

NO CHANCE OF REDS PASSING GIANTS HERE

BEST SPORTING PAGE IN NEW YORK

U. S. A. TO CHALLENGE FOR POLO CUP IN 1915

THE FINISH OF THE SENSATIONAL YALE-HARVARD RACE

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YALE AND THE NICKALS STROKE IS SURE TO MAKE MORE TROUBLE FOR HARVARD

English Style Has Been Put to the Test and in Another Year the Foreign Coach Should Develop a Finished Crew to Represent the Wearers of the Blue—Delay in Flashing Winner Was Due to Fact that there Was No Yale Flag Handy.

Copyright, 1914, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.) YALE grit won the great race against Harvard late yesterday afternoon.

Yale grit—nothing else! Of course Coach Nickalls's remarkable work in whipping a green crew into form in a single season was a great big factor. But when it comes right down to it, form put Yale within striking distance—and Yale grit did the rest.

I've seen scores of famous boat races on the Thames, the Hudson and other waters, but nothing just like the finish of yesterday. It was a finish that will be talked of as long as Blue and Crimson meet—perhaps even longer than that.

Yale won a lost race in the last ten feet, with the last powerful stroke of the oars. At the end of that winning stroke—just to show how nearly Yale grit was played to the limit—Stroke Appleton fell straight back in the boat as if he had been knocked down with a club, and two others, Sheldon and Titus, crumpled in their seats and bent double over the trailing oar butts.

But this is a story that should be told from the beginning. So here goes.

Harvard won the little races that few go to see and won them all easily. The Yale freshmen fought best, being beaten only by three lengths or so. And as every one knew that Yale counted more upon making a freshman showing than anything else, that was taken as conclusive evidence that Harvard would simply walk away with the big event. Everybody agreed to that. People yawned and said, "Another of those things. I'm getting tired of coming away up to New London just to see Harvard take a little light exercise." Within my hearing one "expert" loudly chaffed another and accused him of having said some time within the past few weeks that Yale would probably win. And the other "expert" flushed a beautiful tawny red clear down to his gills and snarled it; in fact, offered to bet the first "expert" five dollars he could not prove a word of his malicious chatter.

So that was the feeling throughout the rather slim crowd on the observation trains when the race began. The amazement of every one Harvard showed in front only for a few yards, and then the Yale boat crawled up and went slightly into the lead.

Those fellows have their nerve all right," croaked an "expert" near me. "I don't like a bone in Harvard's hand, but those fellows can row and they'll sweep poor old Yale off the river. Just wait a minute."

We waited. Harvard, having hit up a 40 stroke, dropped back to 34, and Yale raised her own to 30 and stayed there. And to the astonishment of everybody, "experts" and all, Yale began pulling slowly ahead. At the half-mile Yale had nearly a boat length.

Harvard's playing with those poor fellows, you wait," croaked the "expert" again.

At the mile Yale led by three-quarters of a length. Then Harvard creeps up inch by inch, while the Yale boat went behind a hill. Yale moved up and when we saw the boat again her lead was a little bigger. At two miles she had nearly a boat length. Yale was unable to gain "open water," and no open water showed between the boats from start to finish—it was as close as that.

The Crimson crawled up again, inch by inch, as before. At two and a half miles Yale had half a length and was losing slowly. At the third mile Yale had a quarter length and was evidently struggling desperately to hold that. And still Harvard crept slowly up toward the lead. In a quarter mile she had taken it. Yale was behind two yards behind, and slowly losing more. Yale rowers gave vent to agonizing shrieks of encouragement, prayed, pleaded, begged Yale to "hang on." Harvard rowers laughed and cheered. The "experts" smirked and looked exceedingly wise and complacent.

Right here, when it seemed that Yale was beaten, Yale's oarsmen swayed harder on their oars and she came slowly up again to even with Harvard.

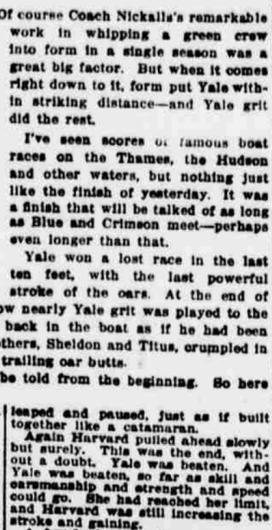
Half a mile to go the boats were sliding along exactly side by side, neither an inch ahead. The two oarsmen in perfect balance, as the boats leaped and paused, leaped and paused, just as if built together like a catamaran.

Again Harvard pulled ahead slowly but surely. That was the end, without a doubt. Yale was beaten. And Yale was beaten, so far as skill and seamanship and strength and speed could go up to the finish of the race, and Harvard was still increasing the stroke and gaining.

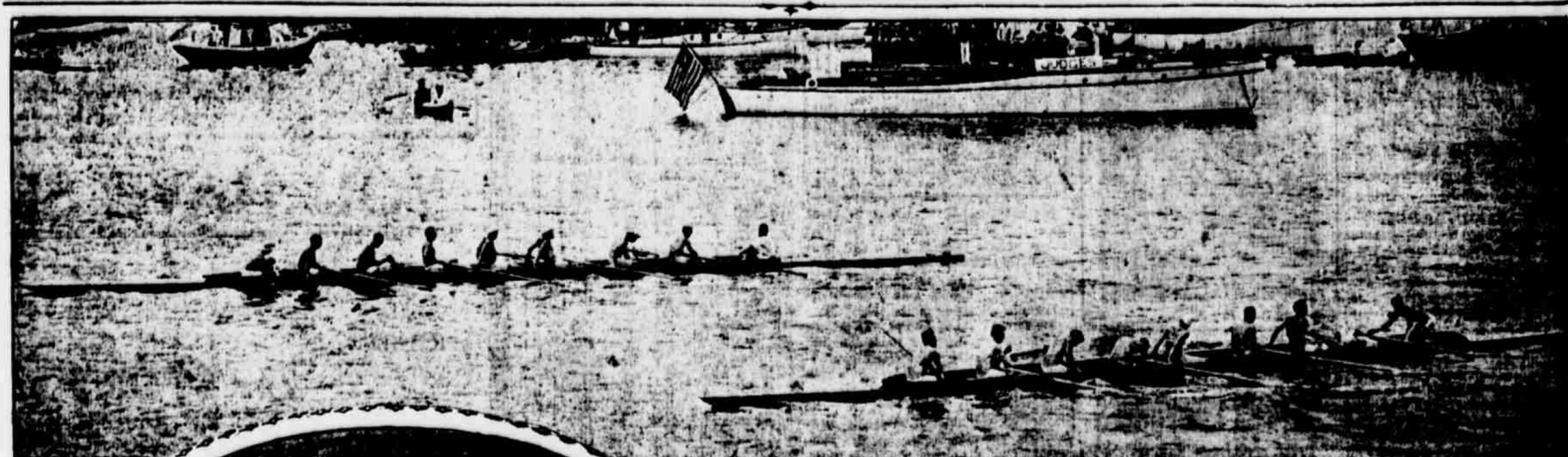
A hundred yards from the finish Harvard led by ten feet. It was all over. Fifty yards from the finish Harvard led by a little less than ten feet. Yale was moving faster, and Harvard's oarsman sheared the smooth, two-yard lead, perhaps, in front of Yale's.

Neither crew had faltered in the least. But eight Yale backs bent like bows. One terrific drive and Yale and Harvard were even. Just one more. The Yale boat leaped half out of the water and shot ahead like an arrow, over the line a foot, or possibly only inches, in advance. Down went Stroke Appleton like a dead man, at full length on his back, face up to the sky. Sheldon and Titus fell forward across their oars. Coxswain McLane frantically splashed water over the corpulent stroke. In the Harvard boat no man went down. The whole crew, swaying but not rowed out of place in a stunned silence at the Blue boat's soaring, nearly, leaped to the wild burst of cheers for the stroke who had beaten the best Harvard crew seen in the past years and wondered how it all happened.

On the judges' launch there was some wonder, for the finish had been so wonderful that no instant decision could be given and the officials at last decided that Yale had won "by inches," there was no blue boat in the race. The officials that Harvard would win were already tied to the signal lines, ready to be run up to the masthead. While it fluttered there, the Yale boat's flag could be found, and so some one hastily seized the darkest hub and waved that by hand.



R. Edgren's COLUMN



YALE STROKE APPLETON FALLING SENSELESS AS YALE CROSSED THE LINE.

'Bring Back That Polo Cup,' Slogan That Arouses Plans For Developing New Team

Artisan Challengers Likely to Be Selected After Series of Tryouts as A. A. U. Picks Country's Olympic Representatives—Five Hundred Cavalrymen Are Playing the Game.

THIS country will challenge England in a set of games to be played at the San Francisco Exposition and the winner to challenge England.

William A. Hazard, secretary of the Polo Association, met this suggestion with the remark that the West "didn't have the class." Later he announced his views as follows: "Say to the poloists in the West that it will not be necessary to challenge us to appear in the San Francisco games, around Philadelphia and Boston and even in the United States Army. There are about five hundred cavalry officers now playing the game, and most of them have their names in the national handicap book."

In preparing for a team next year there is only one man who is absolutely certain of playing. He is Devereux Milburn. England agrees with polo experts here that he is the greatest back in the game. With four Milburns representing the United States the historic cup wouldn't rest long on Hurlingham's shelf.

Candidates for their places next time will be picked not alone from members of the blue-blooded international tournament as contestants, but from the entire country.

GAME HAS MADE BIG STRIDES IN WEST. Polo has made wonderful strides in the West, particularly in California, where the game may be played nearly all the year. Malcolm Stevenson, substitute on the American team this year, learned out there and the Gold Gate State has produced many first class players and ponies too.

The entire West is clamoring for a chance to do its share in the work of regaining the cup. The referee's whistle had hardly closed the last international game when E. T. Maloney, out in Pasadena, Cal., suggested that the West organize a picked polo team which would challenge the East in a set of games to be played at the San Francisco Exposition and the winner to challenge England.

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GOODMAN BREAKS HAND IN BOUT WITH HURLEY

Referee Calls Halt in Bout After the Sixth Round.

JACK GOODMAN of the west side, who was regarded as one of this city's leading lightweights a few years ago, tried to come back last night at the boxing show held by Brown's Far Rockaway Club, but met with an accident.

While delivering a left hook to Battling Hurley's body in the second round he broke his hand and in spite of the painful injury he gamely continued to fight until the sixth round, when the referee called a halt to the battle.

That Jack is still popular with the fight fans was evidenced by the big crowd that turned out to see the bout, even though the night was a bad one for a boxing show at the beach. It will likely be several weeks before Goodman is again able to don the gloves.

Willie Beecher, the east side lightweight, will wind up his training to-day for his bout with Kid Donnelly of Philadelphia at the Olympic A. C. on Monday night. He has been training up in Sullivan County. Two weeks from Monday Beecher will take on Young Eyson of Providence, also at the Olympic, and four days later he will face Walter Mohr at Brown's Far Rockaway Club. On July 15 Beecher and his manager, John Reister, will leave for bouts in the West.

The date for the world's lightweight championship bout between Willie Ritchie and Freddie Welsh at the Olympia at London has been changed from July 4 to July 7. They'll box twenty rounds. The principals yesterday signed the final articles of agreement and will immediately start hard training for the contest.

Patsy Callahan, the Brooklyn featherweight, and Charlie Barry, the Italian boxer, have been matched to box ten rounds at the Broadway Sporting Club of Brooklyn next Tuesday night. On the same card Eddie Wallace and Mel Croghan will hook up over the ten-round route as will Kid Sullivan and Young Marino.

Gunboat Smith, America's hard-hitting heavyweight, and George Carpenter, the French champion, yesterday posted forfeits of \$5,000 each to guarantee their appearance in the ring at the Olympia in a twenty-round bout on July 18. Smith is a big hit on the other side, and they consider him one of the most likely looking fighters that has visited them from America in many years.

A new club, the Stadium, will enter the Saturday night 6-10 of boxing to-night when Frankie Hommey and Bobby Reynolds meet in the main event. In French champion, Johnny Keyes and Mike Rosen will furnish the fatc fireworks. The third ten

Fans Here Are Beginning to Wonder Just How Reds Got Into Second Place

As Result of Beating Yesterday It Is Impossible for Manager Herzog's Team to Oust Giants From Lead This Trip.

By Bozeman Bulger.

NOW that it has been made certain that the Reds will not climb into first place over the shoulders of the Giants this trip, Gerry Herrmann will go on about his business of helping Gov. Tener and Ban Johnson wipe out the Federal League. If "Herzie" should win the next two he would still be stuck in second place.

Garry couldn't stand the pressure yesterday, and asked that the meeting be put over until to-day so that he could go up to the Polo Grounds to watch Charlie Herzog wrestle with McEraw and have it over with. And it was so ordered. The Chairman of the National Commission and President of the Reds sat in a rain-soaked box all by himself, took his medicine like a regular fellow, and even after all that says he is game enough to bear Ban Johnson's make a speech to-day. Verily, the role of baseball mogul is not a bed of roses!

In the mean time Charlie Herzog will continue the war on the Giants, provided the rain doesn't beat him to it. As mudlarks the Reds did not shine, and the fans hereabout are beginning to wonder just how that band of Dutchmen managed to crowd up into second place.

"I've heard so much about this Cincinnati Club," said Capt. Til Huston, who used to live here, "that I came up here just to see what it was all about, and I am still wondering."

Rube Marquard kicked in with some real pitching, and the Reds had no chance to show us that flash of base running that is said to have kept them in live here. Just six of them got to the bases, and one man—Manager Herzog—negotiated a steal. Second base was as far as they got, and the inning is over. More than one man on base at the time, Marquard gave but one base on balls, and that to Heinie Groh, who was caught napping off the bag before he had got settled.

With Marsans absent from the outfield Herzog is hard put for three good outfielders. The regulars are badly with the new combination that he benched Bates during the game and substituted a young fellow by the name of Lohr, who did not mean much to us, but it's mighty German and ought to go well in Cincinnati. There seems little hope of getting the Cuban back as he is hardheaded, and sincerely believes that he was mistreated.

By the way, Hughie McGuire, who has been playing in the outfield for the Reds, "ran out" on them when Empire Kleim announced "Von Kolnitz batting for Moran." To Hughie that was the last affront to the Irish that he could stand and he says Herzog will have to play the rest of the season without his assistance.

That Herzog may not know some things about baseball, but he knows a whole lot of things about how to make himself solid with a Cincinnati crowd. Get this list of extra men: Lohr, Uhler, Koestner, Von Kolnitz, Berghammer—yes, and among the regulars there are Nelhoff, Groh and Hohlbeist!

The prettiest play of the game will bring together Harry Condon and Johnny Gallagher.

The other boxing shows to-night are as follows: Brown's Gym, Willie Patton vs. Bill Cassidy, and Johnny Daly of Jersey City vs. Young McDonald; Broadway Sporting Club of Brooklyn, Soldier Bartfield and Tommy Maloney, and Willie Jones vs. Walter Mohr; Bergen Beach Sporting Club, Young Eyson vs. Fighting Joe Hyland; Irving A. C. of Brooklyn, Eddie Cook vs. Kokomo Kid, Young O'Leary vs. Fiekie Sanders, and Jimmie Taylor vs. Frankie Nelson.

Teddy Hubbs and Benny Leonard will battle ten rounds to-night at the Fairmont A. C. in another special match Kid Alberts meets Frankie Natch.

was one engineered by Herzog, and if Heinie Groh had not spoiled it with a bad throw it might have made quite a difference in the result. With the bases full, out and Meyers at the bat, a sharp grounder was shot at Herzog. He might have got Doyle at the plate, but, figuring that Meyers was a slow runner, "Herzie" played for a double, shooting the ball to Groh for the first out. Unfortunately, Groh made a bad relay, and instead of the side being retired a run counted.

Two of the prettiest catches of the year were made by Moran and Burns. The latter appeared a drive from Beecher's bat that bumped him against the right field wall, but he held to the ball for a sensational put-out. Right on top of that Burns ran far back into left, picked off a fly from Niehoff's bat and, though he turned a complete somersault, came up with the ball.

Jack Dunn is in town with the rest

of the moguls and is mighty strong for his ultimatum that the draft rule be changed, or his club be sold to Richmond, Va. The Reds have played havoc with Jack down at Baltimore, and he refuses to see why his club should be offered up as a sacrifice. All of Jack's money is in the Orioles, and he has quite a hoiler coming.

At an informal meeting of the National League owners it was decided to put the entire matter of dealing with the Federal League in the hands of Gov. Tener and let him speak for the league at the meeting of the National Commission.

Demon Dave Robertson was in there again with his birch rod frauling out base hits. The new outfielder helped himself to three singles and then struck out just to show a little versatility.

Red Ames, who is still popular hereabouts, started off like a house afire, but his clothing hard luck fell upon him in the second inning. With the exception of Doyle's long single the bases were filled on hits that did not go fifteen feet from the plate.

EVENING WORLD RACE CHART BELMONT PARK, SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1914.

Twenty-first Day of Westchester Jockey Club Meeting. Weather Clear. Track Heavy.

Table with columns for race number, name, sex, age, color, weight, start, and various statistics. Includes races 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150.

137 THIRD RACE, The Loretta Stakes, two-year-olds, \$5,000 guaranteed, five and a half furlongs, 1914. Post time, 2:07. Start good. Won easily, place same. Winner, b. f. by Disraeli.

138 FRENCHMAN IS FIRST IN ENGLISH MARATHON. SOUTHAMPTON, June 20.—Shamrock IV, shown a fine turn of speed in her first spin to-day since her rig was changed from that of a sloop to that of a cutter, the challenger outpaced the older Shamrock in a good breeze. The changes in her canvas and the reduction of the amount of lead in her keel greatly diminished her stiffness and increased her pace. She sailed without a centerboard, but this can be replaced in a few minutes if thought advisable.

WINNERS AT OTTAWA. INDIANAPOLIS, June 20.—Louis Stetzel, a semi-pro pitcher of Terre Haute, Ind., joined the Brooklyn Federal League club here to-day, having signed a contract yesterday. His salary was not announced.

RACING BELMONT PARK TO-DAY (LAST DAY) AT 2:30 P. M. RACE PRIZES: First, \$100; second, \$50; third, \$25; fourth, \$10; fifth, \$5; sixth, \$2.50; seventh, \$1.25; eighth, \$0.625. Also by Ladies' Admission, \$1. Grand Stand, \$3. Ladies, \$1.50. Field Free To-Day.

MOTOR RACES Every Wed. Sat. Stadium-Motordrome, Brighton Beach, Motor Circuit, Brooklyn, at 12:30 and 8:00. Opening To-Night, 8:00 starts at 2:30.

USED CARS FOR SALE. FOR SALE AT A GREAT BARGAIN. 40 H. P. MERCEDES CAR, new equipped with 7-passenger touring car body and complete outfit, suitable for a delivery car. Price on application. MERCEDES REPAIR CO. 215-224 West 54th St., New York City.