DARK CLOUD LOOMS UP IN THE PATH OF JACK DEMPSEY FOLLOWING FULTON-WILLS RETURNS

HARRY WILLS KNOCKS F. FULTON BACK TO PLASTERING PROFESSION WITH RIGHT WALLOP ON THE CHIN

By ROBERT W. MAXWELL
Sports Editor Evening Public Ledger

Newark, N. J., July 27.

FRED FULTON flopped in the armory here last night. The big plasterer, who looked more like a working member of that profession than a boxer, took it on the chin in the third round and then played the finale on the hip.

Harry Wills, the great colored heavyweight, was responsible for the sudden ending of the bout, which featured an all-star, heavily financed program held under the auspices of the International Sporting Club. Wills won and Fulton lost. The victory was very popular because only six minutes and thirty-five seconds of the spectators' time was taken up. Judging from the finish, they would have been satisfied if the six minutes had been eliminated.

Perhaps Fulton was knocked out. If he wasn't he is a clever actor, for he deceived every one, including himself.

Sitting on his haunches, his long legs spread out haphazardly, his eyes closed tightly as if he had been looking into a blinding sun, this big hulk was counted out by Harry Ertle thirty-five seconds after the third round had started. Fulton did not look like a man who had been knocked out. In a case like that, the victim is supposed to be unconscious and lie limply on the canvas.

* * *

NOT SO with Fredward. He flopped and was rigid until the final ten had been tolled off. Then he rose, walked to his corner and thought of the $25,000 he was to receive for such a brief appearance.

Monologue by Mr. Wills

THAT THIRD round was quite sensational, but it was a sort of a monologue by Mr. Wills. Harry opened with a right hook to the body which was cleverly blocked by Fulton, just below the heart. That caused him to fall into a clinch. He wasn't at all graceful and looked like a shipwrecked sailor trying to float on a sponge in mid-ocean.

Wills reached out with his left and encircled Fredward's waist. Drawing the huge plasterer toward him, he drew back his right and let it fly for the body. It scored a bullseye and Fulton winced. Another landed in the same spot and the white man wilted. A third wallop caused him to remember a previous engagement or something like that, for his mind must have wandered from the business he had on hand.

He tried to draw away and as he did, his protruding jaw hove into sight. Wills whipped over his right and it sort of brushed the chin. It wasn't a hard blow, nor did it land solidly. In fact, it didn't travel more than six inches.

Suddenly to the amazement of every one, Fredward took the high dive and hit the floor like a loose bale of hay. He closed his eyes and Ertle began to count. He didn't squirm or make any effort to arise, but kept his eyes closed and listened to the count. After ten had been reached and the danger was over, he slowly climbed to his feet and walked to his corner. There he was greeted by Wills, but Harry was gentle and docile. He only shook hands and said he hoped his injuries were trivial.

* * *

WILLS was very nervous when he stepped into the ring. He wore a worried frown and seemed to be restless. Fulton, on the other hand, was calm and confident. He smiled to many acquaintances and scowled at his opponent in the opposite corner.

Wills Is the Smiler After Bell Rings

THAT WAS before the battle. After the first ten seconds, Wills wore a broad grin, for he proved in that time he had the big boy's measure. He rushed Fulton and landed a hard right to the body before they clinched. Then came the big surprise. Harry handled Fredward as if he were a baby, tossing him around and socking him almost at will. He did all of the leading and landed all of the punches.

Fulton was all arms. He held them straight out and when he jabbed it was a light blow to the body. There was no power behind any of the two wallops which were struck.

Wills was going good at the bell and when Fulton went to his corner he called Harry Ertle, the referee, to him. "Tell Wills to quit hitting low," he said. "If he does it again he should be disqualified."

If any low blows were struck, nobody saw them, for Wills had a big enough target to shoot at.

In the second Fulton, evidently encouraged by the cheering advice of Tom O'Rourke, stepped out and looked as if he meant business. He landed several left jabs and had Harry pleading from the mouth. But the jab was the only thing he could land. Every time he shot his right to the head, Wills was not there.

Harry put up a very good defense and stepped around like a lightweight. He was taking his time, for he had solved Fredward's attack and knew he couldn't get hurt. He was waiting for an opening and it came near the end of the round. Incidentally, the blow which landed really won the fight.

Wills led for the face with his left and when Fulton's guard went up, he sunk his right to the body, just under the heart. Fulton's face turned white, his left knee came up and he seemed ready to fall. He threw both arms around Wills's neck and held on. Then came the bell.

The finish of the third round was similar to the finale of the bout with Dempsey held a couple of miles from here, exactly two years ago. Dempsey hit him in the body five times and crossed his right. Wills hit him three times before the glass jaw was shattered. There was some discussion at the ringside about the blow which ended the fracas. Many claim it was a right to the body, but the knockout was staged in the corner where I was sitting and I saw that right to the jaw which rang down the curtain.

* * *

WILLIS IS a great fighter; at least he looked great against Fulton last night. He is as good as his press agents said he was. He is a powerful, fast piece of fighting machinery, hits hard with either hand and can step around like a lightweight. Even if Fulton had decided to get up in the third, he had the big bimbo's number and the end would have been the same. Both Wills and Fulton agreed that the former was the latter's master.

Negro Forced to Stall Previously

WILLIS HAS been fighting a long time, but scarcity of opponents forced him to take things easy in the ring. He has been chased by many referees for stalling, but it is said he had to have one hand tied behind his back before any one would take him on. Last night he had a chance to show how he could travel without the wraps and, believe us, he made good.

This bout was the end of an extraordinary boxing show which attracted the largest crowd that ever packed itself into the Armory. Every seat was taken and the customers dug down deeply into their jeans for the privilege. The $15 seats were jammed and it was the same with the fives and tens.

It was estimated that 14,000 were present, and the gate receipts were slightly more than $100,000. This was a big surprise, for every one believed the show would lose money. The bouts alone cost something like $85,000, and that's a whole lot.

The opening bout was a thriller and it introduced a different Jack Britton from the one we were used to seeing. Jack was in the ring for business and was stacked up against Marcel Thomas, the welter champion of France.

Thomas lost in the tenth round, when Referee Slim Brennan used excellent judgment and stopped the bout. However, the game Frenchman was not satisfied, although he was helpless and was running the risk of serious injury. He wanted to continue and was very much peeved when told it was time to put on the next act.

Britton started after Thomas in the first, and it looked as if he would end it quickly. He used slam-bang tactics and put the Frenchman down twice in the initial inning. Thomas, however, was game and came back for more.

It was the same in the other nine rounds. Britton was the aggressor, but the more he pummeled the foreigner the harder Thomas would come back. It was a great exhibition of grit and the crowd was wildly cheering him at every opportunity.

Britton showed a wonderful defense and also some nifty slugging with both left and right. Thomas's face was the color of the setting sun before the end of the fifth, but he never let up.

In the tenth Britton landed on the chin and Marcel began to waver. He rolled to the floor, but was up at the count of two. Another wallop sent him down again, and when Brennan walked over to lift him up and send him to his corner the Frenchman smiled and shook his head. He arose a third time and Britton put everything he had behind a right to the chin.

* * *

THOMAS went down again and was so helpless that Brennan did the wise thing to stopping it. Thomas then remonstrated, but the fight was over.

Wild Burt Wins Over Moran

FRANK MORAN and Wild Burt Kenny put on a travesty in the next bout. Wild Burt never has claimed to be a great boxer, but he gave Moran more than he was looking for. Frank outweighed him at least twenty-five pounds, but Kenny did all of the forcing, landed ten times as many blows, and if a decision were to be given Wild Burt would get it. This seems strange, but he did the work. Even a knockdown in the third could not even it up.

* * *

JOHNNY DUNDEE beat Eddie Fitzsimmons in ten fast rounds. He beat away from Eddie's left and piled up enough points to win. It was said that Eddie weighed 131 pounds. He was thinner than in Philadelphia the night he boxed Tendler and perhaps he weighed 131. We didn't see the official weighing.

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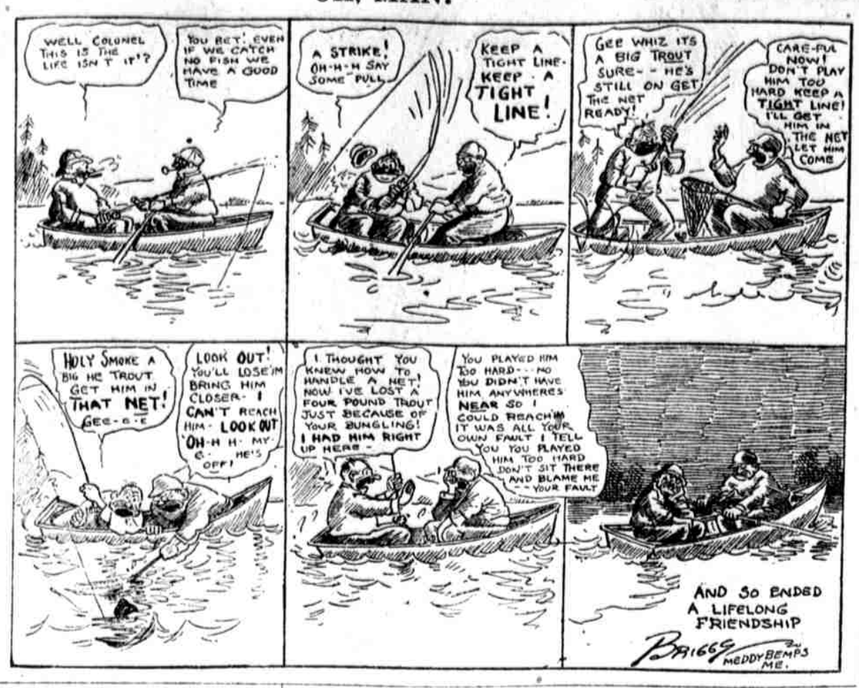
OH, MAN!



WHISKERS LOSE IN BACHARACH GAME

House of David Nine Defeated by Negro Team, 4 to 2, at Shibe Park

Twelve thousand fans refused to take a day off from baseball with both the Phils and A's idle, so they visited Shibe Park yesterday afternoon and witnessed a unique game of the national pastime between bewhiskered and gentlemen of color clubs. The bearded baseballians didn't win because the negro nine made twice as many runs, the House of David team being defeated by the Bacharach Giants, of Atlantic City, 4 to 2.

Fleetness of foot was a more potent factor in the Bacharach conquest than any prowess with the bat. Six thefts were committed by the sunburnt tossers, who managed to populate the base paths on many occasions as a result of having worked Southpaw Brogan, the beardless pitcher of the bearded team, for free transportation on eight different occasions.

Brogan is a member of the House of David battery, consisting of Brogan and Phelan. Neither of this duo is connected with any tribe of Israel, except in a financial way.

Bacharach deposited the first run of the combat in the opening inning. One down, Marcells beat out a hit to the bearded Falkenstein. He promptly stole second. Lundy followed with a walk. Marcells was nailed trying to steal third, Lundy going to second, from where he counted on a single to left that rang from the ash of Brown.

The curious tribe from Benton Harbor, Mich., tied the figures in the fourth. Tally. He did. Mr. Tally started his tally with a single to starboard. Phelan's lawn sacrifice pushed him to second, Brogan's single to right, his second straight hit, tallied Tally.

It was in the fifth that the Bacharachs clinched the verdict. Thouth they registered only one hit, they managed to put two runs over the plate. Lundy led off with a walk. Brown bunted, but Brogan elected to throw to second. His peg was too late, and both hands were safe. Both runners advanced when Brogan threw past second in an effort to get Lundy napping.

Handy popped to Williams. Brogan threw out Pierce, but Lundy was wide awake and scored on the play. Mediro walked. Brown and Mediro caught the House of David asleep, working the double steal, the former scoring.

The enemies of the barber trust counted their second and what proved to be their final run in the seventh. Veiritz inaugurated this session with the healthiest hit of the pastiming, a tripie to right. After H. Hannaford fanned, E. Hannaford brought home his bewhiskered mate with a single to right.

In the Bacharach seventh another run was banked. Marcells's double, steal of third and an infield out manufactured this marker.

SINGLE G. DEFEATED

Veteran Pacer Loses First Race of the Season

Columbus, O., July 27.—The opening race of the Columbus midsummer grand circuit race meeting saw Single G., the veteran pacer, take his first defeat of the year in the free-for-all, when, after stepping in 2.01 the first heat, he went into the ruck while Sanardo went on and won in slower time. Single G.'s mile was the fastest heat paced anywhere this year. In the auction pools he sold for $100 to $80 for the field.

The 2:07 trot furnished a duel between Dr. Nick and Peter L., the latter finally winning. Dr. Nick trotted the first heat in 2:04¼. Peter L. was the original favorite.

The stake event of the card was the 2:05 pace, the Elks' Home purse $3000. It proved a stirring contest, Royal Earl winning the first heat as he pleased, then being forced to bow to the rushes of Hal Mahone, in the last two heats. It was the latter pacer's first win of the season. Royal Earl was a slight favorite in the first auction pools.

GRIMES A REGULAR HERO

Does All Sorts of Things in Farewell Game at Bridgeport

Bridgeport, Conn., July 27.—Roy Grimes, the local Eastern League infielder, who joins the Giants in New York today, gave a wonderful exhibition for his farewell performance here yesterday. In five times at bat he was intentionally passed with a runner on second and the other four times he drove out smashing hits, the last a home run to the center field fence with three runners on the bases.

Bridgeport defeated Waterbury by a score of 12 to 1 and Grimes drove in five of Bridgeport's runs, scoring three more himself. He also stole a base and had a perfect day in the field, accepting seven chances.

In the field Grimes has accepted 405 chances out of 430 for an average of .942. He plays shortstop or second base.

HARRY WILLS LOOMS UP BIG AS OPPONENT FOR DEMPSEY

Conqueror of Fred Fulton Has Been Boxing Eleven Years—He Is 26 Years Old, Weighs 212 Pounds and Stands 6 Feet 3 Inches

By LOUIS H. JAFFE

A BIG smear of darkness now looms up before Jack Dempsey. With the returns of the Fulton-Wills contest in Newark last night, in which Fred proved that, as a boxer, he was a mighty good plasterer, Harry stands out prominently, promiscuously, likely and probably as the first opponent for Dempsey as world's heavyweight champion.

Nobody has said anything about it, but Wills will be Dempsey's vis-a-vis when Jack is ready to return to the ring. Wills is mentioned as Dempsey's opponent because there isn't anyone else who stands out better, and, furthermore, Dempsey has announced that there is no color line in his young life. The negro heavyweight is no new piece of punching talent in the ring. Harry has been in the game, off and on, mostly off—because of lack of opponents—since 1911.

Seventy-five per cent of Wills's opponents have been boxers of his own color, because, for some reason or other, the white folks didn't like the idea of punching with or against the New Orleans black, who is twenty-six years of age, weighs 212 pounds and stands six feet three inches.

Sam Langford, the once great Tar Baby, has been a favorite punching partner for Wills. They have gone after each other's woolly scalp on fifteen different occasions, mostly no-decision affairs.

The only two times Wills has been knocked out in his eleven-year career, Langford turned the trick on both occasions in fourteen rounds in 1914, and in nineteen rounds in 1916. Since that 1916 bout, however, Wills has defeated Langford almost every time they have met.

Wills today looms up as the best of the negro heavyweight punchers and, for that matter, the peer of the entire division, outside of Dempsey, because there aren't any real good big white men. If the title holder is to be extended, Wills is the person to come out of the other corner at the sound of the gong.

Another heavyweight was eliminated when Bob Martin knocked out Sergeant Ray Smith in the fifth round at Columbus, O., last night. Martin might challenge Jack Dempsey, but that's all. It is doubtful if he would attempt to kid himself into believing that he could cope with the champion.

Kid Beebe, the real old veteran, who has been boxing for a score of years, participated in his 600th battle last week when he won a six-rounder at the Eleventh Street Arena. Beebe started boxing in 1906, and, in his prime, the Kid said he "would sooner box than eat." Of course, Beebe doesn't feel that he could go along and show successful form against the present crop of boxers his weight. The Kid now is operating a massage parlor downtown, giving treatments daily.

A pair of negro light heavyweights will get together in the star bout at the Eleventh Street Arena on Friday night, when Panama Joe Gans and Kid Patillo clash in an eight-rounder. Harry Deacon today also announced his other bouts, viz. Duke Avery vs. Johnny Hopkins, Jack Cullen vs. Tommy Hayes, Joe McGovern vs. Bushy Cassar and Patsy Bradley vs. Harry Kilburn.

Joe Kennedy has announced definitely that his Germantown A. C. will remain closed until early in September. The Manayunk sportsman has started to develop a lot of ring talent in Manayunk. Falls of Schuylkill and Germantown, and a lot of new faces will appear in competition at his arena next fall.

Tom Loughrey and Pete Tyrell have arranged all details for the fifteen-round bout between Frank Loughrey and Eddie McAndrews at West Manayunk, Montgomery county, next Monday night. There is a big advance sale of tickets for this bout, which has the fans in Manayunk interested to a fever point. Prelims will be Young Rematchi vs. Johnny Pawn, Battling Blake vs. Johnny Dougherty and Jimmy Nolan vs. Young Earl.

Bobbie Williams Must Be an Unusual Boxer

New York, July 27.—Bobbie Williams, who arrived yesterday on the steamship Aquitania, told the Ellis Island officials that he was a boxer all the way from Australia. When asked how he came to ride in the steerage, Williams said:

Didn't I try to come first cabin? Why, it would take an order from the king to get a cabin ticket from England to New York these days. Everything's bought up for months ahead. And I had this fight on in Milwaukee. That's where I'm headed, and the date's been billed and advertised. I couldn't come cabin, so I had to pile up with the immigrants in the steerage."

He passed all the selective tests and hurried down to the railroad room to buy a ticket for Milwaukee, saying he would have to hurry to get there in time for his bout.

Eddie Mullen will take on Preston Brown in the main mix at the Cambria Friday night. In the semi Charley O'Neil faces Johnny Dougherty. Other bouts: Young Erne vs. Frankie Smith, Young Kilpatrick vs. Spike Sheridan and Young Willets vs. Jimmy Nolan.

Sammy Gold, 110-pounder, will be unable to box for a month, his manager, Steve Marcoe, announced today. Gold suffered a broken nose while training.

An inter-shipyard boxing tourney is scheduled at the Sun Field Boxing Arena, Chester, tomorrow night between Hog Island and Sun Ships. The bouts: Joe O'Keefe vs. Johnny Rock, Billy Hass vs. Otto O'Keefe, George Magness vs. George Myers, Jimmy Lavender vs. Bobby Woods, Bob Beebe vs. Jack Brazzo and Eddystone Miller vs. Frank Britton.

McCANN IS WINNER

Bobby Defeats Walter Rennie in Eight Rounds at Knickerbocker

Bobby McCann and Walter Rennie, each tipping the beam at 127 pounds, met in the star set-to at the Knickerbocker A. A. last night, with Young Jack O'Brien as the referee, and the former returned a winner in eight rounds. McCann was entirely too clever for Rennie, and the Grays Ferry lad won by a wide margin.

Charley Hauber, 107½, handicapped by weight, was defeated by Leo Reynolds, 114½; Joe O'Keefe, 129, and Johnny Paxton, 134, boxed a fast draw; Matty Barrett, 127, won from Tommy Hayes, 133, and Patsy Cochran, 141, knocked out Lew Riley, 135, in the second.

Wiggins Shades Jackie Clark

Cincinnati, O., July 27.—"Chuck" Wiggins of Indianapolis, heavyweight champion of Australia, shaded Jackie Clark of Allentown, Pa., in a ten-round boxing match here last night. The fight was staged in an open-air arena.

Vanderbilt Horses to Race

Paris, July 27.—It is understood that the late William K. Vanderbilt's stud farm at Lequesnoy and his training establishment at St. Louis de Poissy will be continued. William Duke will remain the trainer, while Frank O'Neill will continue as premier jockey in the Vanderbilt stable. The horses will resume racing August 3, when Courtland is entered for the Prix des Reves at Vichy.

YANKEES PLUS RUTH SETTING NEW MARK

Turnstile Record That Will Equal What League Once Drew New York's Prospect—Have Lured 250,000 Fans in Eight-Game Stretch

By GRANTLAND RICE

Olympic Sonatas

When Greek met Greek in ancient days
And old Doc Homer sang their praise,
Each victor owned the bally town
The while he wore an olive crown.
But since Doc Homer no more throws
An ode at winning legs or toes,
We'll hit for him in this one year
Provided you will lend an ear.
And yet on second thought we'll wait
Until the score is on the slate,
Nor count our chickens in advance
Until each egg has had a chance.

"I DON'T know much about the Black Hand," writes an enraged fan, "but I know what the Yellow Hand is in pitching—it is being afraid to get one over for a good hitter." How they love to see the Bambinos of Swat intentionally denied the great privilege of lifting one out of the yard!

It Doesn't Follow

"I'VE been taught not to sway my body in the golf stroke," L. H. F. writes. "Yet I notice that Ted Ray sways at every tee shot and gets wonderful results. If he can do it, why shouldn't I?"

It doesn't always follow that each can follow copy on the style of a champion or a star performer.

Ray probably started in with a body sway something like twenty-five years ago. It is now his natural way of hitting a ball. Twenty-five years of habit have shown him how to control it. But it isn't the easiest way to learn the game. So why take the long road home when a shorter cut is open?

The Ways of Form

THE ways of form are rarely the same. "Babe" Ruth and Joe Jackson stand exactly alike at bat. But neither stands like Tris Speaker or George Sisler.

Ruth, Cobb and Willie Keeler all adopted widely different grips or ways of holding a bat.

The golf grips employed by Evans, Ouimet, Hagen and Travers are all different. Jack Spratt, you may remember, could eat no fat. On the contrary, his well-known wife could eat no lean. And so it goes. A well-known professional golfer once tried Travers's system of hitting a mashie shot with the tip of his right thumb guiding the club. The "pro" nearly lost a valuable thumb as he missed the shot.

It never pays to copy any style blindly. As a rule the most comfortable isn't very far wrong, especially if it gets results.

Crowds

JUST a few years ago any major league ball club that played to 500,000 paid admissions in the course of a season was thought to be doing very nicely.

The New York Yankees plus "Babe" Ruth are in the act of setting a turnstile mark that will not only break all records—but that will be fully as much as the entire league once drew.

For the last few weeks the Yankees have been averaging around 20,000 fans a game. Possibly more, as they have had numerous days above 30,000. They have drawn as high as 250,000 in an eight-game stretch. It would not be at all surprising if they played to over 2,500,000 people before the odor of burning leaves in early October indicates the approaching end of the campaign.

For they have not only drawn huge crowds at the Polo grounds—they have also drawn amazing crowds in St. Louis, Cleveland, Chicago and Washington. Also Boston and other points east and west. They will undoubtedly be in the thick of the melee till the finish. Even if they should slip, the resounding echo of Ruth's bat will summon the clan as he struggles for the fifty mark.

The Yanks are now headed West. They may not draw quite so heavily in St. Louis and Detroit, but they will sardine the ball parks in Cleveland and Chicago.

This season will undoubtedly be the biggest attendance year that any club has ever known in sixty years of baseball history. It will be a mark to shoot at well beyond any target ever offered before.

THE $450,000 taken in at the Dempsey-Willard fight is still the top notch for a single show in sport. And this mark will stand until Dempsey and Carpentier meet, if they ever do. If this show ever comes off the prospect of a $1,000,000 gate will no longer be an idle dream.

ROBINSON and Kummer have been voted as the two leading jockeys of the year, but our pick goes to Tris Speaker, who has jockeyed two winning pitchers through seventy-five ball games, including a smear of doubleheaders.

In Dempsey's list of fights the time allowance has been from eighteen seconds to four and one-half minutes. His time allowance in the Fulton fight was almost a start from scratch.

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SENATORS BUY O'ROURKE

Give Two Pitchers, Infielder and Cash Consideration to Toronto

Toronto, Ont., July 27.—Frank O'Rourke, shortstop for the Toronto International League Baseball Club, was sold yesterday to the Washington American League team. The consideration included a cash sum. Pitcher Snyder and an unnamed infielder and another pitcher.

O'Rourke's transfer will not become effective until the end of the International League season.

Steel Team to Travel

Bethlehem, Pa., July 27.—Bethlehem Steel Company soccer team, which has been greatly strengthened, will go to Brazil in August to engage in matches, opening at Rio Janeiro.

MAN O' WAR TO RUN IN SARATOGA MEET

Riddle's Puzzler Will Have Chance to Add Greatly to His Earnings

Man O'War, Samuel D. Riddle's puzzler, is to run at the Saratoga track. He is expected to be entered in the Travers, which event carried a prize of a little less than $10,000 last season, and in the Saratoga cup, which is to be valued at about $5000.

If Man O'War should win both races his earnings then would be in the neighborhood of $138,000, and there would still be ahead of him the Realization and the Autumn gold cup at Belmont Park, with the possibility of another engagement or two at the autumn meetings in Maryland and Kentucky.

The Realization is worth about $20,000 and the weight for age race should net $6000 or $7000 more, so that the pins are set for Man o' War to wind up the campaign with $165,000 or more to his credit if he can hold his form and continue to smother his competitors at all distances.

The largest winnings ever credited to an American racehorse were $193,550, won by Domino in his three campaigns, at two, three and four years of age.

A succession of unusually rich stakes for two-year-olds in 1893 enabled him to earn nearly $180,000 in his first campaign. When he retired at the end of his four-year-old campaign he had started in twenty-five races, of which he won eighteen, and made a dead heat in another.

In all his races he never met a runner that could beat him at even weights at any distance up to one mile, and he never won a race at a greater distance than one mile.

Brigadier General at Saratoga

Saratoga, N. Y., July 27.—Samuel D. Riddle has brought his big light brigade two-year-old Brigadier General to Saratoga to run him in some of the best juvenile events. He is not in the Saratoga special, but he is in the grand union, hopeful, United States, Sanford memorial and grab bag, and he will have enough to do in these races.

"Panama" Joe Gans Wins

Chester, N. Y., July 27.—"Panama" Joe Gans of New York, outfought Frank Moore of Jersey City, in a ten-round bout here last night. The men are middleweights.

CARPET GOLFERS WILL PLAY CARPET, BUT WON'T BEAT IT

Workers in Yarns Will Have Great Chance to Spin 'Em at Nineteenth This Week in Annual Trade Tourney

By SANDY McNIBLICK

KNOW for a fact that not all carpet makers use the same stroke beating golf opponents that they do in beating their product.

They are about to prove it in the thirteenth annual golf tournament of the Carpet Trade Association, which will be held Thursday and Friday of this week over the course of the Philadelphia Cricket Club.

Nobody ought to be able to beat a carpetmaker in playing the carpet, as some one has nicknamed the putting green. This is one of the fine arts of golf, always has been, and the rug folks ought therefore to start off at least 1 up on the old game.

On Thursday morning there will be medal play to qualify for the various eights. Match play starts in the afternoon, with semifinals and finals the next day. There will be consolation flights and a flag tournament, with original handicaps on Friday afternoon.

It is announced that the prizes to be given this year will be much more valuable and numerous than the gorgeous trophies won heretofore.

There will be virtually five prizes to every eight players. If a player doesn't win a trophy, therefore, he can know at least that as a golfer he is a great carpetmaker.

Friday night the prizes will be awarded at an informal dinner at the Cricket Club to members of the association.

The affair, golf, not the dinner, will be at handicaps throughout and some of the leading Philadelphia players are eligible.

Dwight Armstrong, Huntingdon Valley, who emerged 5 up on Max Marston at the interclub championships; J. W. Platt, city champion; W. J. Platt and William Hamilton, Cricket Club, will all give the visitors a whirl, despite their handicaps. Morton Fetterolf, Huntingdon Valley, is another local competent to add his share of zip to the meeting.

E. E. W. Cruickshank, of the Philadelphia Strawbridge & Clothiers, is president of the association; A. A. Stevens, New York, secretary. The tournament's committee is Charles L. Raser, George H. Heath and William H. Hamilton.

Who put the flick in niblick? Axminster, he knows.

The best carpetmaker may not be the best golfer but supremacy told in the national tourney of the Lexington Motor Co. Frank B. Ansted, president of the organization, won the main trophy, the Philadelphia Cup, presented by W. A. Kuser, of the Pennsylvania Lexington Motor Co.

The matches were played at Overbrook last week. Among those playing were F. B. Ansted, George W. Ansted, Connorsville, Ind.; P. P. Willis, Toledo, O.; Howard L. Kyngar, vice president of the Continental Guaranty Co., New York, and W. A. Kuser.

In the paper-trade tourney, George Hoffner entered apparently as a dark horse, so that his employer was able to get down a comfortable bet on the local star. Hoffner won, thus demonstrating in the good old fashion his genuine worth to his employer.

The native land of T. D. Armour, a golf passenger who arrived to compete for our titles with Walter Hagen, is getting intricate. Upon arrival he was a Frenchman, and the French champion. The next day reports stated he was a Scotchman and the amateur champion of Scotland. No wonder there was confusion if he wore kilties. The skirt styles in Paris are also virtually above the knee.

Robert Rischler is taking golf very seriously in his vacation days. He was a cottage near Shawnee and plays the course at every chance in anticipation of the Buckwood tourney next week.

George W. Elkins, Jr., is among other locals who will pack a motor with players and take in the Buckwood tourney. The field promises to be the fastest that has competed there for years.

Mrs. A. W. Dannenbaum, Philmont, will again enter the national this year. Since her last start she has won two trophies.

Charles Hoffner, William Leach and Clarence Hackney are three of the local district professionals who ought to give a fine account of themselves in the metropolitan open this week. Hagen, Barnes, J. D. Edgar and numerous other national stars will compete. Hagen holds the title.

British Golf Stars Meet at Toledo

New York, July 27.—Jack White, British open golf champion in 1904, will compete for the American title at Inverness, Toledo, in September. This will give the American classic three British stars, as Harry Vardon and Ted Ray already have entered for the national tournament.

Norfolk Still After McConnell

Norfolk, July 27.—The backers of the Norfolk team, Virginia League, are still making overtures to Ambrose McConnell to take charge of the team, according to reports, but the veteran Amby seems satisfied to play independent ball around his home in New York state.

2 Big Games

BASEBALL

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