THE A'S ARE GOING WELL ENOUGH AT LEAST TO MAKE THE DETROIT TIGERS LOOK LIKE KITTENS

A QUIET NIGHT IN THE COUNTRY, OR HOW T. SPEAKER FOUND REST AND COMFORT IN OLD LOG CABIN

By ROBERT W. MAXWELL
Sports Editor Evening Public Ledger

SOMETIMES, when the hard working business man is beginning to show signs of cracking under the strain, his friend and physician takes him to one side, hands him the parcel of friendly advice and ends up with: "Bill, old boy, better get out of town and take a rest. Go to the country where it is quiet and breathe some of that fresh, pure air."

It is the same with ball players, especially players who manage ball clubs, and now you have the reason for this story. Sometimes one can find rest in the country—sometimes.

Chapter I

TRIS SPEAKER had just finished walloping the Athletics and was about to leave the ball park last Friday night. Walloping the Athletics was not an easy job, for after three attempts he had succeeded but once. Still, his ball club had put over a much needed victory and Tris was in a fairly happy frame of mind.

However, the manager did not look like an athlete "in the pink" nor was he a picture of robust health. He had lost one of his best friends, was under a terrible mental strain for more than a week and finally cracked. He had lost fifteen pounds in weight and looked as if he needed a long rest to recuperate.

Tris was standing near the exit, which is free at Shibe Park, looking over some mail which had been delivered by the guardian of the portal. A picture post card seemed to interest him strangely.

"If you want to win the American League pennant," he read, "all you have to do is buy Everett Scott from the Red Sox."

On the other side of the card was a picture of the national bank of Kokomo, Ind. This may or may not have been suggestive.

While he was wondering whether or not to follow this rural advice, a friend stepped up.

"Hello, Spoke," said the friend. "How's things?"

"Not so good," was the weary reply. "Won a ball game today, but expect to win a lot of others before the season ends. This makes five victories out of the last seventeen starts. Guess we'll get started now, and do something."

* * *

"SPOKE," said the friend, "you look all in. Why don't you get out of the city for a time and get a good rest? I have a swell bangalow and it's just the place to spend a quiet night in the country. It will freshen you up for tomorrow's game and do you a world of good."

Chapter II

SPEAKER consented to spend a quiet night in the country and, accompanied by Walter McNichols, the washing secretary, and Smoky Joe Wood, who right fields and occasionally pitches for the Cleveland club, climbed into the well-upholstered gasoline consumer which was leaning against the curb.

It was a pleasant trip through the park, Germantown, Chestnut Hill, Norristown and points north. The air was pure and sweet, and the sun was casting a golden glow over the landscape before taking its final plunge in the west.

"This is wonderful," said Speaker, who sat next to the driver. "I feel better already and I know I will have the first good night's rest in a week. It's great to get out in the country where it's nice and quiet."

After an hour's run, the host-chauffeur stopped the car. There was a sheepish look on his face as he turned to his guests and said.

"I forgot all about a little change which must be made in our plans. The family is out at the bungalow and it slipped my mind. We can't go there, because there is no room.

"However," he continued nervously as deep silence greeted his remarks, "I have a friend who has a place about a mile further up and we will stay there. He doesn't know we are coming but we are welcome."

Dense silence hung heavily around the car when the extemporaneous address ended abruptly. Neither Mr. McNichols nor Mr. Wood commented on the change in the program, but settled back in the seat resigned to their fate. They were sure something was about to happen.

* * *

"IT'S ALL right," said Speaker, as the car rolled toward its new destination. "Any place will do, so long as it is in the country where it is quiet and we can get a good night's sleep. We are with you, but be sure it is a quiet place."

Chapter III

"THIS is a great place," said the Cleveland manager after being made welcome to the log cabin built among the pines and the hemlocks on the banks of the scenic Schuylkill. "Sorry I didn't know of it before. I would have spent all of my time here."

Oswald was not the owner, but pinch hitter for him. The wealthy proprietor was away on a business trip.

"That makes no difference," said Oswald, by way of explanation. "Just make yourself at home and enjoy yourself. I am going away to a pinochle tournament and will not return until late."

The ball players and the dashing young secretary enjoyed themselves immensely. Then they retired to get as much quiet and pure air as possible. In the meantime, the host-chauffeur had excused himself to go to his own place.

Thus the three strangers hit the hay in a strange cabin. For an hour they were happy and contented. They were getting a much needed rest. But only for an hour.

Chapter IV

OSWALD returned and he showed the effects of a tough pinochle tournament. He was a picture of happiness in 1916, which was before the birth of the nineteenth amendment. He dazzled all beholders with the brilliancy with which he was lighted.

First he remembered some new phonograph records and played them. Then he caroled some recent songs which he partially remembered. By this time his guests were wide awake and stepped out to have a look.

"Ain't this a swell place?" asked Oswald. "So quiet you could commit murder and no one would know it."

The strangers looked at one another in nervous amazement. In the meantime, the pinch hitting host had put on another record and left the room.

"Guess he's gone," said Speaker. "He didn't mean anything when—"

The sound of a knife being sharpened rudely interrupted the speech. All three rushed to the kitchen and there were three distinct sighs of relief when Oswald was seen making a sandwich.

But the party was not yet over. Although midnight had come and gone, Oswald believed it was up to him to entertain his guests. He told them all about the war, showed his favorite rifle and at 3 a. m. suggested that they go fishing. Two hours later they still were fishing and listening to harrowing tales of marine monsters that never were caught.

In this manner, the tired Tris Speaker spent a quiet night in the country. Railroad trains and shrill whistles echoed in the still air. At eight he and his sleepy companions were rolling back to Philadelphia.

"Glad I came out," said Spoke drowsily. "Nothing like a nice, quiet night in the country. You get lots of sleep. Wonder what kind of ground glass we can send to Oswald?"

* * *

THERE was no ball game on Saturday and three members of the Cleveland club left word at the hotel desk that they were not to be disturbed all day. They also said they were not in if Oswald called.

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WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND

KELLY IN 2 OLYMPIC ROWING TITLES WINS

Vesper Champion Captures Single Sculls, Beating Diamond Victor, and With Costello Lifts Doubles Crown—Navy Also Triumphs; Penn Barge Second

ATHLETIC Philadelphia is throbbing with pride today. Once again in the international competition in Belgium, the Stars and Stripes have been raised to the heights by athletes of this city.

Jack Kelly, the Vesper Boat Club oarsmen, whose marvelous skill and power has dominated sculling events all over the world, yesterday boosted his own prestige, gained more fame for Philadelphia and proved again the supremacy of American athletes by winning the Olympic single sculling championship over the channel waters of Brussels, Belgium.

In addition, Kelly, mated with his cousin, Paul Costello, also of the Vesper Boat Club, lifted the doubles sculling championship on the same stream.

But this was not the end of Philadelphia rowing glories. The Pennsylvania Barge Club crew, consisting of Erich Federschmidt, stroke; Franz Federschmidt, Carl Klose and Kenneth Myers, finished second to the Swiss oarsmen, the champions of Europe, in the four-oared title pull.

Beat Diamond Winner

The victory of Kelly stamped him without question as the greatest sculler in the world. In his final heat he defeated J. Beresford, the Englishman, who won the Diamond Sculls championship race in England. It will be remembered that Kelly's entry in the diamond event was refused by the English sculllers.

But still more glory has come to Philadelphia besides the honors gained in the rowing events, for Miss Irene Guest, of the Meadowbrook Club, of this city, swam on the victorious 400-meter relay team in the final of the Olympic competition. With Miss Guest on the team were Miss Ethelda Bleibtrey, Mrs. Frances Schroth and Miss Margaret Woodbridge. This team lowered the Olympic record to 5 minutes 11 4-5 seconds.

Other Philadelphians who have brought fame to this city in the Olympics are Allen Woodring, who won the 200-meter dash; Harold Barron, who finished second in the 110-meter high hurdles; Larry Shields, who was third in the 1500-meter run and ran on the victorious relay team, and Miss Eleanor Uhl, who was fourth in one of the swim events.

Another United States triumph went to Coach Glendon's Naval Academy crew when it beat the famous Leanders, of England, in the eight-oared shell race.

To Jack Kelly went the real honors of the regatta. He won out in one of the most stirring races ever seen on this side of the Atlantic. The Philadelphian was timed in 7 minutes 35 seconds and Beresford was just one second behind.

The eight-oared event was the greatest of the day. The Leander crew, representing Great Britain, took a slight lead, which it increased to half a length at the 1000 meters. Both crews were rowing thirty-eight strokes a minute. Here the American midshipmen increased their power, and after each crew had alternately taken the lead, spurted ahead 150 meters from the finish. The Americans won by a half length, sitting up and fresh, while the English eight crossed the line bent over and utterly rowed out.

One Length Margin

Kelly, who holds the single sculls championship of the United States, crossed the finish line a full length ahead of Beresford, but it was a hard race.

Beresford jumped into the lead at the start and gained steadily until he had a length to the good at 750 meters. Here Kelly began to move up, and 150 meters from the finish was on even terms.

Kelly's last spurt wore down the English champion, who faded away with a game finish. Both men were exhausted at the end, but Beresford was in worse shape than the American. They were too tired even to shake hands.

Notwithstanding his hard singles event early in the afternoon, Kelly doubled with Costello for the double sculls, the pair winning easily by five lengths from Italy after taking the lead at the 1000 meters.

The six-year veteran combination of Switzerland proved too strong for the Americans in the four-oared event, the Swiss winning by three lengths, with the Americans a length and a half ahead of the Norwegian crew.

America did not enter the double-oared event with coxswain, which was won by Italy in the last hundred meters, with the French and Swiss crews collapsing and paddling at the finish.

U. S. Swimmers Set New Relay Records

Antwerp, Aug. 30. — The American swimming team won the final of the 800-meter swimming relay race here yesterday, creating a new Olympic record of 10 minutes 4 2-5 seconds. The team was composed of Duke Kahanamoku, Honolulu; Norman Ross, Illinois A. C.; Perry McGillivray, Illinois A. C., and P. Kealeha, Honolulu.

The final heat of the 400-meter relay Olympic race for women was won by the American team. The Americans hung up a new Olympic record for the event.

The final of the 100 meters free style was won by Duke Kahanamoku, Honolulu, in 1 minute 1 2-5 seconds. (The previous record was 1:02 2-5.) Kealeha, Honolulu, second; W. W. Harris, Honolulu, third, and Herald, Australia, fourth.

WOODIE PLATT IS REAL CHAMPION

Young Titleholder Takes a Chance in All Local Golf Tourneys

By SANDY McNIBLICK

Ever since J. W. Platt defeated Francis Quimet at Oakmont and went to the semifinal of that classic struggle for the amateur golf championship of these United States he has laid the national prestige these triumphs gave him on the local grille without fear of jeopardizing his reputation.

He has entered every local tournament, has taken his chance with the rest, picking neither tourneys nor his odds against the field. Platt won the Philadelphia championship, a tournament open to every amateur in the district, in masterly fashion.

His day sees more really good players in Philadelphia than the district has probably ever known. Against this opposition and the intricate caste conditions of the city's golf, Platt has played his game to a far greater percentage of success than failure. Nobody can win all the time in golf. But this young star of twenty-two years has come as near to it as humanly possible this year in local golf.

He won the medal at North Hills, at Old York Road and Shawnee. He won the tournament finals at North Hills, Philadelphia championship and Bala. He was runner-up at Shawnee and Llanerch and semifinalist at Old York Road and Atlantic City. He was also runner-up at the Patterson memorial tourney and led North Hills to the suburban championship. He has played in a dozen tournaments or more so far this season and in every one he has met the best players of the district.

Here is a spotless amateur playing golf with his head, a set of clubs and a ball, not given to bickering or displays of temper, taking his defeats and his victories in the same way—with a smile.

At Shawnee you could have figured his rounds all through the tourney to an average close to 75 strokes. Yet after golf like that and beaten by three stymies in the finals, he only laughed about it with Maurice Risley, his conqueror, afterward.

"Golf is my pleasure, not my business," says Platt. "I play tournaments for the good fellowship and the good times. As for winning, I like to turn in the best medal score, because that doesn't put anybody out of the tourney."

POLOIST MOURNED HERE

"Monte" Waterbury's Death Causes Sorrow Among Local Friends

News of the death of James M. (Monte) Waterbury, Jr., famous international polo player, spread gloom today through local polo circles, where Mr. Waterbury, some years ago, was a well-known figure.

He has played on the Meadowbrook and Rockaway Free-Booter teams in this city, played here in the intercircuit tourney some few years ago, and has ridden his pony against the Bryn Mawr, Country Club and other local teams. Mr. Waterbury was a bosom friend of the Strawbridge brothers, star local poloists, and had a host of other friends among the local players, having ridden beside several of them on the same team.

"Monte Waterbury was not only one of the best polo players in the country," said one of his friends here today, "but he was also an ardent lover of the game, aiding in every way possible its development. A man of means, he never hesitated to aid any player who needed mounts, training and other encouragement. He was rather a missionary for the game and everybody liked Monte Waterbury."

Mr. Waterbury was one of the ablest players the country ever produced and with his brother Lawrence was a member of the American team which successfully defended the international cup until 1914, when England regained it. Locally he was a member of the Meadowbrook, Racquet and Country Clubs.

$5000 ADDED FOR BIG SERIES' WINNERS

Members of Losing Team Each Will Draw Down About $4000, All of Which Is in Addition to Honor and Acclaim

By GRANTLAND RICE

A Duffer's Questions

Tell us, Grantland, tell us truly—
You're some golfer we'll agree—
Do you ever top the pellet
When you're driving off the tee?

Then, with brassie in the fairway,
Set to give the ball a ride,
Do you ever dub your second
Straight against the bunker's side?

Or with niblick in a sand trap,
Do you shoot it fair and high,
Or just soak it on the noodle,
Giving it a deeper lie?

When, with mashie you're approaching,
Do you get the pitch and roll,
Or look up and sometimes send it
Nowhere near the bloomin' hole?

Come on, Grantland, tell us dubs who
Read "The Sportlight" ev'ry day
How are Barnes, Ray, Vardon, Hagen?
Do they ever get that way?

GEORGE W. MARTIN.

I've seen Hagen top a brassie,
Ted Ray slice into a rut;
I've seen Vardon stand and quiver
As he blew a two-foot putt.
I've seen all the stars in bunkers,
Tossing sand with eyes aflame,
For, as Georgie Low once put it,
"Goff is sure an 'umblin' game."

IN ADDITION to the honor and the acclaim, it will mean at least $5000 to each ball player to be listed on the winning end of the next world series. It will mean close upon $4000 to each member of the beaten team. With the two races as close as they now are for the next few weeks $5000 may not be as much money as it used to be—but it is still nothing to be thrown out of the window.

In Reserve

"TILDEN," writes an English tennis critic, "has as fast a service as McLoughlin, but he doesn't make the mistake of using it at every chance. He always has something in reserve."

Harry Vardon can drive almost as far as Ted Ray when he cares to hit one. But he would rather save his slugging for an emergency or for a long hole where distance is essential.

One of the strong points of Christy Mathewson's pitching was the fact that he always had something in reserve. Let the Giants get four or five runs for Matty and he immediately eased up. For this reason the record of earned runs against him doesn't indicate his true class.

There are many types who can't take the risk of slacking up. For once they do they lack the ability to get going again.

Asking a Why?

DEAR SIR—Why is it that baseball crowds don't know how to be fair? Years ago in Pittsburgh I heard them bawl Wagner out for fanning three times in a game when he had won hundreds of games for the same city. The terrific razzing that Cobb received in New York recently was the most unsportsmanlike thing I ever saw, a typical example of the cowardice of the mob. In another recent game I heard many fans around me say as Pitcher Collins came out: "Here comes old Rip! Oh, you, Rip!!" Three innings later they were yelling: "Take the bum out!" Yes, they're a fine lot of sportsmen.

READER.

THE wonder is that most ball players don't come into a crabbed existence. To be cheered one day and panned to a livid finish the next is always a souring episode in one's existence. The ball player on the average has developed a philosophy through complete realization of the fickleness of the crowd.

ONLY one of them can win, but Cincinnati, Brooklyn and New York, in the National League, have all shown first-class gameness through the pennant fight now drawing to the final stages. Cincinnati and Brooklyn have both come back repeatedly after their reverses and so far have refused to break under pressure and disappointment. The Giants had a long way to come, but they have been plugging their way forward for many weeks. The spirit of the six contenders—the three already mentioned, with that of Chicago, Cleveland and New York, in the American League, has been noteworthy all the year.

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Giants Get Outfielder

Cincinnati, Aug. 30.—F. Griffin, of Memphis, a big outfielder, who is right-handed and red-headed, reported to the Giants here yesterday.

All Motor Oils Are Not Alike

If they were, some of the largest truck users in the country wouldn't *always* insist on Atlantic. Their trucks must turn dollars of cost into dollars earned. Scored cylinders, worn bearings, gummed parts and wasted power mean loss. Put your car or truck on a business basis. Use

ATLANTIC MOTOR OILS

They cut down resistance and form a thin protecting film that keeps the motor parts friendly. When you ask for Atlantic Polarine or Atlantic Medium you use good business judgment. Just right for any make of car.

THE ATLANTIC REFINING COMPANY

Standings of the Little League Baseball Teams

MONTGOMERY COUNTY LEAGUE

	W.	L.	P.C.		W.	L.	P.C.
Souderton	13	4	.765	Lansdale	8	8	.533
Doylestown	12	4	.750	Warrington	4	12	.250
Ambler	11	4	.733	Chalfont-Hatfield	0	17	.000

PHILADELPHIA SUBURBAN LEAGUE

	W.	L.	P.C.		W.	L.	P.C.
Stenton	6	0	1.000	A. M.	2	4	.333
Glenside	4	3	.571	Germany	2	4	.333
Curtis	3	3	.500	Germantown	1	5	.167

MAIN LINE LEAGUE

	W.	L.	P.C.		W.	L.	P.C.
Berwyn	4	1	.800	Wayne	2	3	.400
Bryn Mawr	3	1	.750	Ardmore	2	3	.400
Paoli	2	3	.400	Narberth	2	3	.400

BETHLEHEM STEEL LEAGUE

	W.	L.	P.C.		W.	L.	P.C.
Bethlehem	12	7	.631	Coke Ovens	9	9	.500
Steelton	10	8	.555	Lucker	5	12	.294

EASTERN DELAWARE CO. LEAGUE

	W.	L.	P.C.		W.	L.	P.C.
Eddystone	2	1	.667	Yorklyn	2	2	.500
P. Paper	2	1	.667	Marcus Hook	2	2	.500
West Chester	1	2	.333	Crescent	0	4	.000

DELAWARE COUNTY INDUSTRIAL LEAGUE

	W.	L.	P.C.		W.	L.	P.C.
Aberfoyle	2	1	.666	Sun Ship	2	2	.500
Viscose	2	1	.666	Government	1	2	.333

DELAWARE COUNTY LEAGUE

	W.	L.	P.C.		W.	L.	P.C.
Drexel Hill	3	0	1.000	Lansdowne	2	1	.666
H. Park	2	2	.500	Colwyn	1	2	.333
Rockdale	2	2	.500	Clifton	1	2	.333

MANUFACTURERS' LEAGUE

	W.	L.	P.C.		W.	L.	P.C.
Nicetown	5	1	.833	Tacony	3	3	.500
Bement	4	2	.666	Kensington	2	4	.333
F. G.	3	3	.500	Frankford	1	5	.166
H. & K.	3	3	.500	Tacony	1	5	.166
Southwark	3	3	.500	Mint	1	5	.166

PHILA MANUFACTURERS LEAGUE

	W.	L.	P.C.		W.	L.	P.C.
Pr. & Sherrerd	4	1	.800	Amer. L. & T.	2	2	.500
Hoopes & T.	3	1	.750	Dobson Mills	2	2	.500
Schutt & K.	2	1	.667	Read Mass	1	3	.250
Stokes & S.	2	1	.667	Day & Zim.	1	3	.250
Du Pont	2	2	.500	Nat. B. & L.	1	3	.250

ATLANTIC COUNTY LEAGUE

	W.	L.	P.C.		W.	L.	P.C.
Egg Harbor	4	1	.800	Pitman	2	3	.500
Pleasantville	2	3	.500	Hammonton	1	4	.200

DELAWARE RIVER LEAGUE

	W.	L.	P.C.		W.	L.	P.C.
Morrisville	3	0	1.000	Fairless	2	3	.400
Newton	3	0	1.000	Amer. M.	1	3	.250
Bath	3	2	.600	Roebling	1	4	.200
Barbers	2	2	.500	Lehigh Valve	0	4	.000

SOCCERITES TO MEET

Allied League to Hold Session on Wednesday

So far thirty-five soccer clubs have renewed membership in the Allied American Football Association for the 1920-21 season. Of these eight clubs are entered in the first division, nine in the second, eleven in the third and five in the fourth, while Disston A. A. and Germantown B. C. are affiliated members.

A meeting will be held at North Branch Y. M. C. A. on Wednesday night and additional entries will be received.

JEFF SMITH STILL IN QUEST OF MIDDLEWEIGHT DIADEM

Four Champions Have Risen and Fallen, but None Met Bayonne Boxer—Would Fight Wilson for Nothing

By LOUIS H. JAFFE

WHEN the curtain is rung up on the 1920-21 boxing season within the next fortnight, Jeff Smith, who hails from Bayonne, N. J., will for the eighth year make an effort to get a crack at the middleweight championship. This same young gent of the gloves has been boxing for more than ten years, during which time he has seen four champions come and go, and now the fifth ruler appears to be taking the same stand as the others—Johnny Wilson has flatly refused to meet the Bayonne boxer.

George Kiana, while king pin of the middleweights, always suffered with an attack of lockjaw whenever he was asked to talk business about a match with Smith, and so on all the way down the line through George Chip and Al McCoy to Mike O'Dowd and now Wilson, conqueror of the St. Paul Irishman—all of them, for some reason or other, crossed the street when they saw Smith coming. Jeff has boxed some of the best men in the country excepting the titleholders, and, according to a typewritten statement from Pete Tyrrell, his nonappearance against the latter has never been the fault of Smith.

Tyrrell furnishes information to the effect that Al Lippe has threatened to have Smith box Champion Wilson for nothing. The latter has authorized Tex Rickard, of the Madison Square Garden, to give Jeff's purse to the titleholder if the latter will sign up for a fifteen-round referee's decision bout. Rickard already has made an effort to pair off Smith with Wilson, but the new titleholder has taken the stand of "nay, nay, Pauline."

We also are given to understand that O'Dowd has been offered several dates in New York with Smith, but that Mike has taken the easiest way out—that of asking for an exorbitant figure.

It now appears as if Smith will watch Wilson go into the championship discard and then hopefully hope that his successor gives him an opportunity to realize the ambition of all boxers—that of winning a world's title.

Among the boxers of first-class reputation who have been opposed to Jeff Smith are Georges Carpentier, Mike Gibbons, Les Darcy, Eddie McGoorty, Jimmy Clabby, George Chip (before he was champion), Jack McCarron and Harry Greb.

Mike McTigue was dethroned as middleweight champion of Canada by Jeff Smith when the latter recently was tendered a referee's decision at the finish of fifteen rounds at Halifax, N. S. McTigue claimed a foul in this contest, but it was disallowed.

Joe Tinlitz is being recognized as a territorial titleholder. Following his nine-round knockout victory over Johnny Downe at Revere Beach, Mass., last week, the critics in Boston began to refer to "Tip" as the lightweight champion of the New England states.

West Manayunk will be the scene of a tough fifteen-round battle tonight. Larry Hakeen, the Dane, and Whitey Fitzgerald, the West Phily battler, both of the rock 'em and sock 'em type, will clash over the distance. A return tilt between Danny Rodgers and Franklin McKeever, ten rounds, also is carded, as is a ten-rounder between Denny Grieves and Ray Davis.

John Blake, the Manayunk sportsman, is the new manager of Marty Kane. Blake has been following the game for more than a score of years and admits knowing a good boxer when he sees one. "Kane looks like a future champ to me," said Blake today. He wants to stack Marty against Martin Judge or any of the other local bantams, any number of rounds.

Tickets for the reopening of the Camden Sportsmen's Club were put on sale at Schott's this morning with Johnny McGuigan dealing out the precious pasteboards. Herman Taylor's show with Benny Leonard and K. O. Loughlin in the headliner, is scheduled for September 10. This match will be a twelve-rounder. Joe Benjamin vs. Frankie Conifrey is to be ten. Joe Hardman vs. Joe O'Donnell eight and Tommy Tinney vs. Johnny Mealy six.

Willie Britt left for New York today for an interview with Leo P. Flynn, who is assisting Tex Rickard in making matches at Madison Square Garden. Britt will make an effort to match Dave Astey and Billy Murray for respective bouts. Astey is booked to meet Martin Judge at the National here September 18.

The regular season in Philadelphia is to be ushered in on the night of September 8, when Harry Wills, who knocked out Fred Fulton and Sam McVey, a pair of Senegambian atlants, meet at the Ice Palace. George Parkins says a lot of improvements have been made for flatic patrons this season. Jimmy Murphy vs. Jack Palmer will be the semi.

A bout between Knockout Sansom and Knockout Sullivan is in the making. This pair of hard-hitting lightweights have been matched several times but they never came together owing to injuries suffered by Sullivan. Now he is in prime form and both are ready for action.

Georgie Reynolds has been matched to meet Pete Latzo at Hazleton, Pa., ten rounds on September 14.

There are letters in the Sports Department of the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER for Jimmy Myson and Johnny Dougherty.

Harry Greb boxed a ten-round draw with Ted Jamieson, of Milwaukee, at Grand Rapids, Mich., on Saturday night.

URGES CUP YACHT CHANGES

Canadian Wants Three-Cornered Race Over Outside Course

Montreal, Aug. 30.—An "open letter" to Sir Thomas Lipton, urging him to withdraw "his declared intention to compete again for the America's Cup in 1921 or 1922, in favor of a Canadian challenger, or to agree in a proposal to make the next race a triangular contest," was made public here yesterday by A. C. Ross, Canadian yachtsman.

Mr. Ross, who is promoter of a scheme under which a Canadian yacht, publicly subscribed for and to be designed, manned and skippered by Canadians, shall compete through a recognized yacht club, also asks the Irish baronet "at the same time to mutually press upon the New York Yacht Club the great desirability for a change from a semi-inside to an altogether outside sailing course, and for an entirely different class of yacht for these races."

PHILADELPHIA OLYMPIC CHAMPION

Paul Costello, cousin of Jack Kelly, who, with Kelly, yesterday won the Olympic rowing title in doubles at Brussels, Belgium. Kelly and Costello are members of the Vesper Boat Club

A Clothing Sale Not Precedented In Chestnut Street

One thousand six hundred and thirty-two all-wool guaranteed quality suits, which number includes every suit on the first floor of the William H. Wanamaker Store to be sold at two prices.

$29.50 { For $40, $45, $47.50 and $50 all-wool suits, men's and young men's.

$42.50 { For $55 to $85 all-wool suits, men's and young men's.

Worsteds, silk mixtures, flannels, fine cassimeres in an almost endless variety of patterns and new fashions.

This offer is so outstanding in its saving importance that you will have to search clothing records for several years to match it.

(Please note—all alterations will be charged for, but few will be necessary.)

William H. Wanamaker
1217-19 Chestnut Street