Bill Tilden, Ty Cobb and Jay Gould Three of the Most Brilliant Stars in Firmanent of Sports

HARD TASK TO PICK PRESENT DAY CHAMP WHO BLANKETS FIELD

Kings in Majority of Sports Are Only a Jump or Two Ahead of Numerous Contenders for Their Crowns—Three Exceptions

ATHLETIC fame is as evanescent as the perfume of the Lady in Black, and the attitude of the public toward a champion just about as fickle as that same maid. The pages of athletic history are studded with heroic deeds, feats of brain and brawn that caused the cheers of spectators in another day to choke in their throats.

Yet, when a champion loses the vital spark that kept him on top of the seething heap; when he slides down to the oblivion reserved for those who were once great, his successor is hailed as a better man than he was.

All champions are not of the same caliber. One has something in skill or strength or quickness of mind that his predecessors or successors lacked.

Some title-holder of the present day must stand out as outclassing all the others in his sport; some title-holder must hold the laudable position of being further in advance of his competitors than any other sporting king.

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WHO is it? Dempsey in the ring? Tilden in tennis? Sarazen in golf? Milburn in polo?

What About Dempsey?

THE Manassa Mauler fought his way to ring pre-eminence through a field remarkable for its lack of ability. Jack treated them with as little consideration as they deserved, and proved himself a real champion.

But, compared with the title-holders of the past, he doesn't stand out like a Kohinoor in a coal pile. He has close competition, and, in the opinion of many, could not be rated as the greatest champion we have ever had.

There was Jim Jeffries, the most powerful man physically that ever climbed through the ropes. Jeff was monarch in a day when the greatest heavyweight field that ever rubbed its shoes in resin was lined up against him. Fitzsimmons, Corbett, Choynski, Ruhlin—any of them would have had an excellent chance with our present champion were they in their heyday in this modern struggle, and Jeffries beat them all.

So good as Mr. Dempsey is, he cannot claim to outclass his field of champions as title-holders in other sports have done.

Is Sarazen the man?

Hardly. Gene has proven himself a wonderful golfer, a boy with the greatest competitive soul of his day and generation, and a master of every shot in the bag, but with Walter Hagen, Hutchison, Barnes, Vardon, Ray and a score of others in the field today and in the misty past, Sarazen cannot be said to outclass all the champions of golfdom.

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AND Hoover? No. Though the Duluth star took no one's wash in the Diamond Sculls, and proved himself to be an oarsman of superlative skill, we in Philadelphia believe Jack Kelly was and is a better man than Walter Hoover.

Tilden's Skill

Local pride can puff itself up at the thought that one of our boys is a champion; one who comes as close to spread-eagling his field as any of them. William Tilden, lanky, black-haired Bill, whose astounding assortment of tennis shots is the wonder and admiration of the present generation, is the man.

Tilden is a title-holder, who, not only is a perfect technician, but a man whose fighting heart is second to none. He has shown this in a score of grueling battles, but in none more conclusively than when Bic Norton came within a point of winning the world's championship, only to have Big Bill rally, and tear the expected victory away from the Australian.

Bill has close competition with Johnston, Patterson and others ready to battle him to the death; and from behind the curtain of the past, peer champions—Larned, Brooke and other wizards of the net. But Bill Tilden bows the knee to none of them.

In polo, Devereux Milburn carries the banner as king-pin of the pony straddlers. In spite of his years he is still the best, but there is a memory of Foxhall Keene to dim the claim that he is the greatest of polotsts of all time. Keene played for years at a terrific clip, and, great as Milburn is, it would be hardly fair to say that he outclassed Keene as well as the others.

Court tennis provides a man, who might be said to blanket his field more completely than a champion ever did. Though an amateur, Jay Gould can set a faster pace than any rival, he be working for glory or the long green. But his field is limited. It does not provide the competition that other sports do.

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WERE it not for that provision Jay Gould might well be said to be the one champion of the world who has never had a rival who came close to him in skill and winning ability.

The Georgia Peach

AT THE present time Babe Ruth absorbs most of the publicity showered on baseball stars. He can, without doubt, hit a baseball further than any other man that ever lived, but there is more to the game than biffing a pill to the uttermost limits of the field. In the other departments of play, Ty Cobb is as far ahead of Ruth as Whiskaway would be in a race with a truck horse.

For almost two decades the Georgia Peach, in hitting, base-running and engineering the old think-tank, has been in a class by himself. He has had superiors in various angles of play. Spenser, for instance, always could range a bit farther for a fly ball; Hooper was a better thrower; Ruth could hit them longer distances; but, when it came to sublimated skill embodied in a single personality, Cobb has never had an equal.

The field of baseball stars is the longest in sporting history, but in personality, ability and fighting heart, Tyrus Raymond Cobb occupies the pedestal alone.

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IT CANNOT be said that he is as far ahead of the greats of other days as Gould is in court tennis, but beyond that single instance few more exalted names can be cited.

The Football Titans

ON HIS showing last year, Glenn Killinger should rank as not only the most valuable pigskin booter of the season, but one of the greats of all time. He could run, punt, hit the line with a Rooseveltian smash, forward pass and engineer plays with the best of them.

A wonderful player, Killinger, but when the critic glances down the vaulted aisles of time he is bound to admit that there have been as good, and, maybap better ones than he.

Thorpe, Stevenson, Hinkey, Heffelfinger! We need go no further. Fine as Killinger was in the strenuous days of '21, no football experts will agree that he is better than were those dim, heroic figures of the past.

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TO NAME the greatest champion of all sports is a difficult, nay, almost impossible task. We nominate Tilden, Cobb and Jay Gould as the leading lights. Take your choice.

MIDDLE ATLANTIC SWIM TITLE AT STAKE TONIGHT

Stars Entered in 100-Yard Free-Style Championship

The men's 100-yard outdoor Middle Atlantic free-style championship race will be held under the auspices of the Germantown Boys' Club in their open-air pool at 25 West Penn street tonight.

In addition to the titular race, three other open events will be held, two for women and one for men. The women's events will be a 100-yard handicap and a fancy-diving contest, while the men will engage in a 220-yard handicap.

Al Burman, of Atlantic City, is the present Middle Atlantic champion at 100 yards free-style.

Ernie Uhl, the sixteen-year-old brother of Eleanor and Raymond, both noted swimmers, is the favorite to cop tonight's race, he having defeated Burman and a large field of others in the Philadelphia Swimming Club races last Saturday. The young aquatic star triumphed over Burman three times on Saturday, winning in both the elimination heats and the finals of the 100-yard Sackett Cup race and the 220-yard handicap race for the Walter H. Edwards Cup.

Miss Elizabeth Becker, senior National A. A. U. fancy-diving champion, will make her first appearance in an open meet in local waters for the first time in several weeks. Miss Becker, along with several other Turner mermaids, is entered in the fancy dive.

Woodring Won't Enter Penn

Allen Woodring, Syracuse University star, Olympic champion and former 220-yard intercollegiate champion, yesterday denied here that he will enter Penn in the fall. Reports from Syracuse said Woodring would enroll in the Wharton School of the University. Woodring has come here from Syracuse to get in shape for the National A. A. U. championships. He will represent the Meadowbrook Club.

K. OF C. ATHLETIC ASSO. TO HOLD TRACK MEET

A new athletic club has entered the field in this city.

The Knights of Columbus Athletic Association has announced that it will hold a track and field meet on the P. R. R. Y. M. C. A. grounds, Forty-fourth street and Parkside avenue, on September 9.

Although the association has been active but a short time, it gives promise of developing into one of the best in the city. Its baseball league has been one of the most successful in the city, while all its other sports are rapidly reaching that stage where they can be termed successful.

Such well-known figures as Phil Lewis, former Germantown High coach, Gilbach, cross-country runner of several years ago; Dougherty, Helley, Voirin, Bradley and Foley and others have been active in keeping the sports calendar alive.

The program of the track and field sports call for fourteen events and all are scratch. They are 100-yard dash, 220-yard dash, 440-yard dash, 880-yard run, one-mile run, twelve-pound shotput, running high jump, running broad jump, sack race, shoe race, tug-of-war, one-mile relay, seventy-five-yard dash for men over forty years of age and seventy-five-yard dash for members of the Ladies' Auxiliaries and the Daughters of Columbus.

Old York Club Busy

Old York Club will meet the Magnolia All-Stars this evening at Stenton avenue and Haines street. Old York has won fourteen straight games, and has lost only three out of thirty-two played this season. Marrion will pitch for Old York, while Johnson will be on the mound for the colored boys.

Cathedral Meets Mohawk

The Cathedral Catholic Club, which has won twelve out of thirteen baseball games, will play Mohawk Black Sox at Twenty-fifth street and the Parkway this evening.

BUSY DAYS FOR LOCAL GOLFERS

Whitemarsh and Green Valley Booking Many Events for Coming Month

EVANS' FINE CHANCE

THE Whitemarsh Valley Country Club is looking forward toward a busy campaign during the next month and a half. After a summer's lassitude the Chestnut Hill golfers are double-quicking toward a fine finish of the season.

The final match for the Dr. Lane Cup trips to its blithesome conclusion tomorrow. Then on successive Saturdays in September—the 2d and 9th—with a Labor Day tilt sandwiched in between, come the qualifying, first, second and final rounds of the four-ball tournament.

Also on Labor Day the eighteen-hole fight for the locker row championship will materialize in the dust and smoke of battle. Then on the balance of the Saturdays in September and the first two in October the welkin will ring with the din of the Woll Cup tournament and the tenth annual invitation tournament for the Clarence H. Geist Cup.

The final match in the Geist affair will be played on September 30, and the Woll Cup final on October 14.

Green Valley Tuning Up

The golfers out among the rolling hills of Roxborough who wear the silks of the Green Valley Country Club are practicing in anticipation of the club championship, which will be held on September 10.

Charley Berg, chairman of the Greens Committee, who so ably handled the Green Valley invitation tournament, has presented a big silver trophy—the Josephine Berg Cup—emblematic of the club championship.

The winner of the tournament will find his name inscribed on the cup and will have it in his possession for a year.

These stirrings at Whitemarsh and Green Valley are not the only movements in Philadelphia golf. With the passing of the dog-days all the other clubs are scheduling big affairs, too.

The calendar will be crowded with local events from now on. All of the clubs found it difficult to get big entry lists for summer events, for week-ends found their members at the shore or playing on mountain links. But the exodus from the vacation resorts is beginning, and the tournaments from now on will have many entries.

Green Valley, which is one of the most difficult courses in the city, is primping up in anticipation of the club championship, and the course will be in extraordinarily fine shape when the tournament gets under way.

Chick Evans' Chance

Philadelphia entrants for the amateur championship struggle at Brookline are facing a stiff test. The fame of Bobby Jones has been dilated on before in every newspaper. But there's another contestant who will prove almost as deadly an opponent as the youthful Georgian.

This is Chick Evans.

Chick isn't a youngster any more. He has passed the thirty-second milestone, and in fifteen of those years he has been playing competitive golf. He is the only golfer in this country who ever held the amateur and open titles in the same year.

Twelve times he played in the amateur championships. Twice he came through with titles and six times broke through to the semi-final round. This is a record that no other man has equaled.

During the hot days of the present campaign he has been at the top of his game, his seventh victory in the Western being gained only recently.

As a stylist, he is hardly second even to Jones, and there is no player in the country—amateur or professional—who has less trouble from tee to green.

Evans is not a freak stylist. He uses the square stance, and putts in conventional form, though the sort of putter he uses is cast on bazarre lines.

Philadelphia entries cast suspicious eyes on Bobby Jones, but Chick Evans isn't so far behind in their estimation of all that goes to make a most dangerous opponent.

JOE ROBINSON, FORMER PENN GRID STAR, DIES

Played Guard for Red and Blue in 1904

Joe Robinson, former Penn football star, died at his home in Punxsutawney, Pa., today. He played on the Red and Blue team in 1904.

Robinson played against the late "Bob" Maxwell in the famous Pennsylvania-Swarthmore game of 1904.

Lynch Knocks Out Levy

Fort Worth, Texas, Aug. 25.—Joe Lynch, of New York, bantamweight champion, knocked out Benny Levy, of Chicago, in the fourth round of a scheduled twelve-round bout here last night. Lynch kept Levy on the defensive throughout. He sent the Chicago boy down for an eight count early in the fourth round, and then finished him.

Boots and Saddle

Bridesman may redeem himself in the Burlington Handicap at Saratoga today. Violinist and Recount may be the contenders. The handicap is at a mile.

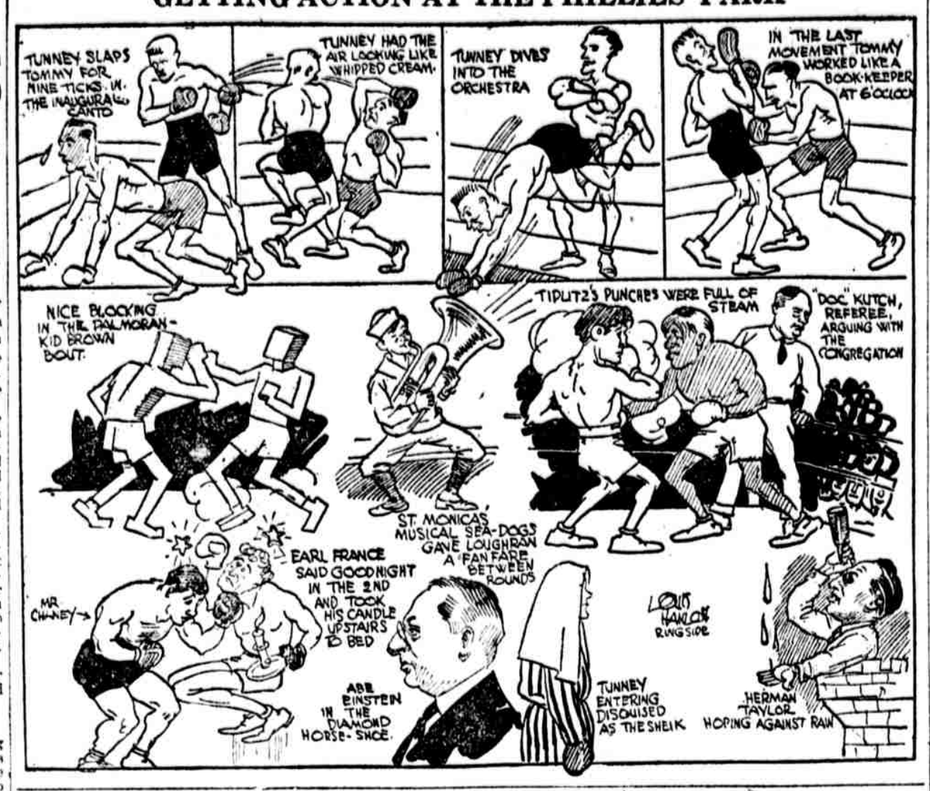
Horses which seem best at the Saratoga track are: First race—Dicks and Drakes, Monardella, Winner Take All; second—Elyman, Grenadier, New Haven; third—Roulette, Bud Fisher, French Furze; fourth—Contour, Brocade, Activity; fifth—Bridesman, Recount, Violinist; sixth—Great Lady, Echinea, Lustrious.

Connaugh Park opens a seven-day meeting at Ottawa today. Horses which seem best are: First race—Iron, Lancelot, The Decision; second—Rock Garden, Blue Toney, Joella J.; third—Elva, Azrael, Blarney Boy; fourth—Hidden Jewell, Qannah, Ikey T.; fifth—Martin A. Noonan, Redstone, Duke John; sixth—Citation, Harmonious, Lad's Love; seventh—Sailor, Sans Peur II, Paula V.

The Laurel Stakes closed yesterday. There are to be twenty-three days of fall racing. The richest stake is the Washington Handicap, with $25,000 added. It will have its first running October 28, the last day of the meeting. There will be $300,000 in added money in the stakes for the meeting.

The running of the Saratoga Special Saturday will have much to do with settling the three-year-old championship. Pillory and Whiskaway will go in with records of winning superstakes. Rockminister is to be entered. He just defeated Whiskaway, but that perhaps was due to the difference in weights. The race will do Whiskaway good, and at even weights it would seem that Bunting will be his chief contender. But the way the big horses are falling by the wayside, the Special may be anybody's race.

GETTING ACTION AT THE PHILLIES' PARK



VEACH AND PILLETTE HELP BEAT THE MACKS

Former Robs Walker of a Homer and Double and Latter Stems Tide of Athletic Base Hits

By JOSEPH T. LABRUM

IF THE Athletics had locked Shibe Park yesterday previous to the entrance of Bobby Veach and Herman Pillette they might have won a ball game from the Tigers and evened the series. The gates remained unlocked and Messrs. Veach and Pillette ambled inside to throw wrenches into the Mackian base-hit machinery.

Veach is a robber of the worst description. Deliberately and with premeditation he caused no end of trouble in the series that closed yesterday with a Detroit victory. Tillie Walker will not long forget the burglary he perpetrated on him twice in the same afternoon.

As for Pillette. Just when our favorites were batting the horsehide around the greensward with much fervor, and were making the fans feel that the series would be evened, the Pacific Coast lad appeared on the scene and stifled the base-hit log completely. Previous to Pillie's entrance to the tee the Macks were making merry at the expense of Johnson and Olsen.

Getting back to Veach. Walker, in the second inning, hit one three or four rows up in the bleachers for his thirty-first home run of the season. It was the kind of a clout that the Detroit burglar could not reach even with his finger tips.

In the fourth Walker took a toe-hold on one of Johnson's shoots and when the ball left the blue-green it was labeled as the thirty-second homer of the season for the Tennessee citizen. Some of the scribes had recorded the fact and the fans were making merry.

The joy was short-lived, for Veach took a leap that made him look ten feet tall, slammed up against the bleacher wall and with his gloved hand in the lap of a sunfish pulled out the horsehide.

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THE fans didn't know whether to cheer or jeer. Some in the bleachers did the latter, while others applauded the meritorious act. One man was on at the time and would have given the A's a pair of runs had the ball landed safely.

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AGAIN in the sixth during a hectic batting spree the Macks had scored two runs and had Miller on third with none out. Walker shot one over short that looked like a certain hit. Veach, tearing in like a Tiger should, made a lunge for the pellet and came up with it clutched tightly in his gloved hand. What was fondly hoped would be a single was turned into a sacrifice fly.

Had Walker got on the stage would have been set for further scoring, for Jimmy Dykes shot a single that scored Perkins. Ogden and Young proved unequal to the task of driving Bryn Mawr Jimmy around.

Enter Pillette

Count four runs against Veach's acts and the game would have been won by the A's. Pillette came onto the hill in the eighth inning after the Macks had soundly thrashed Olsen during the seventh, scoring three runs and standing within one of tying.

The youthful right-hander started by walking Young. Hauser, who in his previous trip to the plattter had a homer, flied to Cobb in deep center. Then started the harsh work by Pillie. He fanned both McGowan and Miller. In the ninth the A's died in one-two-three order and the game belonged to Detroit.

Joe Hauser continued his brilliant stickwork by getting a double and a homer and walking in five trips to the plate, which keeps him in the select set. Bing Miller had a double and a pair of singles and McGowan two one-base blows. The remaining hits were scattered among Young, Perkins, Galloway, Dykes, Walker and Slim Harris.

Harry Heilmann, who would rather hit on the loam at Shibe Park than any place on the circuit, brought himself into the home-run hall of fame by lifting one of Curley Ogden's shoots out into Somerset street in the seventh inning. Others who have performed the feat are Welch, twice; George Burns, Babe Ruth and Tillie Walker. The Tiger right fielder had three homers during the series, running his total to twenty-one.

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EDDIE ROMMEL, who likes pitching better than anything else, went into the game in the eighth and duplicated his feat of a month or so ago, when he retired the side in that inning on three pitched balls. In the ninth Edward didn't fare so well. Cobb and Heilman had triples, Rigney a double and Jones a single.

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SLIM HARRIS started and like his beginnings of the last few weeks had an abrupt ending. Slim looked like a million berries until the fourth, when the Tys made a quintet of hits and a quartet of runs.

The Phillies ran into another tornado of hits out in Pittsburgh and lost another to Bill McKechnie's crew. There was some balm on the troubled waters at least for one member of the team, Cy Williams. The long, lean farmer hit a homer over the right-field fence that netted him a hundred round simoleons.

Williams at Bat

Cy was the leading sticksmith with a double, triple and the hundred dollar blast.

Myrl Brown, formerly of Reading, who made it two straight since donning big league vestments, was bit hard by the Phils, but kept them at bay when hits meant runs. Twelve safeties were made by the locals. Henline had three singles, Wrightstone a triple and single, Walker a pair of one-base blows and Parkinson and Leslie a single apiece.

Both Jess Winters and George Smith were pelted hard and often by the Bucs, who made their dozen safeties score a decade of runs.

The Yanks broke the Indian jinx when Sam Jones outpitched Morton, 7 to 3. Tris Speaker was hurt during the game when he collided with Joe Wood, who spiked his manager unintentionally. Wood made up for his part in the accident by hitting a homer. Speaker was forced to leave the game. The Yanks made twelve hits to seven for the Indians.

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THE Browns kept their scant lead by hammering Boston pitching for twenty hits and thirteen runs, while Kolp yielded a pair of markers and seven safeties.

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WALTER JOHNSON turned in another shutout yesterday when he blanked the White Sox, 1 to 0. It was the ninety-eighth whitewash registered by the thirty-three-year-old veteran in his major league career. He allowed but five hits and had to pitch his best, as the Senators made but four bingles off Blankenship.

Aleck in Again

Grover Cleveland Alexander, another member of the old school, broke the Cubs' losing streak by outpitching Mamaux, of the Dodgers, 4 to 1. Alex allowed four hits.

The Giants skipped a full game ahead in the National League race by winning a close one from the Reds, while the Braves were defeating the Cards in one of these hectic battles of the rabbit ball days.

Senor Adolpho Luque deserved a better fate, holding the Gothamites to six hits, while nine were made off Jess Barnes. Luque was the cause of his own reverse, walking Smith and wild-pitching him to second. Barnes won his own game by making a single with Smith on second in this round. Pinelli played a great game at third, accepting ten chances without a miscue. He also starred at bat with a triple, double and single.

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AN ERROR by Mann and a homer by Powell helped the Braves defeat the Cards in one of the worst exhibitions of the game in the Mound City this season. The St. Louisans used twenty players in an effort to stem the tide of defeat. Braxton started, and so did Pfeffer; and neither lasted.

Leading Home-Run Hitters in Each Major League

AMERICAN LEAGUE	
Williams, St. Louis	32
Walker, Athletics	31
Ruth, New York	26
Hellmann, Detroit	21
Miller, Athletics	16
NATIONAL LEAGUE	
Hornsby, St. Louis	29
Williams, Phillies	19
Kelly, New York	14
Lee, Phillies	14
Meusel, New York	12
Wheat, Brooklyn	12

Runs Scored for Week In Three Big Leagues

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.	T'l
Pittsburgh	..	5	4	11	10	..	..	30
St. Louis	9	..	..	6	11	..	..	26
Brooklyn	5	..	5	6	1	..	..	17
Phillies	6	..	3	3	4	..	..	16
Boston	..	1	..	3	12	..	..	16
Cincinnati	10	..	3	..	1	..	..	14
New York	..	..	7	..	2	..	..	9
Chicago	..	..	4	0	4	..	..	8

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.	T'l
Detroit	..	16	23	3	11	..	..	53
St. Louis	..	6	9	6	13	..	..	34
Athletics	..	7	7	6	8	..	..	28
New York	7	..	2	1	7	..	..	17
Washington	6	..	4	11	1	..	..	16
Cleveland	2	..	6	4	3	..	..	15
Chicago	5	..	5	3	0	..	..	13
Boston	..	3	4	1	2	..	..	10

INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE

	S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.	T'l
Baltimore	15	..	12	..	13	..	..	40
Jersey City	7	10	9	6	3	..	..	35
Rochester	11	6	11	..	5	..	..	33
Syracuse	12	..	5	17	2	..	..	36
Newark	7	..	4	17	2	..	..	30
Buffalo	14	3	6	6	0	..	..	29
Reading	6	1	4	6	3	..	..	24
Toronto	4	..	4	1	1	..	..	10

MADDONA LEADING, RAIN HALTS RACE

Match Race With Carman Postponed After First Heat Owing to Drizzle

PIANI BEATS SPENCER

Rain put a damper on the races at the Point Breeze Velodrome last night and scattered a crowd of 6000 which had turned out to see the events. The shower started in the first heat of the feature race, a match event of three heats between Clarence Carman, America, and Vincenzo Maddona, the famous Italian rider.

Maddona, who was paced by Jimmy Hunter, the Philadelphia ace, held a slight lead over the American, who was guided by Johnny Schiee. The track was scarcely damp when the management called off the events rather than have the athletes risk slipping.

It was announced that the same card would be put on next Thursday night and rainchecks, of course, will be recognized.

It was a thrilling event that Carman and Maddona put on. The Italian started out in the lead, but after they had gone three miles and one lap, Maddona was blown off by Carman, who flashed into the lead. Then Carman suffered a flat tire and was delayed somewhat. This placed the Italian in the lead again. At the end the two were almost even, with Maddona holding an advantage of less than a half lap.

The first heat of the sprint race also was staged and here Italy came to the front with Orlando Piani. The Italian defeated Willie Spencer in 2 minutes 37 1-5 seconds. Piani managed to outjockey the American on the last lap and his excellent maneuvering gave him the victory.

Frank Harris, Philadelphia, scored a win in the half-mile professional Class B handicap. The Philadelphian started with a forty-yard handicap on George Patterson, Shanahan, who was on scratch.

George Gergely, Yonkers, was second and Toney Giancoma, Italy, fourth. Jake Smith, Elmwood, fell on the first lap, but was unhurt.

Giants Clean Up on Road

New York, Aug. 25. — The Giants' road business this year has been the best they ever had, and they are around $90,000 ahead of last year's business at home.

How Does It Strike You?

Toll of Years
MacGregor's Bill
Expensive Talent

By THE OBSERVER

DAILY duties of toil take toll in small quantities, but frequently. The passing days seem to touch you lightly, but year after year you pay the fare for your passage through life with energy.

You scarcely miss the expenditure until one day you discover the supply is low and you become alarmed at your lack of vitality.

Do you feel as young as ever? Perhaps you do; but try three hours' sleep for two consecutive days. You will notice the feet drag and the head will be crammed with something that doesn't resemble brains.

Stamina is the first to go. "Ye Old Pep," which was replenished daily years ago, is limited in supply.

In no other endeavor is this noticed to such a marked degree as in sports, for athletics call for an abundance of endurance.

The other day Dwight F. Davis, donor of the internationally famous Davis Cup, and Holcombe Ward, who were Wimbledon world's champions some fifteen years ago, were brushed by in straight sets by the present American titleholders, Vincent Richards and Bill Tilden.

The eyes of the veterans seemed as keen, their placing was splendid, and their brains as nimble as ever, for their court tactics were cunning.

But youth burned them up with speed. The pace was too strenuous for their years and they bowed to the inevitable. It was endurance they lacked.

Stamina is the first asset to go in the bankruptcy of age.

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THE sensational playing of Ingraham and Jones, the national junior champions, in the doubles at Longwood, speaks well of their future in tennis. They pressed Bill Tilden and Vincent Richards to the limit the other day.

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What? A Congressman Pay to See Game? No, Sir!

THE bill introduced in Congress by Representative MacGregor, of New York, is amusing.

Representative MacGregor would prohibit West Point cadets and Annapolis midshipmen from playing in athletic contests where admission is charged.

The bill apparently was born of an ill disposition incited by a letter from Rear Admiral Washington, stating that hereafter no complimentary tickets would be distributed among Congressmen.

What, a Congressman pay to see the annual Army-Navy football game? Absurd! Rather than do that, the legislator from New York would stop the game by law.

The Representative points out that "the students are not filled with a desire to demonstrate their physical development. Rather their attention is centered upon how much money they can get."

To the collegiate football player, the size of the crowd means nothing except added noise and increased nervousness.

But Representative MacGregor says commercialism is growing in the Military and Naval Academies and he offers Rear Admiral Washington's letter as proof.

While it is not generally known, it is believed that if facts were uncovered, it would be found that the Representative from New York had something to do with the lifting of the tax from complimentary tickets.

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BY NAME and deed, Representative MacGregor certainly is a Scot.

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The $40,000 Hurler

Last winter Detroit kicked in with 40,000 succulent berries for the services of one Sylvester Johnson, a pitcher of the right-handed persuasion. Incidentally, a youth named Pillette was tossed into the bargain to balance up the weight of that much silver.

So far Mister Johnson has been of about as much use to the Tigers as a pair of ear muffs on the Ganges.

Like Lefty Russell, Marty O'Toole and a lot of other expensive pieces of pitching bric-a-brac, he has found the atmosphere of the big top overpowering.

On the other fist, the unadvertised Pillette has burned up the league with his sensational showing. Alexander came to the big league baseball in the same way, and Alex the Great's record speaks for itself.

It is seldom that a man heralded far and wide as a wonder, a man for whose services a fabulous price has been paid, makes good from the start.

The handicap of the limelight on a youngster, who has never been in it before, is empowering. It takes time for him to become acclimated.

The boy who is merely listed as "among those present" hasn't the focus of thousands of eyes on him. He can slip into his stride without being bothered by the cry, "What a pile of money to pay for a piece of cheese."

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FOR the good of their recruits, if for no other reason, the powers that be in baseball should jam down the lid on the reports of excessive prices paid for untried youngsters.

O'Connell, Future Giant, Makes 6 Hits in 6 Chances

Salt Lake City, Utah, Aug. 25.—Jimmy O'Connell, outfielder of the San Francisco Pacific Coast League Baseball Club, who has been sold to the New York Giants for $75,000, to report next spring, made six hits in six times up in yesterday's San Francisco-Salt Lake City game. O'Connell lammed two homers, a triple, a double and two singles. His runs scored totaled four.

No-Hit, No-Run Game in West

Sioux Falls, S. D., Aug. 25.—Roy Bergenstock, of Jamestown, N. D., pitched the first no-run, no-hit game of the Dakota League baseball season against Sioux Falls here yesterday. "Lefty" Bye, the opposing pitcher, allowed but one hit, losing the game, 2 to 0.

MACOMBER PAYS RECORD HIGH PRICE FOR YEARLING

200,000 Francs Paid for Son of Sardanapale

Deauville, France, Aug. 25.—A. K. Macomber, American horseman, yesterday paid the record price reached by any of the 1922 crop of yearlings when he dispersed 170,000 francs, plus the Government tax of 17½ per cent on the purchase price, for the good-looking son of Sardanapale, the winner of the 1914 Grand Prix. In round numbers 200,000 francs was paid by Mr. Macomber.

Baby Gar III Shatters Record

Hamilton, Ont., Aug. 25.—Averaging 46¾ miles an hour and shattering the record for the event, Baby Gar III, owned and driven by Gar Wood, Detroit, captured the first 50-mile leg of the $5000 Fisher trophy for displacement boats yesterday. The former record for the distance was 38 8-10 miles per hour, made at Miami, Fla., in February, 1912, by Orio II.

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