

# Athletics Are Homeward Bound After Disastrous Western Trip; Blank Browns in Final Game

## PERFECT GIRL NOT HURT BY DEFEATS

Gertrude Arfelt Tries Hard to Win, but Doesn't Mind Reverses—All in Fun

### BROKE SEVERAL RECORDS

By GERTRUDE ARFELT  
 Most Physically Perfect Woman in America and National Swimming Champion.

**DURING** my athletic career I have won many swimming races and gymnastic competitions. I have won a few titles and broken a few records and also I have been beaten, oh, so often. I love to compete, and, of course, I try my best to win, but I don't mind the defeats 'cause its all in fun.

When I was ten years old, I nearly drowned. That frightened me into swimming lessons and I joined the Turners. I was one of the hundreds of youngsters who waited patiently for the pool doors to open on Saturday mornings, and one of the many girls who took gym lessons twice a week. I liked gymnastics, but swimming had a better appeal. I progressed only moderately.

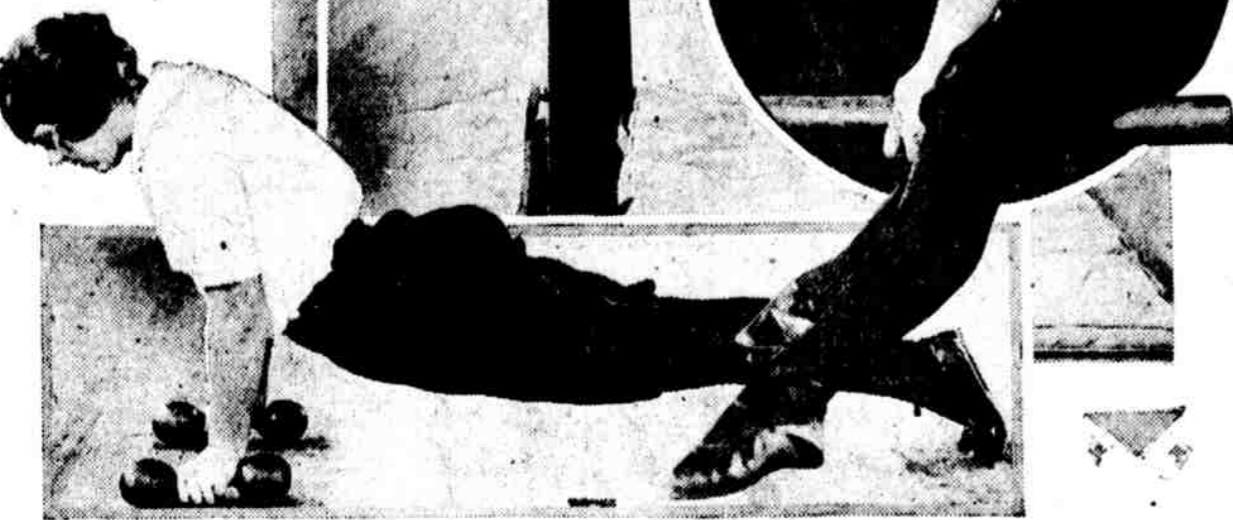
A year later I was playing with another girl and we tried to do a double dive. I was just getting my balance on her shoulders when she slipped. I fell and hit my neck on the diving board. I had to be pulled out of the water and my swimming enthusiasm left me.

The following summer I went abroad and the deep, blue European sea took my fright from me and I grew fond of the water again.

**WHEN** we came home I wanted to go in the Turners' monthly competition, but I couldn't dive, and that was required. I watched the girls with whom I had been swimming progress and pass me.

## MISS ARFELT AT WORK IN THE "GYM"

In addition to being a national champion swimmer, Gertrude Arfelt is a famed gymnast. The illustrations show that the Philadelphia maid is as graceful in a gymnasium as she is in water. It is to swimming and gymnastic work that Miss Arfelt attributes her physical development, which won for her the title of the most physically perfect woman in America.



fell down in the diving. However, I won the pentathlon and a month later won the national hundred yards. It was a windy, rainy day and the water was very choppy. I'll never forget that race, and hope I never have to compete under such conditions again.

The following summer mother chaperoned Olga Dorfner and me on an invitational swim in California. Fred Cady coached us. Olga swam two races and was taken ill. Her swimming career virtually ended there.

**I RACED** her races and mine, too, and won all the events with the exception of the 25-yard dash, which I don't consider a race.

**Overestimated Strength**  
 IN THE spring of 1919 I was swimming in better form than ever. There was a hundred-yard Middle Atlantic at the Central Y. M. C. A., and I won my heat. We were called for the finals, and to my alarm I couldn't move.

My father, who is a physician, was called. He told me I couldn't go into

the finals, and I cried. I had an attack of appendicitis and was operated on three days later. I was swimming again two months after that.

I intended just swimming slowly, but it couldn't be done, and I admit now that I over-estimated my strength. I haven't ever suffered, but my advice is to stay out for at least six months after such an operation.

I did little swimming in the following year. I just lost interest and I turned to gymnastics.

I joined the leaders' class at the Turners, and after passing the examination became a gymnastic enthusiast. The stars were practicing for the annual championships, which were held last year at Chicago. I was so absolutely green I saw no way of making the team until I heard there were to be field events.

heard I was the only girl who did that.

My apparatus work was better than ever, my field sports higher than any other Philadelphia entry, and I won the third highest place of our Philadelphia girls. In addition, I won swimming races and finally was chosen out of all the gymnasts as being the perfect type of athletic girl.

I came home with honors, but minus weight and so tired.

Last autumn I swam occasionally and went South in December and stayed until March and came up for the national fifty-yard at Baltimore. In this race both Helen Wainwright and I were given a joint record.

**LAST** month I won a breast-stroke race from the Middle Atlantic record-holder. You see, I try to swim all strokes. It's so much fun.

Triumphed at Chicago  
**I WENT** to Chicago and entered in every event. I afterward

## WESTERN TRIP WAS COSTLY TO MACKS

Dropped Them From Third-Place Contender Almost to Cellar—Yanks Hurt Also

### ROMMEL HUMBLER BROWNS

**THE** Athletics and the Yankees are speeding East today singing songs of joy that the first Western trip is over. The Gotham tribe, as a result of their victory over the Indians while the Athletics were humbling the Browns, gained a full game in the tight battle for first place.

While in the Occident the American League champions won seven games and lost nine, eight of the games lost being in a row. The Browns retained the Yanks twice, then followed four straight reverses at the hands of Cobb's ambitious Tigers, and two straight before the recovery in Cleveland.

The Mackmen left here battling for third place and today they are wondering how they are going to keep out of the dungion they inhabited so long. Four games were won and eleven lost in the first swing around the western cities, the worst record of the year for the Mackies.

It is a singular fact that the A's won a game from each of the four Western teams and no more. Eddie Rommel kept this record intact by handling the slugging Browns four menly hits, well scattered and no runs over the nine runs.

On the other hand, the Athletics got runs, scoring five on eleven hits. Two runs were made in the sixth, the same number in the eighth and for good measure the other in the ninth.

**Tigers' Streak Broken**  
 The winning streak of the Tigers, that had reached eight, was blown all over Navin Field yesterday by the Red Sox. It was a great battle and the Cobblers came within a run of tying the figures in the ninth.

After trailing 9 to 1, Cobb and his mates started a fusillade in the eighth that netted four runs and drove Rip Collins from the mound. In the ninth the bombardment was continued, three runs filtering across the pentagon.

The White Sox rallied in the ninth against Washington and scored a pair of runs, enough to win a closely contested battle. Robertson and Francis were the opposing hurlers.

The Phillies lost a chance to hand the Cubs a reverse yesterday, when the weather interfered and drove the players to cover. Three were on in the seventh, with one out and Curt Walker ready to hit in place of Sheriff Singleton, who did some fair relief hurling after George Smith was batted from the mound.

Down came the rain in torrents and the opportunity was gone. Aldridge was removed in the seventh by Bill Killefer and Osborne took the hill. He warmed up and was all set to leave the horseshoe to Walker when the umpire interfered.

Frank Parkinson brought himself lots of time as a long-distance swatter by sending the pellet out into Broad street from over the scoreboard on two occa-

sions. Cliff Lee also arched a four-ply shot into the bleachers. The Phils had no luck with their homers, the bases being desolate each time.

The only other hit made by the Phils during the seven innings of pitching was made by Leslie with none on.

For a slugfest the game between the

Dodgers and the Pirates takes the well-known derby. The final figures, 15 to 14, in favor of the Dodgers, is significant enough, but when it is found that the losers made twenty-five hits and made three. The victory gave the Dodgers third place and dropped Pittsburgh down one peg.

The Dodgers tied it up in the ninth with a pair after the Pirates had made two runs. In the tenth the Sox got two and Brooklyn came right back and made three. The victory gave the Dodgers third place and dropped Pittsburgh down one peg.

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## How Does It Strike You?

Penn at Mt. Gretna  
 Cornell's Ambition  
 Failure of Braid

By THE OBSERVER

PENNSYLVANIA has selected Mount Gretna for training quarters preliminary to the football season next fall.

If the records of the past mean even a wee bit in the things of the present, the Red and Blue should have a good year on the gridiron.

The last time the Quakers drilled at the military encampment was in 1910, when Ernie Cozens was captain. It is rather singular that as Pennsylvania returns to Mount Gretna Cozens returns as graduate manager of athletics.

Twelve years ago, after the training work at Mount Gretna, Andy Smith, who was then coach, was thoroughly satisfied with his candidates and a successful season was predicted.

At the very start the black cloud of defeat blotted out the sunshine at Franklin Field. Little Ursinus College beat the Red and Blue and Collegeville went wild.

But, as is so often the case, the poor beginning produced an excellent finish. Quaker confidence—it was really over-confidence—was smashed and the Pennsylvania coaches and players set about rectifying things.

Not another game was lost during the season. A great triumph, 22 to 0, was scored over the famous Spracklin and the Brown eleven.

It was the kicking of Hutchinson Scott, brother of Johnny Scott, of Lafayette renown, which won for Pennsylvania. Brown showed its power by beating Yale with Ted Coy, 21 to 0.

That was the Quakers' experience after Mount Gretna. Perhaps this year another Cozens, another Scott or another Ramsdell will be found among the new candidates.

**THERE** was great rejoicing at Merion yesterday when it was learned that Max Marston had won the Lynwood Hall Cup permanently. For many years Marston has been one of our best golfers and no one is more deserving of the trophy than the fair-haired Merion star.

**Cornell Learned Lesson Last Year**  
 ON THE broad span of the Hudson at Poughkeepsie last year Cornell oarsmen learned a lesson that should profit them well on Monday when the Hiramans match endurance again with the Middies.

Cornell looked like the winner as the crews flashed by the two-mile post last June, but their energy was spent in gaining the lead and in the last mile they cracked and floundered and settled back into third place.

The Navy has the strength. Glendon's gladiators are satisfied to let the rival oars set the pace. They know themselves and have confidence in their own ability to outrow any crew in the last, long mile.

But this year Cornell is prepared to give everything in the first two miles and still have enough to carry the shell through the final mile.

John Boyle has a crew infinitely more experienced than last year. . . . Filius, the stroke, is one of the most finished oarsmen in the game. He ranks with Weed, Dole and other great Cornell strokes of a decade ago.

The intercollegiate championship, according to the dope of experts, is between Cornell and the unbeaten Middies, with Washington as a probable dangerous contender.

Syracuse, Pennsylvania and Columbia are counted out, but the surprises in sports are many. Rowing is no exception.

**THE** Cubs beat the Phillies for the first time this season yesterday and the weather was on their side. The cloudburst came when the Wilhelm athletes were in a position to gather several clusters of runs. It was a break in the luck.

**The Failure of Jimmy Braid**  
 THE failure of Jimmy Braid, five times British open champion, to qualify at Sandwich, can be considered one of the early upsets of the golf classic abroad.

Braid first won the championship in 1901 and no longer is in his prime as a golfer. The eyes of youth are fading.

The mature golfer usually shows his first signs of weakness on the greens and not in the power of his drives or exactness of his iron shots, presumably indicating that the focus of the eyes changes unevenly as the years roll by.

Chandler Egan, who won the national amateur title twice, returned to the United States title play last year after a few years' retirement.

The former champion failed to qualify largely through his erratic work with the putter. His drives were mostly long and straight, and he approached with considerable accuracy, but the eye for the hole when he came to putt was not so accurate as it used to be.

Neither Egan nor Braid is an old man and may yet win titles, but they seem to be in a period of uneven eyesight that flukes in judging the fine line of a short putt to the 4 1/4-inch cup.

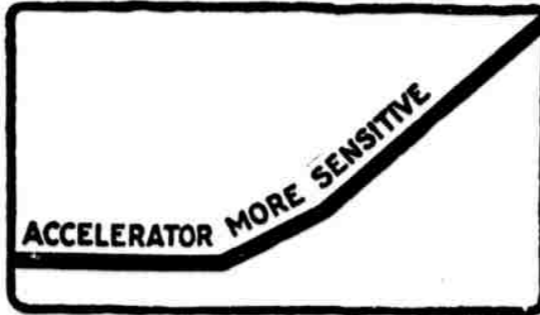
**NOT** more than a week ago Mlle. Lenglen said she would compete in the Wimbledon singles at any cost. Yesterday she stated that she must wait to see how her health is before she decided definitely concerning her participation in the English classic.

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