Henley.

Twenty Crews In all, at least twenty college crews will be here. They include four from Pennsylvania, four from the Naval Academy, four from Columbia, at least one each from Harvard and Syracuse, and possibly the same from Yale and Cornell in speaking of the regatta today John Arthur Brown, secretary of the American Rowing Association, said: "This regatta will be the greatest that has ever been held in the United States. Never before have we had so many college crews of such high standard. In my judgment it will be even a greater regatta than the historic English Henley."

Schedule for Today

RESULTS OF YESTERDAY

PENN MEETS DARTMOUTH

Sheffy to Hurl in Return Game on Franklin Field

Dartmouth will be the Hey Day attraction at Franklin Field this afternoon. Penn will attempt to retrieve the defeat the Green handed the Red and Blue last Saturday afternoon at Hanover. Coach Cariss expects to send Doug Sheffy to the mound although Walter Huntsinger, who was defeated on Saturday by the visitors may draw the assignment. Tracy is expected to be sent back against the Red and Blue. The game starts at 3 o'clock. Lineup:

Table with columns for Club, G, AB, R, H, Win, Loss

Large advertisement for Herbert & Eaton London Cigarettes. It features a caricature of a man in a suit and tie, looking thoughtful with his hand to his chin. The text reads: 'There's something about them you'll like.' 'Twenty to the package'. 'Herbert & Eaton London Cigarettes'. 'Trade Mark'. 'Previous to the Herman Moore match which is a big number, Knockout Bill Brennan and the fat boy Willie Meenan, heavyweights, will clash, and then Mike O'Dwyer, who is...