

Crash of Glove Upon Jaw Seems to Drown Out Sharp Crack of the Bat

Kauff Clad in His Usual Modesty Reaches Marlin

Benny Positive He Will Lead League at Bat in Field and on Bases.

BITING WIND NO BAR TO DIAMOND BATTLE

McGraw Sends Eleven Men Against Nine and Wins—Rodriguez Stars at Bat.

By FRANK O'NEILL. Marlin, Tex., March 14.—Benny Kauff, the 17-year-old Federal League, has taken up the business of baseball once more, and one of the problems of John J. McGraw and the Giants has been solved, perhaps.

They managed to miss connections in Atlanta by an hour, which put them back one day, while at Birmingham, Ala., five minutes' delay cost them another twelve hours. As Kauff said this morning, "The only thing we never missed was meals."

Regarding Benny's differences with the New York club and whether they had yet been adjusted, neither Kauff nor Foster would talk. Foster said that Kauff was a pleasant traveling companion, whose heart and soul were wrapped up in baseball.

Benny launched forth upon a lengthy discourse, telling just how and why he would make the fans forget Ty Cobb within three weeks after he gets to the team, and how he would lead both leagues in hitting, fielding and base running.

"Sure, I'm glad to get back into harness," said Kauff, "but the rest of the team will have to play along some or the fans will forget that they are in the same league with me."

A howling, biting north wind did its best to break up the practice of the Giants this afternoon, but McGraw is not the man to be daunted by the elements. He sent the boys out, and they indulged in a rollicking travesty on the national pastime. The score was 22 to 10 in favor of the Little Napoleon's team.

Edie Bonach may or may not report, but with Kauff, Burns, Thorpe, Kelly, Sharmen, Cole, Elich, Harrison and the probability of Robertson being in condition to play before the season is very old, McGraw is well fortified.

There is no use of talking, Charles Doon is one of the gamest little fellows in the league. He has insisted upon wrestling with Jeff Terreau, although the Ironout Benemeth outweighs him by at least sixty pounds. Doon, however, generally calls for help from Bill Radion, who never fails him.

Life in the hotel after practice hours is just one quartet after another. Fletcher and Ferdie Schupp are the leading harmonizers, while Fred McKee does his share in making the night tedious.

Reeseinger has finally decided that baseball is not for him. He has consented to go home and return to the automobile business. Rosie works in the plant of a certain popular car about which many jokes are told. And him to the list, he's the best of the lot.

Bill Radion bids fair to have a good year with the bat, if form shown in practice amounts to anything. He has been hitting the ball on the zone and driving it to the outfield on a line.

One of the boys asked Reeseinger, "He insists that he is an alumnus of Michigan, what A. B. meant, and so said, 'Able Bullfighter.'"

The more one watches Herbert Bester cavort around the short field, the more convinced one becomes that the boy is destined to make a name for himself. Bill Perrett watched him in action this afternoon, and said: "I've seen a lot of the young fellows come up from the ranks, but I never saw one like you. He has every qualification, and in a year or two will be in there, or I miss my guess."

The Sportlight

By Grantland Rice

There—Up—and Back.

I saw him first a kid— A hard, free swinging devil in the Bush; Fast as the winds that sweep the open plain, As fast as lightning flashes down the sky, With rippling muscles wrought of tempered steel, Steel springs within his arm.

And in his face, The burning glow of Youth, Raw Youth that turned his labor into play, And made him romp and revel Out the field.

And laugh at errors that were but a part Of all the fun That he was having there.

And then I saw him in a higher league, A kid just coming on to know his worth, Who looked ahead And dreamed of Big League fame, The plaudits of ten thousand raving fans, And all the Hip-hip and the rest of it That hailed "Another Cobb."

A coming Tris, With endless speed And power for the peg.

I saw him next When he had reached the top; A mighty ruler in the Realm of Swat, Where raving thousands Cheered his regal sway And all the world lay at his steel-shod feet; Where blazing head lines Gave his Batting Eye High place with War And armies on the march, Or precedence above Such tawdry things as diplomats and eases, For he could hit With any man that lived And so for ten great years he held his place And saw the world but in the rose-eared glow Of easy fans.

And then I saw the arm once made of steel Begin to rust and crack and lose its snap; I saw the drag that came upon his speed; As cheers turned into jeers Where day by day His waning blows popped into waiting hands; I saw the smile fade out upon his face That turned, bewildered, to a crowd that once Had been his friend, but now Was shrieking "Take him out!"

"Back to the Bush, you bonehead, on the jump." "Go get a crutch, go out somewhere and die!" And still they wondered Why he was a crab.

I saw him next Back in the Bush again, The circle finished and the journey done; An old and broken man at thirty-three, Who played us in a dream, And who above The taunting jeers that came From tank town fans that jeered his labored play Still held from far away, From other years, The mighty roar of twenty thousand men Who called upon him for the winning hit, Who shrieked and stamped and howled their mad acclaim When from his bat the streaking missile flew; His rough red hand was pulled across his eyes, But still he could not wipe the dream away Of some lost June Back in another age.

Where Youth, raw Youth, Was sweeping him along, Not mocking, in its course, A faded dream.

Not New. The fun maker on the ballfield is no new institution. In the old days the business of being a king was even more serious than it is now in normal times. The king then was under a heavy strain, with eight or ten Feds planning to break up his league and unhorse him on sight. So, to keep from going stale, one of the first things a king did, according to the comic operas and poets, was to hire, rent or sublet a Jester. It was the business of this jester to array himself in cap and bells and the rest of it and jerk japeries or fat out bon mots until the jaded monarch was holding his sides with merry laughter.

Jester to the King was considerable job in the old days, and the Jester frequently was also the wisest and saddest man at court. It is no easy task to entice the guffaw at so much per guf.

Miss Bjurstedt and Miss Kissel



PRO GOLFERS ADOPT RULES

Salisbury Links at Garden City No Longer Open to the Public.

By FRED HAWTHORNE. A meeting of the Professional Golfers' Association of America, the new body modeled after the lines of the organization in England, was held yesterday in either the half-mile or mile handicap races.

As soon as one hundred Class A members are enrolled, the P. G. A. A. intends to go after members for the other classes. A regular meeting of the association will be held directly after the open championship tournament on the links of the Minnehaha Golf Club, from June 27 to 30, inclusive.

Official announcement was made yesterday that the Cherry Valley Golf Club, of Garden City, which is going to take over the Salisbury links, elected officers at its last meeting, and will begin work in the immediate future on the improvement of the course. Ten lawn tennis courts will also be laid out and several handball courts.

It is the intention of the new club to limit the membership list that the links will never be congested, even on holidays, which, after all, is a golfer's idea of paradise.

Robert McLean and Norral Bappte, who held all the professional speed skating titles several years ago, thrilled the crowd by exhibitions of fancy skating. Bappte appeared in a scarlet, spangled costume, and McLean wore a plain green suit. They did everything but write shorthand on the steel blades.

To-night there will be a series of ice games and exhibitions by noted professionals.



THE WOLFWORTH BUILDING OF THE YANCKS. E. H. LOVE, 6 FEET 7 1/2 INCHES

Eight Fair Demoiselles Survive Tennis Tourney

Will Battle To-day for the Right to Appear in the Semi-Finals.

MISS BJURSTEDT WINS DESPITE UNLUCKY '13'

Miss Wagner, Again in Form, Defeats Chicago Girl in Spectacular Match.

By JAMES S. O'NEALE. Thirteen matches in the women's national indoor singles and doubles tennis championships were played yesterday at the 7th Regiment Armory.

The "daddy" of all the "lucky thirteen" legends is the one describing how the twelve major gods were seated one night at table in the Valhalla. Then a stranger, Loki, the evil spirit, came in unceremoniously and made the unwelcome thirteen. Ever since then the number thirteen has been taboo in Norway. Miss Molla Bjurstedt, for instance, has never permitted herself to play a 13-11 set.

Despite the thirteen matches yesterday Miss Bjurstedt had extremely good fortune attend her. She won in straight sets from Miss Ida A. Kissel, a ranking player, notwithstanding a fine resistance by the latter player that does not show in the score. The No. 1 woman in fact, defied the thirteen hoodoo. Paired with Miss Marie Wagner, she defeated Miss T. Blum and Mrs. W. Voss, 6-0, 6-4.

In the seven singles that brought the tournament to the semi-finals and the six doubles Miss Bjurstedt was not the only one to display superlative tennis. Miss Wagner, four-time champion, is determined to regain her laurels, and she showed her skill to fine advantage when she bested the Chicago expert, Miss Caroma Winn, 6-3, 6-9, in a pretty match.

Miss Florence Sheldon, another ranking player, exhibited good tennis when she defeated Miss Adelle Bull in a match marked by long rallies. The score was 6-3, 3-6, 6-3. Two other three-set matches featured the day. In one Miss Helen Alexander, favored by many to reach the finals from the lower half, put out Mrs. N. Huff, 3-6, 6-3, 6-1. In the other, Miss Alexander's strongest rival in the lower half, Mrs. Frederick C. Schmidt, defeated Mrs. Arthur C. Gardner at 6-8, 6-8, 6-8. Mrs. Percy Wilbourn, of the Bronx, had a terrific tussle with Miss E. S. Knapp, winning at 8-6, 6-4.

The doubles net and stayed neatly for an ace. Miss Wagner's backhand superiority over the Chicago left-hander gave her an advantage. Except for occasional streaks of wildness, Miss Wagner's work against Miss Winn was of the highest order. Both Miss Wagner and Miss Winn played far in the backcourt and did not risk passes at the net. Only once in the entire match was forecourt work attempted. In the second set, however, Miss Helen Alexander played neatly for an ace. Miss Wagner's backhand superiority over the Chicago left-hander gave her an advantage.

Miss Kissel played far better against Miss Bjurstedt than the score indicates. Oddly enough, her performance in the second set, in which she did not get a game, was superior to her work in the first set. In the second set, however, Miss Bjurstedt and Miss Kissel were usually ended by the Norwegian girl's ace swat. She always had that little margin of superiority that decided the point or the game, despite the fine play of Miss Kissel.

Miss Bjurstedt was suffering from the toothache, and in consequence was anxious to get the match over quickly. Her anticipation of her fast footwork, made her extremely difficult to pass. Her drives carried plenty of sting, but were well returned by Miss Kissel when she could get her racket over them. The foreigner has in yet learned to angle her ball off sharply, or just drop it over the net, in the fashion that makes R. Lindley Murray so invincible in forecourt. Her net play, however, is improving day by day.

Mrs. Schmitz, hobbling courageously around the court, could not cover the battle ended with the big fellows in front, 4 to 5.

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The score by innings follows: Inning 1: Yankees 0, Athletics 0. Inning 2: Yankees 1, Athletics 0. Inning 3: Yankees 2, Athletics 0. Inning 4: Yankees 3, Athletics 0. Inning 5: Yankees 4, Athletics 0. Inning 6: Yankees 4, Athletics 0. Inning 7: Yankees 4, Athletics 0. Inning 8: Yankees 4, Athletics 0. Inning 9: Yankees 4, Athletics 0.

SOUTH BAY CHANNELS TO HAVE MORE BUOYS

Hempstead Town Board Authorizes Additional Guides.

Hempstead, Long Island, March 14.—Owners of pleasure boats, who have been bothered for many years by running aground in the South Bay and getting lost in creeks on the south side of Hempstead, will have no trouble in the future. The channels will all be marked with buoys, and posts will be placed that will guide boats into the water.

Supervisor H. R. Smith, of Hempstead, was today authorized by the town board to make the necessary changes to eliminate further trouble.

Hard Route for Colgate. Hamilton, N. Y., March 14.—Colgate University's baseball schedule for 1916, announced here today, includes games with Rutgers, the Navy, Franklin and Marshall, Columbia, Brown, Pennsylvania State, Rochester, Syracuse, Springfield, Y. M. C. College, Vermont, Cornell, Middlebury, Army and Hamilton.

He Should Be Worth That! Boston, March 14.—The sale of pitcher from A. Hankin Johnson to the Fort Worth club of the Texas League was announced by President J. J. Lanning, of the Boston Americans to-night. The price, he said, was \$500.

Wesleyan in Swimming Meet. Middletown, Conn., March 14.—Announcement was made here today that Wesleyan University had joined the Intercollegiate Swimming Association and would send a team to compete in the championship meet at New York on March 24.

Notre Dame Wins Shoot. South Bend, Ind., March 14.—Notre Dame defeated Yale in the intercollegiate rifle contest, the score being 988 to 968, according to the bulletin issued today. Notre Dame has now taken part in eight contests and has won them all.

Army Mobilization Stops Greek Games. Athens, March 13 (via Paris, March 14).—The Pan-Hellenic Olympic games have been cancelled, owing to the mobilization of the Greek army.

It's a Shame to Do This! Tampa, Fla., March 14.—The Chicago Nationals defeated the Southern College nine here today, 21 to 5. Mann and Plack, formerly with the Chicago Federals, lashed out home runs for the Cubs.