

Joe Hauser, Mack's Youthful First Sacker, Is Living Up to Advance Notices by Terrific Hitting

FOOLISH TRADE TALK NIPPED IN THE BUD BY ALL CONCERNED

Yanks Would Be Wrecked Without Ruth, Hoyt and Mays, While White Sox Would Never Part With Schalk—Hauser Nearing Stardom

Nothing to it. Some one had too much time on their hands and spun the yarn. It's too foolish to even talk about. Thus does Kid Gleason, manager of the Chicago White Sox, label the report that emanated from Cleveland concerning a trade between the Sox and the Yankees.

From our point of view all that the three of the officials have said is true. Ruth today is the highest paid ballplayer in baseball. His contract would just about break any ordinary club in the league, the Yankees alone being rated as the only club that can keep up the expense of holding the buster's person.

To trade Ruth at this juncture would just about wreck the chances of the Yankees to win the pennant. He is really reaching the form that made him the most feared batsman in the league and is hitting home runs more frequently than at any other time this season. The experts are in accord that before the season is over, providing Ruth continues to play the same brand of ball, he will be far and away the leader of the two leagues in home-run swinging.

Aside from the fact that he is a power on the offensive, Ruth is the biggest drawing card in the history of baseball. The way the turnstiles click when the Bambino is in any town is music to the ears of the magnates.

His fame was never better demonstrated than in the recent series between the Athletics and the Yankees here, when the crowd waited until he went to bat in the ninth inning of a double-header to see what he would do. Immediately after Ruth batted without waiting to see what the other Yanks or the Athletics would do, they filed out of the park.

If the Yanks offered to trade Ruth alone for Collins, Strunk and a bundle of money it might be taken seriously, but to add to the home-run star Ward, a promising second baseman, and either Mays or Hoyt, two of the best hurlers in the American League, is too much.

Collins Still a Big Star

There is a story going the rounds that next year may see Edward Trowbridge Collins managing the White Sox, provided, of course, that Gleason is not retained. Eddie is one of the brainiest players in the game today, and a credit to it. He plays his baseball in a double-headed manner and is a dangerous hitter. He would greatly strengthen the Yankee inner works.

There is little likelihood of Strunk going to the Yankees, except as a pinch hitter and extra outfielder. The Llanerch citizen has seen his best days, is no longer as fleet of foot as in days of yore, and is not the best hitter sitting on the bench today. However, he is a valuable man to any team and probably will remain in the big league several more seasons.

The trade which would be the most wonderful showing of the White Sox the last month, would just about cause a convulsion on the part of the fans in Chicago. Schalk is a great favorite in the Windy City and, like Collins, is possessed of a nimble brain. His handling of Robertson and Levertette has made the youngsters very successful hurlers.

If he should forsake the Sox his going would leave Gleason with one catcher of middle ability, Yargyan, who has yet to win his spurs in the big show.

Every year the rumor mart comes through with sensational trading stories that get the players and fans all excited, but that die in the stillborn state of being the most impossible of all, though it may go through with Ruth and Schalk entirely out of it.

Hauser Is Winning His Spurs

JOSEPHUS HAUSER, Connie Mack's youthful first baseman, is giving promise to all that was said of him when he first came to town. Yesterday Joe proved his swarming ability by getting a home run, double and single in four trips to the platter.

His homer was of the healthy variety, clearing the fence in right field by many feet. His double was a hard smash down the left-field foul line that would have been a double in any other ballpark. His single was tagged a hit from the time the ball collided with the bat.

In addition to hammering the pill, Joe is playing a brilliant game at first, swooping up throws that make the fans think of Stuffy McInnis. With the remainder of this season in which to gain some polish, Hauser should be a sensation next year. He has all the earmarks of a savage hitter, he can field with the best, and has shown real brains around the initial corner.

Hauser's homer gave the Athletics the run necessary to break the tie that existed for several innings. Then came a clutch rally, followed by a home run, which pushed his way toward stardom, with another home-run clout that put the game in the cooler. Slim Harris was able to score from second on the four-ply shot without unduly exerting himself.

The victory was the third out of the five-game series for the Mackmen, a feat, when it is considered that the Sox were on the crest of a winning streak when they breezed into this town.

Slim Harris hurled one of his few good games of the year, holding the Sox to seven hits, well scattered. He was ably assisted by his mates, who fielded faultlessly behind him. Slim made the only miscue on our side when he heaved the ball into center field on a puny bunt.

While the Mackmen were making the fans glad the Phillies dropped their fourth straight game to the Reds, and only through the kindness of the Braves, who obliged by losing again, did they fail to keep from going nearer to the cellar.

King, Singleton and Pinto were roughly handled by the Moramans, who pounded out thirteen hits. The Phils hit Kewck and Gillespie hard, getting the same number of hits as the Reds, but failing to bunch them as well. Fletcher, with three safeties, led the Phil attack.

THE last Western trip of the Phillies pushed them into the cellar and it looks as though the present one is destined to do the same. Fans recoveries out of the first five games were entirely unexpected after the great stand against the Western teams made at Broad and Huntingdon streets.

Hornsbey Should Break Record

ROGER HORNSBEY made his twenty-second homer of the season in the seventh inning and, like most of his hits, it proved valuable. Two runs were on the base paths when Hornsbey sent the horseshoe out of the lot, giving the Cards enough runs to insure victory.

The brilliant Cardinal infielder is having his best year since his career started and should have little trouble in breaking the modern home-run record of the National League, which is held by Gabby Cravath and the old one held by Williamson.

Hornsbey's homer sent the Cardinals in their seventh straight victory and aided them in their dash upward. The Giants hitting a twin bill with the Pirates, Joe Pfeiffer was on the mound for the victors and, though touched for eleven safeties, kept them scattered well enough to prevent scoring until the ninth, when the Dodgers pushed their only tally across. Shriver and Deatur were found for the same number of hits by the Cards.

The Giants rolled up the largest total of runs in a game this season against the Pirates in the opening frame of a twin bill. Twenty-eight hits rang from the bats of the Metropolitans for a total of nineteen runs. The Cubs cleaned up the series with the Braves, Jones holding the visitors to seven hits and nary a run, while Killefer's clan bumped Marquard for four runs at the start and then stopped scoring. Flitting and McManara holding them at bay.

Over in the junior circuit the Tigers kept up their good work by taking the final game from the Senators, Oldham holding the home team in hand, while Detroit hit Erickson, Phillips and Bellwright opportunely. Ten players saw action for the Tigers and each made a hit.

JOE LYNCH REGAINS HIS BANTAM CROWN

Former World's Champ Knocks Out Johnny Buff in 14th Round in New York

LOSER IS SEVERELY BEATEN

Costs Joe Lynch \$10,000 to Wear Crown Again

New York, July 11.—Joe Lynch has to pay nearly \$10,000 out of his own pocket for the privilege of wearing the bantamweight championship crown again.

When the receipts and expenses of last night's fight, in which Johnny Buff was defeated, were checked up today it was found that the "gate" was \$9150.35 short of the guarantee of \$30,000. Under the terms of the agreement Buff was to receive this sum if he lost his title.

There were 14,263 paid admissions, but by the time the expenses, Government and State taxes were paid there was not enough left to make up the guarantee to Buff.

New York, July 11.—Joe Lynch regained the bantamweight championship of the world at the New York Velodrome last night when Johnny Buff's seconds threw the towel into the ring after six seconds of fighting in the fourteenth round. It was just a year ago this month that Lynch and returned the title to Pete Herman only to have the latter lose it last September to Johnny Buff.

The end was not unexpected. Lynch had had the better of every round. He had jabbed and punched Buff all around the ring until the champion's face was bruised and swollen and blood was streaming from his mouth and nose. Several of his teeth had been knocked out and his left eye was closed.

From the fifth round on it was simply a question of how long the game little fighter from Jersey could stand the punishment, or how long his handlers would defer acknowledging defeat by throwing in the towel. That he was game and assimilated a world of punishment will be attested by the 18,000 who were in the Velodrome to see the fight.

As the result of the bout Lynch's name will go down in pugilistic history alongside of Stanley Ketchel, Pete Herman and the few others who have succeeded in regaining the bantamweight once the crowns had been lifted from their heads.

It was the history of nature repeating itself last night. It was the case of a good little man losing to a larger one. Lynch had all the physical advantages. He lost 117 1/2 pounds against Buff's 133 1/2. He was three inches taller than his opponent from Jersey and, though the difference seemed even greater when they met in the ring.

The advantage in reach, too, was Lynch's. And last, but far from least, there was a great difference in age. It was a young man of twenty-three fighting against a man of thirty-four, and thirty-four is old as they measure age in pugilism. It was the old story of youth being served.

Lynch is Buff's master he convincingly demonstrated. He is a much better boxer and a far more finished ring general. He fought a cool, well planned battle from the start. He was deliberate in his actions, and never once made a mistake or tried to finish the fight in a hurry. It seemed that after the first he realized that he was Buff's master, and he elected to fight a waiting battle rather than to take unnecessary chances.

It was his dazzling left-hand jab that won the fight for Lynch. It had Buff completely baffled. The New Jersey boxer had no defense for it and the result he was subjected to merciless jabbing throughout every round he was in the ring. All that Buff had were two wild swings—his left hand and his right. He tried repeatedly to secure them, but except on rare occasions he was unable to land on his rival.

Lynch repeatedly ducked or blocked or retreated with the damaging effect of lefts and right crosses that continually had Buff in distress.

There were no clean knockdowns until the fourth round when Lynch staggered Buff in the sixth round and Johnny slipped to one knee in the tenth, but he was up quickly without taking the count.

When the boxers left the ring Lynch did not enter a scow of the battle. Buff, on the other hand, was compelled to sit in his corner for several minutes before his weary legs could carry his bruised body to his dressing room.

Scrap About Scrapers

Vincent Lopez is to box at Washington, D. C., Labor Day. He will meet Charlie Egan in a contest according to information received from Leo Forbes, the Mexican manager. Next Friday night Lopez will oppose Jackie Clark at the Cambria here.

THE DARKEST DAY IN HISTORY

WE FOLLOWED YOU AS YOU FOUGHT YEAR BY YEAR TO HEIGHTS OF TENNIS SUPREMACY. WE BELIEVED THAT WHEN YOU WERE LOCKED A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO IN FRANCE YOU'D COME UP, YOU'D FINALLY SHOW 'EM A FEW THINGS ABOUT THE BOUNCE BALL GAME. AND LAST YEAR WHEN THE METEORIC MISS GOLF HIT THE MIDDLE OF THAT FAMOUS FINAL MATCH, WE FELT SOMETHING OF THE SAME WAY ABOUT IT THAT YOU'D DO.



OH GOLLA, MOLLA, NIGHT, BLACK, BLUE-LACK NIGHT, CAME DOWN AND SWALLOWED US—!!

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LOUGHRAN DEFEATED, BUT WINS MORALLY

Local Lad Makes Impressive Showing Despite Close Victory of Greb in Eight Rounds of Sizzling Bout

PHILADELPHIA'S nineteen-year-old has passed the acid test. Tommy Loughran, latest pugilistic luminary of this city, was stacked up against Harry Greb, America's light-heavyweight champion, and, if nothing else, the downtown youngster won a moral victory.

While Greb was entitled to the finish of the scheduled eight rounds, Loughran proved that he was "in the making," and at times carrying the fight to the title-holder.

Loughran, by his close frays against the veteran Greb, fooled a lot of the wise boys. Tommy was expected to be handled in a trice, but he showed nothing like that administered to the South Philadelphia, whose popularity was proved by the many ovations accorded him before the bout, during the contest and after it was all over.

It was only Greb's work at close quarters and the half-clinches that determined the match in his favor. From the distance Loughran's left hand was very much in evidence. Time and again Tommy brought the crowd to its feet by sending the bobbing and wagging head of Greb back as if it were on hinges. And in the latter part of the final frame the fans went into a frenzy when Loughran, virtually felled, Pittsburgher of his feet across the ring and back again with a series of body punches and blows to the head.

Loughran started off carefully. Greb took up the offensive, got into close quarters and began to batter away in his cutting style. But Tommy kept the crowd on its feet by clinches and at the finish of the round it appeared about even.

Then in the second session the consistent jabbing by Loughran enabled him to show to advantage against the onrushing Pittsburgher, who was bent on doing his utmost while inside Greb's bulldog-like antics made Loughran's long range strategy pay. But Tommy uncocked sufficient straight lefts to keep himself from losing the canto.

The fourth was the first round won by Greb, chiefly through his aggressiveness and the holding tactics of Loughran. Tommy's nose, which bled throughout his training period, began to show red in this session and continued until the end of the bout.

Also Wins Fifth

Greb's infighting and rushing style also helped him win the fifth, in which period Greb suffered a cut over his left eye when their heads came together. Loughran was cut under his left optic and both boxers bled.

By making Greb miss quite frequently in the sixth, and retreating with straight punches, Tommy succeeded in earning 50 per cent of that session.

Greb again went out in front in 20,000 Fans Pay Tribute To Late Robert W. Maxwell

A glowing tribute of respect by 20,000 fans who attended the bout at the Philadelphia Ball Park last night was paid to the late Robert W. Maxwell, when they stood on mass with bared and bowed heads for fully a minute, following an announcement by "Babe" O'Rourke that boxing had lost one who had much to do with placing the sport on so high a plane in Philadelphia.

As soon as O'Rourke finished speaking, the large throng on the field, in the stands and in the bleachers was up on its feet like one person. The clang of the gong by Joe Cervino was the signal to see Cervino.

TWELVE IN A ROW FOR RAY KEPNER

Local Lad Makes Impressive Showing Despite Close Victory of Greb in Eight Rounds of Sizzling Bout

Ray Kepner, of the Bridesburg Club, turned in his twelfth successive victory yesterday at Mount Carmel when Bridesburg bent the upstarters 11 to 8.

It was the second time the teams clashed this season and the second triumph for Billy Whitman's team.

Caldwell, a former Philly recruit, was on the bill for Mount Carmel at the start, but he lasted just one inning and then Bridesburg had a lead of 4 runs, the score being 5 to 1.

He was replaced by Jones, who was chased from the box in the previous game, and Bridesburg treated him just as rough. Kepner had the upstarters at his mercy throughout and at the end of the seventh led 11 to 2.

He became a triple playman in the eighth, and Mount Carmel counted six times. Rice and Buzby were the stars with home runs, while the fielding of Bill Whitman was the best seen in Mount Carmel all year, the outfielder-manager getting seven hard drives.

Ray Steinader, North Philly hurler, again won his game for the upturners when he crashed a double in the fourth inning that scored Spohrer and Jackel, and made it four runs in the inning, enough to beat the Baltimore Black Sox 4 to 2.

A peculiar feature of the game was that not one of the six runs scored was earned. Smith opposed Steinader on the hill, and both yielded four bingles. Ranges for the Black Sox and Walker for the Phils each getting two.

Stenton Field Club played to the largest crowd of the season at Phil-Ellen and Musgrave streets, but lost to the Bacharach Giants by 4 to 1. The feature of this affair was the wonderful catches of Crockett in center. He spared five drives, four of the sensational order. In the eighth, catcher Howell's liner that was labeled for a homer.

Work in Line

Doc Cutch, of this city, was the referee in the Tiplitz-Moran and Hanlon-France matches, and he handled each job admirably. At no time during either contest did the Doc place his hand on the boxers.

Joe Grifo disqualified George Erne in the third round when it appeared as if he was fouling Joe Benjamin intentionally. Grifo warned Erne about how punches several times in the second round and when he resumed his illegal fighting in the next canto Grifo ordered George to his corner, ending the match.

Ad Stone, the U. S. Marine light heavyweight, continued his winning streak by dealing out a terrific trouncing to Harry Greb in Baltimore, in the opening contest refereed by Lou Grimsom.

Stone socked and rocked Hanlon in the biggest battle of Baltimore, in the big Baltimorean bleeding profusely from nose and mouth.

How Does It Strike You?

Patterson's Win Charlie Hoffner's 70 Return of Wagner

GERALD L. PATTERSON, Australian, now wears the crown that has adorned the head of Bill Tilden for the last two years. In three straight sets Patterson wrested the world's grass court title from Randolph Lycett, Great Britain, on the Wimbledon center court yesterday.

Patterson really won the championship in the semi-final round when he put out J. O. Anderson, a fellow countryman. Anderson was the most dangerous contender. The victory over Lycett was expected, but the case of Patterson's triumph was a mild surprise.

It is evident that Patterson's ground game has improved, but it has not reached that degree of perfection where it would be able to withstand the drives of Tilden or Johnston. This thought was expressed at Wimbledon after the match.

Patterson and Anderson are both members of the Australian Davis Cup team, which is favored to reconquer the challenge round. Both these players will appear in the national singles here at the Germantown Cricket Club.

It will be interesting to watch Tilden shoot at Patterson's feet with his backhand if the two should meet. Tilden's success is built on the weakness of the opposition. He is not only a great natural player, but a student and strategist.

That "70" by Charlie Hoffner

THE qualifying round in the United States open championship of the Skokie Country Club in Chicago brought a Philadelphia to the fore as the star performer of the day.

Charlie Hoffner, the Philmont professional, negotiated the first round in par figures of 70. His mark was second only to that of Jock Hutchison, the lanky Scottish-American.

Hoffner is one of three golfing brothers, and the best of the three. He is known as one of the finest players in this city.

What Hoffner said to be not without honor save in his own country. Hoffner isn't in that class, for he is honored here as elsewhere.

But in entering the United States open he plumed himself thick into competition with the greatest stars of every golfing country in the world.

There are few in this city who gave him an outside chance to win. But Hoffner went into the campaign with the same confidence that has always characterized his play in lesser tournaments.

His splendid and strenuous triumph at Wimbledon. It would be a great boost for tennis, however, if he could be urged to play in the women's nationals at Forest Hills late in August.

The Return of Hans Wagner

IT WAS a wise move on the part of the Pittsburgh Club to urge Hans Wagner to return in the role of coach and assistant manager.

"The Flying Dutchman" will be a valuable asset to the Pirates. That he knows the game goes without saying. He is more than a thorough student. He possesses aggressiveness and is able to imbue others with his fighting spirit.

Wagner's return may mean more than assistant manager. Bill McKee might be gracefully dropped from his job as boss after this season and the whip handed to the one-time famous shortstop.

Business in the nature of sporting goods has had the call on Wagner's energy since he left the Pirates two years ago. His position with the Pirates will depend on the time he will be able to devote to the game.

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