

TEX RICKARD LOOKS FOR SMOOTHER SAILING IN TEXAS OIL THAN IN OHIO FISTIC FIELD

RICKARD TO FORGET BOXING AND DEVOTE TIME TO OIL GAME

Semisuccess of Willard-Dempsey Venture Makes Daring Promoter Less Venturesome and Admits It Will Take Big Match to Drag Him Back Into Limelight

By ROBERT W. MAXWELL Sports Editor Evening Public Ledger

TEX RICKARD has retired from the boxing game temporarily and for the next year will devote himself exclusively to his oil business in Texas. He will not admit he is done with the sport for good, but says it will take a big match to drag him into the limelight.

"Promoting a big match is exciting sport," said Tex, "but occasionally the financial returns are not as great as were expected. There is considerable work connected with it and one constantly must be on the job. After working for months on the Dempsey-Willard bout I came out of it with less money than I expected. I am not kicking, but admit I was disappointed. Three weeks before the match I looked like a million dollar gate, but something happened and after the battle the receipts amounted to a trifle more than \$400,000.

"Fewer than 20,000 paid to see the fight, which was another surprise. The reason for the small crowd, however, was that the people of Toledo did not turn out. They had seen Willard and Dempsey every day in their training camps and that was enough. I'll bet there were more paid admissions from Philadelphians than natives of Toledo. Outside of the Wilkes Overland Company, there was little support. I wish to thank the automobile people for the great work they did.

"On the day of the fight I knew the crowd was small. The cheaper seats were not occupied, and that's where I expected to make money. There were only 3200 ten-dollar tickets sold and there was room for 45,000. You will be surprised to learn that I had 45,000 cheap seats, 21,000 at \$15, 15,000 at \$25, 2000 at \$30, 2000 at \$40, 2000 at \$50 and 5000 at \$60. The expensive seats sold very well, but higher up there was room for 70,000 that didn't come. When I heard the boys estimating the crowd anywhere between 40,000 and 50,000 I smiled to myself and only wished they were right.

"THE government lost nothing in our taxes. Revenue officials paid no attention to the box-office statement or the tickets taken in at the gates. After getting a sworn statement from the firm that printed the tickets as to the number printed, the revenue men counted the pastboards left over. Thus a way was paid on every ticket sold, whether it had been used or not. A tax also was paid on all of the press and complimentary tickets."

Pecord's Feeble Squawk Does Him Harm

OLLIE PECORD'S "confession" is just a cheap squawk from a disgruntled referee who failed to make good when he had a chance. His story that he signed an agreement not to give a decision at the end of the twelfth round at Toledo if the bout went the limit gives birth to a lot of giggles. Everybody knew Ollie would not be allowed to pick a winner, because two judges were on the job for that purpose. In case of a tie the referee would have had the deciding vote.

Pecord is not making himself popular with his feeble "expose." He cannot alibi himself for his poor work in the ring, for every person in the arena knew he was rattled. He allowed the men on the outside of the ring to run the fight and he stuck around as scenery.

"The referee made a big mistake in the first round," said a fight follower today. "He should have counted Willard out in the first one and one-half minutes of fighting, but lost his head and pulled a horse. When Jess went down the second time he was in bad shape. Pecord started to count, and when he reached seven Willard pulled himself to his feet, but was bent over and hanging on the ropes. Instead of continuing with his first count, which is according to rules, for Willard was not in a position to defend himself and therefore was "down," Pecord started all over again. Thus Jess was given a count of twelve or thirteen on one knockdown. The champion was knocked out, but saved because of the referee's error."

The real inside stuff on the referee question was that Willard first refused to go into the ring unless Tex Rickard was referee. Tex declined the honor and finally compromised by consenting to act as one of the judges. Pecord knew and the public knew that three men would decide on a winner if the bout went the full twelve rounds.

PERHAPS Pecord's "confession" was published because the referee's fee, instead of being \$2500, was cut to \$500. It might have been a case of "getting even" with the promoters. If that was the idea, it has failed miserably.

Dougherty Has No Time to Manage Fighters

THE report that James F. Dougherty, of Leipsville, would be the next manager of Champion Jack Dempsey is another pop-eyed rumor absolutely without foundation. Jimmy Dougherty will not be and never will be the manager of any boxer, because he is not in that line of business. He loves the game and will step out and promote a show now and then, but that lets him out. He is entirely too busy to spend all of his time in directing the affairs of a fighter.

Dougherty is a wealthy man. He has big business interests in Delaware county and the idea of his managing Jack Dempsey is ridiculous. Anyway, the Baron of Leipsville is too square and honest to undermine another man and take away his means of livelihood. He is a loyal friend of Dempsey and Jack Kearns will remain as such until the final reel. We don't know whether Kearns is due for the gate or not, but if he is canned Dougherty will NOT be his successor.

"Just say for me that the story is a pipe dream," said Dougherty last night. "I like Dempsey as a friend and will do all in my power to help him, but I wouldn't accept the job as his manager for a million dollars. I don't know how the report got out, but it is entirely without foundation. Jack Kearns is too good a friend of mine and I have wired him not to pay any attention to the rumor. That's as strong as I can make it."

Because of the very poor article of baseball being put up by the local teams, boxing is getting quite popular in Philadelphia and now is the major sport. The fans in this city are fortunate in witnessing better shows than in any other spot in the United States, for the best boys are on the card. Tonight at Shibe Park, weather permitting, there will be five of the best bouts ever arranged. Eddie Moy, Harry Pierce, George Chaney, Joe Tiplitz, Ted (Kid) Lewis, Steve Lato, Joe Welling and Lew Tendler will appear, and there should be plenty of excitement.

PHIL GLASSMAN, the promoter, has arranged a card which is bound to be popular, and the only thing left to be done is to see that the fans get the seats they purchase.

Director Wilson a Winning Golf Tutor

WHENEVER an athlete pokes his head above the mob and stands out as a champion, many persons step forward and modestly take all credit for his success. This happens in baseball, boxing, football, tennis, golf; in fact, in every line of sport.

On Saturday night the hospitable Bala Golf Club gave a testimonial dinner to George W. Hoffer, amateur golf champion of Philadelphia. George copied the title a short time ago, defeating a very good field and proving beyond all question of doubt that he possessed the class.

The youthful star was presented with a watch from his fellow members and nimble-tongued orators showered verbal bouquets all over the place. Hoffer's life history was told, but it remained for Bill Wilson to upset the true story.

Wilson is an enthusiastic golfer in addition to being director of public safety. He is one of the most popular men in golf circles because he is modest, unassuming and always ready to do his bit to make any affair a success. He did that at Bala on Saturday night.

"I believe I am responsible for the success of Mr. Hoffer," said Wilson. "On the first day I made the acquaintance with a nubbick and demonstrated its use by taking ten shots to get out of a sand pit. Hoffer, in knee pants, stood at my side. When I sliced into the rough and became lost in the deep alfalfa, Hoffer was my audience. When I tried my first approach for the first hole and found myself on the fourth tee, Hoffer was there as a witness.

"Has this young man ever pulled stunts like that? He has not. I furnished an object lesson which never will be forgotten and must take all credit for George's success. Furthermore, I still am able to give object lessons to aspiring young golfers who desire to get a close-up of how the ancient and honorable pastime should NOT be played."

PERRY BEAM, John Mackin, Prof. John Luman and Jim Hackney also spoke, and Joe Kelley and Jim McCool warbled. Mr. Elphinstone, of Dunster, did not arrive until late, but furnished entertainment for several hours.

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND



Bracey

ATHLETES SHOULDN'T THINK OF RESULTS

Consideration of Time in Contests Has Often Enabled Stars to Triumph—Eddie Styles.

BY SPICK HALL

TO BORROW from Cartoonist Briggs: "Wonder what an athlete in action thinks about?"

Doubtless the thoughts of athletes vary in accordance with their respective mental capacities and also according to whether a given situation is one of ordinary routine or what is termed in baseball as the "pinch."

No matter what an athlete thinks about, usually it is certain that if he is up in a pinch, his big idea should be not to think of the consequences of either failure or successful performance, because dwelling on the former thought is too apt to predominate, and that is almost sure to bring about that self-same failure.

Many baseball players have been asked what they were thinking of when they were at bat in a critical situation. We have asked Eddie Collins, Frank Baker, Harry Hooper, Harry Davis and other stars of the diamond who have won world's series games by a single blow, this question. The invariable answer has been that they were trying to figure out what the pitcher was going to throw, not what would result from a base hit or a strike out.

Getting their minds off the consequences of their efforts resulted in their being able to cope with the situation just as though it were an ordinary occasion.

It was that ability of Baker to successfully fathom Christie Mathewson and Babe Marquard that enabled him to win two games with home runs in the ninth inning from the New York Giants in one series. If he had been thinking only of what a four-timer would mean he probably would have fanned or popped out to an infielder.

The Time Element

In baseball the time element is rarely concerned. But in football, racing, basketball, boxing, rowing and many other sports, time is a factor that must be reckoned with. In other words, the athlete is playing against time as well as his opponent.

In 1907 Yale and Princeton met on the gridiron. Princeton scored ten points to Yale's nothing the first half. It looked hopeless for Yale, but in this dark hour for the Blue Ted Coy rose to the occasion. Virtually single-handed, he rushed the Tiger team off its feet with his terrific line smashes, made two touchdowns, the last one just before the whistle blew, and Yale won, 12 to 10.

Coy said after that game that the minor details of whether he would make a certain number of yards each time never occurred to him, the dominant idea was whether he had TIME to tear his way to the goal line twice before the whistle should sound.

If Coy had allowed his mind to dwell on the fact that his team was ten points sever, with only one chance in a thousand of winning, he never would have been able to accomplish what he did. But he kept his mind off these details, thereby allowing himself to play with perfect mechanical freedom; in short, the mental hazard transcended the physical and he staged one of the greatest feats that football history records.

A recent example of this occurred recently when Jack Kelly, of the Yeppor Boat Club, beat Dibble in the mile and a quarter single scull race at the People's Regatta on the Schuylkill. Dibble got a big lead on Jack, but the visitor was beaten decisively at the finish. After the race Kelly remarked: "I didn't feel tired at all while I was playing. I didn't think about it. I was sure all the time that I could stand the gaff all right, but I wasn't sure that I could get around before 8:45 in the evening. That was what worried me, for after that time it would be too dark. That's about all I thought of all afternoon."

British Army Has Cheapest Golf Course

Probably the cheapest golf club in existence, notwithstanding that only five holes are in condition, is that used by the British army of occupation. Before the war the Germans had a good circuit a few miles out of the city on the road to Bonn, not far from the river.

During the war the links were little used and suffered considerably from neglect, and also from being ridden over, which practice is now discontinued. The clubhouse is still adorned with English golf pictures, and yearly tickets cost the British officer, about £2, monthly twelve shillings and daily one shilling six pence.

A German professional is in charge. He speaks English moderately, and says he learned the game at Sunningdale. He has discharged any semblance of military attire, wearing a huge check cap and long, refer jacket. Fees permitted him are three and one-half marks an hour for instruction or playing with an officer.

"I was sure that I could beat him, but I was worried about whether I would have time to catch him before we reached the finish."

It is easy to see that Kelly's thoughts were taken away from his physical efforts with the result that he outwitted and outgamed the Canadian.

Application to Golf

The golfer is little concerned with time or anything else except his shots. It is this fact that often makes even such great golfers as Chick Evans and Outmet lose in match play. They haven't any mental hazard to take their minds off the situation. The result is they think so much of what each shot means that their nerves go to pieces, they slice their drives and fizzle their putts and are beaten.

But a few days ago time did come into a golf match and played a very important part. This occurred when Eddie Styles set out to establish a long-distance, low-score record over the links of the Old York Road Country Club. Eddie believed that he could play ten rounds, 180 holes, in one day with an average of less than \$5 a round.

Eddie played five rounds in the morning and five in the afternoon. His morning scores were much worse than those of the afternoon. The reason was evident. In the morning he had the whole day before him. Consequently his mind was occupied mainly with each shot. This put him in a state of mind that did not tend to produce the best golf in him by a long margin. But in the afternoon he played faster and better golf than in the forenoon. Without attempting to explain the reason himself very often.

When he was asked fifty times—a conservative estimate—how he felt and whether he believed he could stand up under the strain of the rest of the grind. Each time his answer was to the effect: "Oh, I'm all right; what time is it? I wonder if I'll have enough daylight left to finish?" Then as he walked rapidly to where he had driven his ball he would figure just how many more hours of light he had and how far he had to go to get in the ten rounds. When it was all over Eddie said: "I didn't feel tired at all while I was playing. I didn't think about it. I was sure all the time that I could stand the gaff all right, but I wasn't sure that I could get around before 8:45 in the evening. That was what worried me, for after that time it would be too dark. That's about all I thought of all afternoon."

MAIN LINERS HUNT FOR STAR PLAYERS

Championship Aspirations of Managers Lead to Signing of Well-Known Ball-Tossers

DOBSON BEATS LANSDOWNE

Never in the history of the Main Line Baseball League has the quest for star players been carried to such an extent as during the second-half season which began Saturday. The sky's the limit appears to be the slogan, and there is no telling just what will happen next, judging by the events of the last few weeks.

The latest acquisition in the line of players is Art Summers' All-American aggregation, which has been signed by Manager Stetson of Drexel Hill. With Socks Seibold, ex-Mackman, on the mound, they will open the game in the second series against Autowar, 9 to 8.

Went Eleven Innings

It necessitated eleven innings to decide the winner, and Seibold won his own game with a triple in the eleventh, followed by Ayau's single.

Bob Calhoun's-Dobson club secured revenge over Lansdowne and won an easy 6-1 victory. Lefty Stetson letting loose the opposition with three hits, Dun & Co., last year's champions, lost another to Narberth by 5-2.

The Commercial Raters have protested the playing of ineligible players by Narberth and the matter will have to be taken up by the league officers for decision.

Murmures From Minors

C. H. Wheeler is fortunate in keeping nice relations with the Manufacturers' League. He is to be congratulated for his victory over the Philadelphia club, which he managed to defeat 11-2. The other leader, only managed to defeat Green Company by 1-0 at the end of the game, and at that time he was the loser. (C. H. Wheeler and Franklin Printing. The figures were 9-2 in each instance.)

Stenton first half Suburban League winner, appears to be the logical titleholder of the 3-2 eleven-inning victory of Newtown over the Philadelphia club, which marked the second defeat of the league leaders in thirteen games. Six runs in the ninth on a bunch of errors by Sorriestown enabled Amble to gain a 6-4 triumph. The two other contests were 1-0 shutouts. Doylestown and Dighton being on the winning end and Fort Washington and Southampton on the losing end.

Schwartz Wheel maintains a one-run advantage over the Philadelphia club in the Manufacturers' League. The latter nine appears to be the most dangerous opponent in the league. The scores of Saturday's games were: Schwartz Wheel 4, Philadelphia 1; Doylestown 4, Dighton 0; Fort Washington 10, North Brothers 2.

Shibe Park Tonight, 8:30 P. M.

GREATEST OF ALL-TIME BOUTS. HARRY PIERCE vs. EDDIE MOY. TIED UP IN THE NINTH. TIPPITZ vs. STEVE LATO. HARRY TENDLER vs. JOE WELING. BIG PARK; plenty of room; see yourself this time. Seats, \$1.00. Buy at Edwards', Hingham or at Shibe Park.

11TH ST. ARENA NATIONAL MONDAY EVENING, JULY 14TH

No Set-Ups. All Good Fights. BANG! 5-STAR BOUTS-5 WINDUP. VG. JOE BORRELL vs. WALLY HINKLE. NATIONAL LEAGUE PARK TODAY AT 2:00. PHILLIES vs. CINCINNATI. Seats on Sale at 10:00 and 11:00.

TENDLER'S CHANCE, O'BRIEN DECLARES

Victory Tonight Should Give Him Bout With Leonard, Says Philadelphia Jack

MATCHES AT SHIBE PARK

By JAMES S. CAROLAN

"This is Lew Tendler's big opportunity," said Philadelphia Jack O'Brien last night. "If Tendler stops Joe Welling tonight, then I can see no reason why he shouldn't be given a chance against Benny Leonard.

"Tendler has proved that he is the best man of his weight in the game. He has annihilated the other contenders and to me looks like the best light-weight championship prospect since Joe Gans. Tendler is a southpaw, but he is different from the other left-handers. He has a shift that is baffling and a punch that is deadly."

Tendler has a big chance tonight. He meets Welling in the final bout at the all-star show at Shibe Park. Ever since Tendler flattened George Chaney in 1 minute 12 seconds here last month he has been hot on the trail of Leonard. All he has met with is one evasion after another.

Had Good Punch

Joe Welling has been a winning performer in the light-weight division. He is rangy, clever and a good puncher. He gave Tendler plenty of trouble in Newark last February. Tendler is an improved fighter. He has his chance to prove it this evening.

Harry Greb and Battling Levinsky will be the entertainers in the fourth battle. Greb has just completed a drive in most of the leading middleweights and light heavyweights. He has out-fought such hitters as Mike Gibbons, Billy Miske, Bill Brennan and Willie Meahan. His one ambition now is to meet Jack Dempsey.

Greb knocked out Joe Borrell in his last appearance here last month. He has developed a punch. He always was an aggressive fellow, fearless and fairly clever. With the development of the wallop he is almost sure to cause trouble.

Had Real Schooling

Ted Kid Lewis, the English welter-weight, who was a champion until dethroned by Jack Britton last winter, again wants a smash at the title. If he batters Steve Lato in tonight's performance, his chances will be much brighter. But Lato is a rugged boy and one who learned how to fight in the upstate mining district.

Lewis is not the only comeback. George Chaney, one time known as the Baltimore K. O. king, until flattened by Tendler, will engage a substitute of Joe Tendler in the person of Joe Tiplitz. Chaney will meet Tendler before the end of the outdoor season if he has enough comeback ability to fatten Tiplitz. Johnny Dundee failed to do this. Chaney has no easy task.

Eddie Moy and Harry Pierce, ring veterans, will be there. These fistie-antics have been named to open the evening's entertainment.

Billy Purcell will start the boys on their way at 8:30. Billy is going to show the fans how a big league time-keeper works. None of this Toledo timing for him.

Three referees will work. Lew Grimson will officiate in the first and third bout, Frank (Pop) O'Brien, in the second and fourth and William H. Ro-cap in the final fray.

FIELDING YOST KEPT SISLER OFF GRIDIRON WHILE AT MICHIGAN

Wolverine Football Coach Needed End, but Used Weaker Player to Save Browns' First Baseman for Career in Professional Baseball

IN THE SPOTLIGHT—BY GRANTLAND RICE Copyright, 1919. All rights reserved.

Thoughts Among the Resin

Yes, there's glamour to it, when you're up around the top; Yes, there's something in it while the other fellows drop; But some day when the tide has turned, some bitter battle when You snuggle in the resin while a bloke is counting ten, Oh, it's something different then.

To lie there with a battered face where many times before You'd seen your rival resting as his features spouted gore, To see him standing over you all set if you should rise, To let you have some more of it between your blinking eyes, As he reaches for your prize.

To see gray phantoms of the past drift back across the years, To hear the haunting whoops of a thousand roaring cheers, To know you'll never hear again the plaudits and acclaim That only rise for those who still are rulers of the game, In the fickleness of fame.

To lie there in the resin and to know your time is done, To know your final wrap is in, your final race is run; To know you'll never hear again the plaudits and acclaim That only rise for those who still are rulers of the game, In the fickleness of fame.

Forecalling the Turn

SOME years ago Fielding Hurry-up Yost, of Michigan, needed an athlete badly to operate as an end upon his team. "And the toughest part of it all," he said, "is that I have one of the best in the world right here in college, but I won't let him play."

"Won't let him play?" was queried. "Why not?" "For this reason," he replied. "He's one of the greatest baseball players I ever saw. He is a fine pitcher, a star first baseman and one of the best hitters you ever looked at. He wants to play professional ball when he gets out of college and he'll make his name when he does. He'll be a wonder sure. He is willing to play football, but I've discouraged him. He may get a leg or an arm hurt any time, or bump into some other accident that would end his baseball career. I don't want him to take the chance when I know the future he has in the other game."

At the time we figured Yost was calling the turn a trifle stoutly, as the game is full of young phenoms who never quite arrive in the major league field.

BUT perhaps, after all, he called the turn. The young star's name was George Sisler, of St. Louis and the Browns.

The Base-Hit Lovers

A CORRESPONDENT desires to know what athlete in the big leagues esteems his base hits most highly. With most of them it is a desire around 100 per cent, the base hit being the ball player's staff of life. But if we had to pick one man who ran well above 100 per cent in desire it would be Ping Bodie. A base hit means more to the Ping than fame or fortune could ever mean to the average wight. In the matter of extra bases Benny Kauff isn't far behind the Ping. Benny, too, is one who revels in a two-base blow, but who, on hitless days, mourns like a hen with the pip.

Ty Cobb fanics the old blow, not so much, as others, for the hit itself, as for the value it carries in helping him to hold the top.

LARRY DOYLE is another great base-hit fancier, but for that matter Larry fancies anything connected with the game. With the possible exception of an error or a punt foul in the piches.

Championship Blood

MOST of the heavyweights have either been Irish or have carried a strain of Irish blood. But this doesn't hold for the lightweights. Joe Gans was a smoke, Nelson is a Dane, Wolgast is German, Leonard is a Hebrew. The Irish have had a tough time holding the lightweight championship crest since the days of Terry McGovern and Young Corbett.

THE Irish entered a number of contenders in the field, but of late years none of these has broken through.

Half Strides

WHEN inclined to take too many chances, resume your study of the percentage system for a brief spell. The best man in any sport is on his way to become a stepping stone for some one still better. Fame is a wonderful thing—if you don't mind kidding yourself. The only way to beat any game is to stop when you get ahead.

WHILE the nineteenth hole is abolished in golf, the half-shot is still a part and parcel of the ancient game.

Advertisement for Wanamaker & Brown. Text includes: 'We Have Discovered That clothing dealers are buying our genuine Palm Beach Suits to sell again, the prices are so low.' 'It is a fact that men and young men can buy Palm Beach and cool cloth Suits for hottest summer wear, in Oak Hall at prices which are less than wholesale.' '\$6.50—\$8.00—\$9.00' 'There are about five hundred to be had at these three figures, and their real values are so apparent that we do not mention them here.' 'We have seen the same kind of Palm Beaches and Mohairs elsewhere for sale as high as \$15.00.' 'July sale of our own make all-wool suits, bringing unprecedented business to the great old store.' '\$25 ALL-WOOL SUMMER SUITS FOR \$18' '\$30 ALL-WOOL SUMMER SUITS FOR \$21' '\$35 ALL-WOOL SUMMER SUITS FOR \$25' '\$40 ALL-WOOL SUMMER SUITS FOR \$28' '\$45 ALL-WOOL SUMMER SUITS FOR \$32' '\$50 ALL-WOOL SUMMER SUITS FOR \$40' 'There are worsteds and silk lined suits. The fashions are new, the cloths are all this year's production; and we guarantee them for wear, for satisfaction, for color and 100% all-wool quality.' 'Wanamaker & Brown Market at Sixth for 58 Years'