Captain of Spanish Davis Cup Team Has Been Star on European Courts Since He Was 15

M. ALONSO, DAVIS CUP TENNIS LUMINARY, IS JIM THORPE OF SPAIN

Captain of Invading Team Which Plays Here Next Week Is Famous in Hockey, Rowing and Soccer as Well as on Courts

MANUEL ALONSO is the Jim Thorpe of Spain. The famous international tennis player, who arrived in New York aboard the Mauretania this morning, is the greatest all-around athlete ever produced in Spain. He is captain of the Davis Cup team which will play the final round of the tennis classic on the courts of the Germantown Cricket Club next Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

M. ALONSO

But Alonso is something more than a famous tennis player. In his native country he is idolized as only the people of the Old World can worship a renowned athlete. He is the champion of his land in tennis, but his prowess is not confined to the court sport alone. His fame reaches to the top notches of soccer, rowing and ice hockey, which really embrace all the major sports of Europe.

Alonso is described by Bill Tilden as being "the most interesting player in Europe and the most wonderful player in the game in court-covering." He is like a panther on his feet, with that rare ability to start swiftly and stop suddenly. In his repertoire of strokes, he commands every variety of shot and his execution is splendid. It was his accuracy which carried him to the final round at Wimbledon last year to bow to "Babe" Norton, the South African, who forced Tilden to within match set-point twice in the challenge round.

Alonso is not built along the roomy lines of Thorpe. Rather he is put up more like Howard Berry, the Pennsylvania hero of yesteryear. The Spaniard is five feet nine inches tall and weighs in the neighborhood of 165 pounds. He combines his natural skill with power and endurance, which is evident in all his athletic activities.

The Spanish star started tennis when he was fifteen years old, and through the court game he developed muscles useful in the other branches of athletics, which he took up subsequent to his debut in the game for which he is most famous. Tennis developed his wrist and his grip in hockey and his pull on the oars came natural to his well-proportioned forearm. His speed is well demonstrated in court covering and he uses it to advantage in soccer.

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BESIDES being a thorough sportsman and a great athlete, Alonso is a civil engineer of continental reputation. He is an engineer first and then an athlete, which makes his skill all the more amazing.

Spanish Billiardist Praises Fellow Countrymen

AMONG those who welcomed the Spanish team to this country was Antonio Ortiz, of New York, who is a billiard champion in the United States and a well-known tennis player during his residence in Spain. Ortiz knows all the members of the team which will represent his country in this city. He has played with them and against them, and he is sure their style of play will meet with popular approval in America.

COUNT DE GOMAR

"I think the American public will find the Spanish most attractive players on the court," said Ortiz recently, "because they play the fast, aggressive sort of game that appeals to your people. Manuel Alonso, I know very well, having played tennis with him many times in Spain. He is the greatest of them all.

"His brother Jose is about twenty-nine years old and is much the same sort of athlete as Manuel Alonso. He also is an engineer. They both have great endurance. I used to play doubles with Jose and also with Eduardo Flaquer, who was on the Davis Cup team that represented Spain in their matches abroad. Jose Alonso is nicknamed 'Pepe.' All the tennis people in Spain call him 'Pepe,' just as your people call Mr. Tilden 'Bill.'

"Another thing I have noticed is the way you call your Mr. Tilden and Mr. Johnston 'The Two Bills.' That sounds very familiar because in Spain we always used to refer to Alonso and Count de Gomar, the third member of the team, as 'Los Dos Manolos,' which means simply 'The Two Manuels.' Count Manuel de Gomar is of an aristocratic family in Madrid. He is about the same size and build as Manuel Alonso. Count de Gomar used to be champion of Spain before Manuel Alonso took tennis seriously.

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"IT IS a great thing for tennis in Spain to have this team come to the United States. An opportunity such as this, for the sportsmen of one nation to come to know those of another country better, makes for a good international understanding, and to my mind that acquaintance and strengthened friendship is one of the most important influences of the Davis Cup contest."

Philadelphia Davis Cup Host for First Time

NEXT week Philadelphia will play host to a Davis Cup contest for the first time in history. Our city has gained in leaps and bounds in tennis recently, the crowning achievement being the staging of the national championships at the Germantown Cricket Club last year. Now this season two events of national and international importance will be held within the limits of the municipality and it is up to Philadelphia to support them.

J. ALONSO

Judging from the great throng which appeared at the nationals last year, Philadelphia will again go over the top. The advance sale of tickets for both the Davis Cup and the nationals has been good, which presages large crowds. The Spanish team and their rivals—either Australia or France—have been brought over to this country at great expense.

The Germantown Cricket Club, too, has dug deep into its coffers to stage the final round of the international classic and it is up to Philadelphia to maintain its sporting prestige and turn out for the contests. Series tickets are the only ones being sold in advance. They call for a reserved seat during every day of the Davis Cup matches. Tickets may be purchased at Heppe's, 1117 Chestnut street.

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IN ANTICIPATION of a large turnout, work on the stands at Manheim has been hurried and one huge stand will be completed and the other partially finished. It is estimated that close to 6000 seats will be available next Thursday.

What to Do With Our Phils?—Here's an Answer

SINCE their return to home soil, the Phillies have been successful in giving the worst exhibitions of the national pastime that have been perpetrated in this city in many seasons. Their play has been so poor that it is a general topic of conversation among the sport followers. One fan is moved to words—written words. Here is what he thinks about the situation:

"Just a few lines to give you our opinion of the Philadelphia 'baseball teams' (?) We, representing a section of over a hundred thousand rooters, and supporting many good sectional teams, have heretofore supported both major (?) league teams. Monday's and Tuesday's exhibitions of accuracy on the part of our supposed slopmen—beg pardon, slabmen—that is accuracy in hitting the bats of the opposing team's men, was enough to discourage the most ardent rooter. The seventy-two hits of Tuesday's Marne was enough to make the old faithful groundkeeper hang out the 'wholesale' sign on the front gate.

"We beg to recommend a certain cure for the so-called disease that is so prevalent at both Philadelphia ball parks, especially prevalent among the pitchers. Feed them alfalfa and put D. P. W. suits on them—maybe they will do better with a brush in their hands than they do with a glove. The streets are about the only things they can sweep.

"And Wednesday, no game. What's the matter; is that trick scoreboard all worn out?

"Give us a ball team. That's not asking too much, is it? There are plenty in the vicinity, composed of Philadelphia players—for instance, the Paterson Silk Sox, South Philadelphia or Nativity.

• • •

"WE HAVE a spring appetite for circus and a summer appetite for baseball. We get circus with a capital C all the time. Give us the real national pastime."

BRITISH INVADERS THREATEN TO WIN

Tolly and Wethered Bar to America's Clean Sweep in Golf

EDMUNDSON'S NEW RECORD

Within a month the two biggest amateur golfing events of the United States will be unfolded for the public gaze—the international team match at Southampton and the amateur championships at Brookline.

This year has been the greatest in golfing history for our professionals. Home-bred Hagen winged across the Atlantic to take the most coveted golfing prize of the world away from our British cousins. Home-bred Sarazen showed his heels in the national open to the best of England's sons, as well as ours.

And now we come to the tournaments that will decide whether the men who golf for glory are to be as successful against the English as those who golf for gold. America has a corps of players to shove in the breach against foreign competition that for brilliance and steadiness has never been equaled. But the Britons are also putting their best foot forward, and particularly in Cyril J. H. Tolley and Roger Wethered they present a very real menace to our dream of success.

Tolley is better known in the United States than his slim compatriot—known better as a personality and not as a player, it should be said, for the fame of the Wetheredes is a gaudy and glittering thing. Tolley is famous because he has been seen more in this country and because he has beaten more American stars.

Two years ago at Muirfield Bob Gardner, the sole standard bearer of the United States in the British amateur title tilt, upset tradition by tearing a ruthless path to the final round, where he found himself face to face with Tolley. Their struggle will go down in history as one of the most magnificent ever played. At the end of the thirty-sixth hole they were all square. On the thirty-seventh Tolley laid his tee shot on the edge of the green, and sank a long putt that brought him the championship.

May, a year ago, he caught the great Chick Evans a bit off his game and beat him 4 up and 3 to play. Jesse Guilford, the Boston siege gun, has also fallen before the Englishman's prowess. As all three of these men will compete in the two great amateur battles during the next month a sort of Corsican vendetta is looked for.

A Great Match Player

Tolley is a burly, wide-shouldered man, with terrific driving power, yet with a delicacy of touch on the greens that it seems impossible to credit. As a match player he has no superior on the British links, for he has that bulldog, fighting instinct and the competitive soul that makes him dangerous even when apparently hopelessly beaten.

In medal play he is not nearly so effective. One instinctively associates the idea of steadiness with a big man, but lack of it is Tolley's weakness. He is apt to become flustered if he strikes a poor hole, and does not recover in time to cut down the precious strokes. If he were playing match and took an eight on a given hole he would promptly unroll a string of "birdies" to equalize it, but he doesn't do that in stroke competition.

It will be remembered that Tolley failed to qualify for the United States amateur championship over the Engineers' course in 1920 simply because he could not overcome that tendency toward the erratic that strikes him in medal play.

Wethered, the Medalist

Roger Wethered, the other half of England's deadly combination, is the very reverse of Tolley in appearance and style of play. He is slim and sinewy as an Indian adolescent and a stylist almost as perfect as Bobby Jones. Yet for all his slimness and ease Wethered gets even more distance from the tee than does Tolley with his terrific swipes.

The Oxford man—who is keener at medal than match play—came even closer to winning the 1921 British open than Bobby Jones did the national this year, and Jones was only one stroke behind Gene Sarazen.

But for the misfortune of stepping on his ball, for which he was penalized a stroke, Wethered would have won the classic. As it was he was forced into a tie with Jock Hutchison and was beaten on the thirty-sixth hole of the deciding tilt. Behind him trailed George Duncan, Joe Kirkwood, Abe Mitchell, Walter Hagen, Jim Barnes, Sandy Herd and other famous professionals. Glory enough for a youngster of his age, was it not?

These two are the men who will be most closely watched in both the international tilt and the amateur championship. American golfdom is all agog with the hope of making a clean sweep over England this year, but Tolley and Wethered stand, like Horatio and his little pal at the bridge to keep them from doing it.

A New Llanerch Mark

The latest popular pastime at the Llanerch Country Club is breaking the course record. The original one of 68—a stroke under par—was held by John Edmundson. Then Marcus Greer, the brilliant amateur member, came along and tied it.

Last Sunday Greer set his Llanerch friends by the ears when he reeled off a dashing 67. Every one expected that mark to stand some little time, but it didn't last much longer than an icicle in the well-known domicile of Mister Mephistopheles. On Monday, John Edmundson, peeved by having his laurels taken so ruthlessly from him, stepped out with a gaudy 66, and would have set a record two strokes below that but for two putts that rimmed the cup on the seventeenth and eighteenth greens.

ENLARGE STANDS FOR POLO

Big Demand for Season Tickets and Parking Places

Applications for boxes, series season tickets and parking spaces for the forthcoming international polo tournament at the Philadelphia Country Club September 13 to 23 have been so numerous the committee in charge of the event has already let contracts for increasing the capacity of the stands by 60 per cent. Thirty-five new boxes have been added.

It takes three weeks to put up the stands in proper fashion, according to the Philadelphia building regulations, so that unless sufficient new orders are received by August 24 to justify the expense the committee will put up no other stands. The supply of parking places is also limited, and only a few of these are left.

THAT SUPREME MOMENT

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HOPES TO BE BIG FISH, SAYS BASS

Bantam Feels Himself Getting Stronger and Expects Top-Notch Matches Now

WOULD TAKE ON JOE LYNCH

By LOUIS H. JAFFE

WHAT Lew Tendler stands for in the lightweight division and the reputation of Tommy Loughran here as a middleweight are similar laurels for which Benny Bass, who has just turned eighteen, is pointing himself as a bantamweight.

"I don't intend being a small fry any longer," said Ben, the Bass, "and it isn't so far off now before I will prove to be a big fish and very much in the swim, for the 118-pound bait."

One of the youngest boxers in Philadelphia, Benny is just about feeling himself gain in strength, he says. In the past Bass was handicapped by going tired after two or three rounds and, in order to win, he had to score a knockout early or else pile up such a lead in the first few rounds so that he could finish in front on points.

Getting Stronger

"But," declared Bass, "the last two or three weeks in the gym have proved to me that I am getting a lot stronger. Some of the big fellows who used to virtually throw me around in sparring can't do it any longer and I find that I can go along with more speed and punch harder as the bout ensues.

"Before the end of the coming season, believe me, I'll be in line for a bout with the champion," said Bass confidently.

Benny plans to get right into the running for bantamweight laurels with the rising of the 1922-23 boxing curtain. Following his showing in the recent bantamweight tourney at the Ice Palace in which he finished in the runner-up position, Bass decided that it was only a matter of a little time before he would bar no one his poundage in the universe.

"That time has come," is the way Benny puts it. "You know, I had Jimmy Mendo licked in that final match for the George F. Pawling belt, but I couldn't keep up the pace in the last part of the go. My legs went tired and so did my arms. But I am confident another bout with Mendo will prove that the best man did not win the tournament."

Once Amateur

Asked if he would agree to a match with Champion Joe Lynch, Bass answered with no hesitancy, "sure—I'd just as soon take on Lynch as anyone else. Of course, I wouldn't expect any of the promoters to put me in with the champion right away, but I think that before the season ends I will have proved conclusively that I am the best bantamweight in Philadelphia and in the running for a championship set-to."

Before starting a professional career in the ring about a year and a half ago, Bass was one of the best amateur boxers ever developed in Philadelphia. He scored a flock of knockouts in those three-round encounters.

Scraps About Scrappers

Willie Green, Kensington boxer, is smaller than when he boxed here last season. Green is living in Louisville, Ky., now, where he is matched to meet Willie Devore, of Akron, O., ten rounds at 122 pounds. Willie is the tallest boxer his weight in the country.

Three Negro bouts are included on the program to be staged by Charley Crose tonight at the National. They are Battling Prince vs. Dick Williams, Battling Kid Powell vs. Kid Holmes and Charley McCann vs. Sam Langford. Other numbers: Jimmy O'Connell vs. Kid Sidge and Kid Beebe vs. Lew Stinger.

Sam Blackiston will try out his knockout punch as a wind-up performer tonight, when he meets Joe Peck Martin in an eight-rounder at the Cambria. Eddie Revoire goes on in the semi against Kid Schesler. Prelims: Johnny Kelly vs. Frankie Farro, Al Markie vs. Young McGovern and Frank Cassidy vs. Mickey Martell.

Harry Wills has been matched to meet Buddy Jackson, a Negro heavyweight of Newark, in Newark on the night of August 21.

Dan Pettinelli, local sportsman, is in Cuba and writes that he may return with a string of Cuban boxers. Mike Williams and Jack De Veney, of Atlantic City, are with Pettinelli. Romero, a Cuban heavyweight, looks good to Dan, he writes, and expects to have him return to Philadelphia with him.

Marty Sanders, 118, will be in shape to go to the post regularly starting next month.

Mickey Connor, Grays Ferry lightweight, is vacationing at the shore with his stablemate, Ray Mulligan. Connor has been in poor shape owing to an attack of ptomaine poisoning and his brother-manager Bill has been forced to call off several dates.

Five bouts are on for Monday night at West Manayunk, with Danny Grieves and Pedro Campo in the wind-up. Other numbers: Mickey Dillon vs. Dan Gartin, Joe German vs. Battling Manton, Bobby Dempster vs. Leo Gibbons and Joe McCloskey vs. Phil Johnson.

Bill Daly has succeeded in rematching Young Ketchel and Matty Brooks for the star bout on Monday night at the Columbia A. C. Another contest will bring together Maxie Williamson and Johnny Kelly.

Five Leading Batters in Each Major League

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	G.	A.B.	R.	H.	P.C.
Cobb, Detroit	96	376	71	152	.404
Sisler, St. Louis	101	413	91	166	.4008
Speaker, Cleve.	100	364	77	137	.376
Schang, N. Y.	80	265	33	92	.347
Heilmann, Det.	103	394	78	136	.345

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	G.	A.B.	R.	H.	P.C.
Hornsby, St. L.	106	432	91	161	.381
Bigbee, Pittsburgh	102	418	78	154	.368
Snyder, New York	60	209	22	76	.364
Grimes, Chicago	91	330	65	119	.361
Hollocher, Chi.	108	419	62	149	.356

POINT JUDITH FOUR BEATEN BY PHILA.

Raymond Belmont Again Stars With George H. Earle and Albert Smith in Polo Victory

Narragansett Pier, R. I., Aug. 11.—Meadowbrooks' star team, the favorites for the junior championship, disposed of the Boston four at Point Judith yesterday by the one-sided score of 13 to 2, while Philadelphia, with Raymond Belmont again starring, eliminated the game but rather spasmodic Point Judith combination by the tally of 10 to 3.

Philadelphia's afternoon gallop to victory over Point Judith was just another example of the fine combination of Raymond Belmont and George H. Earle, supported as before by the smart backing of Albert Smith.

Converse was much better in action than the other day, albeit he was anchored about as usual when he had a leg up on his Blue Roan, an animal that it seems beyond human power to turn as a No. 3 pony should be turned. The Quakers went right out into the lead from the start.

Philadelphia had the lead in the third period by the score of 4 to 0, largely due to the efforts of Belmont. When the third period opened Belmont passed the ball to Converse, came on it himself, and in a moment hung up another goal. Earle and Belmont now whipped it up, and Belmont, putting on a two-stroke run, let Smith through for another tally. General Bethel hit the willow over the line for Point Judith, and Belmont put on a splendid run of five strokes, just failing at goal as the period ended.

Point Judith scored a moment later on a pony goal and General Bethel, on a fast chestnut, came through and put the ball between the posts. This was the end of the scoring for Point Judith, save for a pretty shot by Small in the course of a Rhode Island rally in the last chukker.

The Meadowbrook team proved so strong on defense, with Strawbridge the younger and Morgan Belmont switching positions at back and No. 3, when occasion offered, and shooting the ball up into offensive territory by splendid backhand strokes, that there were not many opportunities for the Bostanians to start an attack of their own.

There had been a feeling that this Meadowbrook team would justify itself all along the line, and it certainly did so, for better team play has not been on tap save in previous appearances of this combination.

LOPEZ WINS AT LOGAN

Camp Dix Boxer Defeats Sailor Kaparsky in Final Bout

Vincent Lopez, of Camp Dix, outpointed Sailor Kaparasky, of this city, in the eight-round wind-up at the open-air show of the Logan A. A. last night.

In the semi-windup Sailor Joe Kelly bested Joe Phillips in six rounds, which were of the slam-bang order.

In the other bouts Arlee McCann stopped Al Martin in the fourth round, Pat Haley tucked away Jim Bedley in the second and Jack Martin swung a K. O. on Billy Burns in the first.

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240 ATHLETES IN BIG JUNIOR MEET

Will Represent Seven Clubs in C. Y. M. A. U. Track and Field Championships Tomorrow

ENTERPRISE IS FAVORITE

The junior track and field championships of the C. Y. M. A. U. will be held on the P. R. R. Y. M. C. A. grounds, Forty-fourth street and Parkside avenue, tomorrow afternoon.

Seven clubs are entered in the meet. There are 240 individuals entered and most of them will compete in more than one event, making in all 500 entries for the various events.

Enterprise C. C., which beat out Shanahan C. C. last year for the title, 45 to 28, is the favorite to win the meet. The Enterprise Club, however, will be pressed hard by Shanahan and Victrix, which club finished third last year.

Kerlin, Nativity, De Paul and Coghlan also have strong teams entered, and any one of these might step out and spill the dope. All are opponents to be feared, and the closeness of the competition should keep the spectators on edge.

There will be thirteen events on the program. Nine of these are running races, while the other four numbers will take place in the field. The 100 and 220 yard dashes, 440, 880, mile, two mile, high and low hurdles and the relay compose the running events. The field events will be the high and broad jump, the shotput and the pole vault.

Forty-five athletes will toe the mark in the century dash; thirty are entered in the furlong; the quarter-mile has drawn twenty-eight; twenty-one have been attracted by the half mile; the mile will have an even two dozen starters; twenty-six will get away with the gun in the two-mile run; a half dozen have entered the high hurdles; seventeen will try to win the low hurdles; eighteen will strike to make the best leap in the high jump; twenty-seven will attempt to make the best broad jump; fifteen will endeavor to toss the shot the greatest distance, and eight will vie for honors in the pole vault. Four athletes, each running four-fifths of a mile, will compose each team in the relay race.

The following Saturday, August 19, to be exact, the senior championships of the same organization will be held. This time also the P. R. R. Y. M. C. A. grounds will be the scene of activities.

Browns Buy Two Players

Bay City, Mich., Aug. 11.—William Whaley, outfielder, and Sylvester Simon, third baseman, of the Bay City club, of the Michigan-Ontario League, have been sold to the St. Louis Browns. They will report at the close of the minor league season.

BASEBALL TODAY, 3:30 P. M.
NATIONAL LEAGUE PARK
Phillies vs. Boston "Braves"
SEATS AT GIMBELS AND SPALDINGS

CAMBRIA A. C. Frankford Ave. & Cambria St.
Friday Evening, August 11, 1922
OPEN-AIR BOXING
Joe Peck MARTIN vs. Sam BLACKISTON

FASTEST HORSES GREATEST DRIVERS
PHILADELPHIA
GRAND CIRCUIT MEETING
BELMONT DRIVING PARK
AUGUST 15, 16, 17, 18, 19
Reservations can be made at A. Saunders, Secretary, Keim's, 1834 Market street.

AUTO RACES
Mill Park 1-Mile Oval
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Saturday, Aug. 12
2 P. M. Daylight Saving Time
Rain Date, Saturday, Aug. 19th
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How Does It Strike You?

The "Staller"
Plight of Phils
Jersey Girl Jockey

By THE OBSERVER

HOOTS follow the muffed ball, jeers trail the batter who strikes out, the football player who fumbles, the boxer who holds and the wrestler who stalls.

Why not? These are the failures of sport and the fan loves a winner and the man who will fight and take punishment.

On the edge of your ringside seat or your gallery chair you applaud the victor, the aggressor, and in no mollycoddle English you condemn and assail the boxer who won't "take it."

In sport, as in no other enterprise, the participants are judged according to evidence on the surface. The boxer holds to avoid punishment. Why? The crowd doesn't care. He holds and the evidence is condemning.

Very often the losing fighter, the erring ball player and the stalling wrestler is calling on his courage as he never had to do in victory. A bruised hand or some other physical defect may be causing the breach of sporting standards, but the fan never considers that.

In his last several fights Pete Herman, former bantamweight champion, was hooted and jeered. They called him "yellow" and a "quitter," but he is one of the gamest boxers that ever waved a glove.

For in the last five years Pete has been going blind. He sacrificed one eye on the altar of charity here in Philadelphia when he boxed at a soldiers' benefit. Now the other optic is gradually becoming dim.

For years Herman boxed with the use of only one eye, his right, and in the parlance of the ring "he was a sucker for a right jab." He couldn't see it coming.

Many times when jabs or hooks had found his good eye Herman boxed absolutely blind, and they hooted and jeered him and called him "yellow" and a "quitter" when he walked in and held.

You never know how much courage is clothed and hidden in an apparent stall.

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THERE is no truth in the report that John Shibe will put any of the Athletics in vaudeville. He says they get all the comedy out of their systems on the ball field.

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The Plight of the Phils

THE Phils' infield is in grand shape physically. Here is the latest hospital report:

Roy Leslie has a wrenched back.
Frank Parkinson has a wrenched shoulder.
Goldie Rapp has a split finger.
Jimmy Smith is nursing a charlie horse in his thigh.
Arthur A. Fletcher is suffering from aged and creaking limbs.

And that isn't all. The infield is healthy and robust compared with the pitching staff. It seems that every one of the hurlers has at least one complaint except Jimmy Ring, and Jimmy is the only one who can come near winning ball games consistently.

Irving Wilhelm has two things to appease his troubled mind. His outfield is in really great shape and his catching staff, which is composed of Butch Henline, also is in condition.

Despite the handicap of a broken-down infield, the Phils usually club in enough runs to win two ordinary ball games, but when the lead is obtained the pitching is not good enough to hold it.

The Phil pitching this season has been a dismal failure, and upon whom shall the blame fall?

If not upon Baker, if not upon Wilhelm, then upon the pitchers. If the hurlers can't make good they should be swept out and new ones tried. Experimenting with new talent could do no harm. The club can't go much worse.

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THE illness of James O. Anderson, the Australian tennis player, is more than unfortunate. It is close to a calamity, so far as the chances of the Anzacs are concerned in the remaining contests for the Davis Cup and the nationals.

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There's a Wee Girl Jockey in Our Midst

ONE does not have to go over to France to discover a girl jockey of renown. There's a wee bit of a one in our very midst. Her name is Margaret Brubaker, of Bridgeton, N. J.

Margaret isn't very old at the game. How can she be? She is only nine years old herself, but how she can guide and encourage and urge when the final stretch is reached.

Down in Jersey at the fag end of July, Margaret "cleaned up" with her pet racing pony, Rose, thirteen hands high. She won two races, beating Jones Ansink and Elwood Horner, two boy jockeys.

That's only pony racing, you say? Yes, but those little ponies can step with Margaret aboard. Rose did one quarter in thirty seconds flat, a 2:00 clip for a mile, and another 440 in 20½ seconds, which is a 1:58 gait.

Not so slow for a bit of a girl on a bit of a pony, eh, what?

• • •

THE Phils lost again yesterday. Unfortunately the grounds were disgustingly dry and there was no excuse to call off the game.

Pete Latzo Laces Wells

Scranton, Pa., Aug. 11.—Pete Latzo, of Scranton, save Billy Dermodey Wells, English and Canadian welterweight champion, a neat lacing here, taking eight rounds, one going to Wells, while the eighth was even.

Southern Tennis Tourney

Asheville, N. C., Aug. 11.—For the first time in the long history of the Southern lawn tennis association play will be held for the women's doubles championship of the South, it was announced following a meeting held here.

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CLARK'S GARAGE, Flourtown, Pa.

Boots and Saddle

Lady Madcap may prove best in the Hudson Handicap at Saratoga today at a mile. Thunderclap and Georgia appear best of the others. The Expectation Handicap is another smart feature today in which Pirate Gold, Galantman, Serenader and other good three-year-olds meet.

Horses which seem best at Saratoga are: First race—Hereafter, Long Island, Jock Scot; second—Houyhudkm, Germadier; third—Pirate Gold, Serenader, Many Smiles; fourth—Lady Madcap Thunderclap, Georgie; fifth—Wilderness, High Prince, Better Times; sixth—Curtis, Runleigh, Pay Dear.

Horses which seem best at Port Erie are: First race—Forest Major, Sea Mimic, Nicks; second—Redmen, Hindoostan, Puri; third—May Roberts, Jule, King Trojan; fourth—Peace Pal, Harry Burgoyne, Theo; fifth—Martha Fallon, Sailing B., Tippity Witchet; sixth—Dancer, Eternity, St. Germain; seventh—Grasayan, Lady Zeus, Marse John.

Harry Payne Whitney has sold Tryster to J. Leonard Replogle, steel magnate, who races his horses under the nom de course of the Westmont Stable.

Bob McMillan, the two-year-old purchased by T. J. Pendergast at the Max Hirsch dispersal sale, paying $12,000, won the Sanford Memorial for his new owner at Saratoga Wednesday.

St. Patrick Has Two Games

The St. Patrick Catholic Club will be busy tomorrow playing the Bethany Club and on Sunday journeys to Eddington to tackle Tri-Council. The team has been strengthened with the addition of O'Neil and Brennan to the pitching staff. A few dates are open to exchange with second-class teams. Address Edward Flanagan, 511 South Twenty-first street.

THE INDEPENDENT STARS

Among the local baseball teams are many men who are no longer youngsters. They still possess that unquenchable American love for sport, which is so characteristically described by Cullen Cain, in the sports poem of the PUBLIC LEDGER, "Make It a Habit."—J. L.