

BOSTON PITCHER LEADS THE AMERICAN LEAGUE HITTERS

Babe Ruth, a Red Sox Hurler, Has the Best Average — He Has Batted .407—Work of Other Players.

Babe Ruth, Boston pitcher, leads the American league in batting, having displaced Tris Speaker of Cleveland, according to recent averages.

Speaker, the previous batting leader has fallen to third place. Ruth has an average of .407. In his last six games he made six hits, three of them home runs.

Speaker and Strunk of Boston, are contending for the lead in base stealing with seven each. Shean of Boston continues to top the sacrifice hitters with eight.

Ty Cobb is up to his old form with an average of .382 for 11 games, having made 11 hits.

The world's championship Chicago club took the lead in team batting with an average of .350, while Boston went into the lead in team fielding with .900.

McKinnin, Chicago, with .400 is second in the batting averages. Speaker has .398.

Mogridge of New York, Stanley Coveleski of Cleveland, Williams of Chicago, and Gaffa of St. Louis, are the leading pitchers, each having won four games and lost one. Several other pitchers, who have been in only one or two contests, have no defeats charged to them.

With an average of .456, Larry Doyle, the veteran second baseman with New York has batted his way to the top of the National League hitters. In 16 games he drove out 23 hits for a total of 39 bases. He is tied with Luderus of Philadelphia, for honors in home run hitting, each having two.

Burns of New York retains the lead in base stepping with ten.

Mann of Chicago, with seven sacrifice hits to his credit, passed Kauff of New York and Rousch of Cincinnati, who were tied a week ago.

New York, with four men among the ten leading batters, cling to the honors in team batting with an average of .307. St. Louis continues to lead in team fielding with .970.

Flack, Chicago, with .383 is second in the batting averages and Young, New York, with .380, third.

Hamilton of Pittsburgh, tops the pitchers in America. The circumstances were thus related in Porter's Spirit of the Times:

CALIFORNIA GOLF COURSES ARE HARD

Five Hundred Yard Drives are Easy in Southern California — The Courses are Like Flint.

Golfers accustomed to the dry, sun-baked flint-like courses in Southern California, where a coyote has nothing on a golf ball in the matter of legs, smile at the Eastern account of long drives. The difference between these sections in the distances show the difficulty of establishing world's records in driving.

Mike Brady, the Massachusetts open champion, after a winter at Brentwood near Los Angeles, laughs when they talk of record drives down in Boston, where he now is. Drives in Southern California are not measured by 300 or 400 yards, but by the 500. Edward Martin, the California professional, drove last winter to the edge of the green on a hole measuring 600 yards.

Brady had a putt for 2 on the eleventh hole at Brentwood, the hole measuring 470 yards. He overdrove the first green, 426 yards, as did his assistant. Few professionals can out-drive Brady when he is meeting the ball right, but in the early days of his stay in California he was out-distanced frequently.

He was driving a high ball, with a long carry, so that his ball often landed yards and yards ahead of an opponent. But a mallet-topped drive would run interminably on the hard ground and finish ahead of his much better played tee shot.

These experiences remind one of a remark that was said to have been made last May on the tee of the home hole at the Presidio Links at San Francisco, the Army officers' course. The hole is over 500 yards with a slight slope from tee to green.

To a military looking golfer on the tee, it was a "You have a nice long hole here." "Looks so now," was the reply, "but wait till July. Then it'll be only a drive and a putt."

BY FAR THE MOST SENSATIONAL RACE

Big Event to be Staged by Women at Sheepshead Bay Track on May 30—Women Aviators in the Contest.

By far the most sensational race ever participated in by women will be staged at the famous Sheepshead Bay race track Memorial Day, May 30.

For the first time in the history of aviation, two women aviators will meet in a test of skill and speed.

Miss Ruth Law, perhaps the most famous of all bird-women, and Miss Katherine Stinson, one of the most brilliant of aviatrixes, will show off their little warps at Sheepshead. The event is advertised for the championship of the world, and the woman who wins will have little competition unless some lady from Mars should happen to drop in to challenge her right to the title.

The two wonders of the air have never met in competition, although both have been attracting world-wide attention by their exploits for several years.

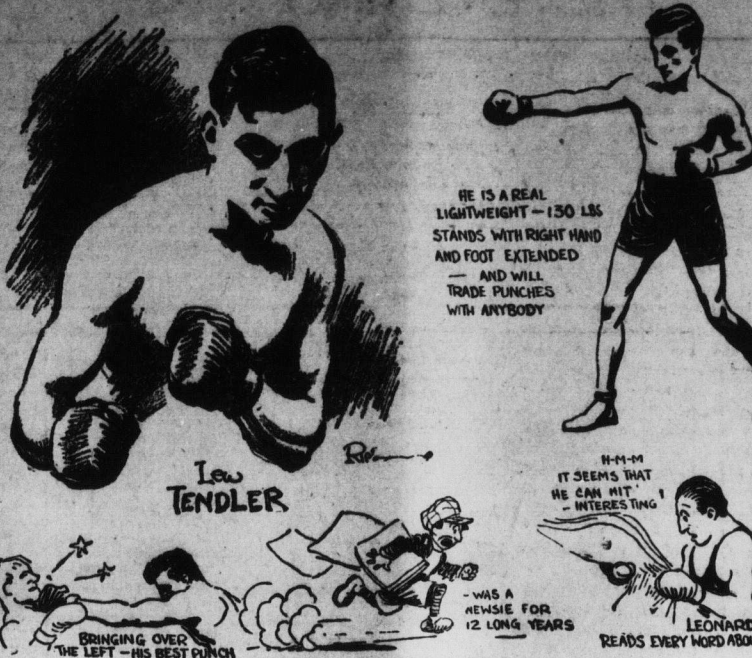
Both girls have often excelled male fliers in their phenomenal stunts above the clouds. Miss Law holds the world's record for a non-stop flight having flown from Chicago to Erie, Pa., a distance of 590 miles without descending. She was recently given a permit from the War Department to fly anywhere in the United States and will soon start a nation-wide tour for the Red Cross and other patriotic causes.

Miss Stinson was a sensation before she was 20. She defeated Darío Restá in an earth and air race a few years ago and since has greatly improved her air mastery. She is said to be the first woman to undertake the aerial somersault, and holds the world record for consecutive loops. Her distance record is a run from Buffalo to Washington via New York.

"PACKEY" IS A HEAVYWEIGHT.

Ed Smith, the Chicago referee, who attended the Mike Gibbons-Packey McFarland exhibition at Camp Dodge, Ia., the other day, says that Mike weighed 250, in fine physical condition, but that Packey would not get on the scales and undoubtedly was over 170 lbs.

THE LATEST BOXING SENSATION



By ROBERT L. RIPLEY.

The boxing game, which has been rather unproductive of late, announces a new star by the name of Leonard, a Philadelphia youngster.

Tendler has come through in great form during the last ten months and looks to be the logical opponent for Benny Leonard in the near future.

Tendler is not twenty years old yet, and will acquire a little more knowledge and experience before tackling the champion, although he thinks he can whip Benny now.

The new sensation is another one of those "southern fighters"—boxing with his right hand and right foot extended. He is a fairly clever chap, but depends mostly on his wallop for results, and is always willing to take a punch in order that he may deliver one.

Eight months ago, this youngster was a newsboy in Philly. He had been a newsboy for twelve years, and during that length of time managed to acquire enough pugilistic ability to protect his business interests. In fact he could fight so well over the price of a paper that he decided to seek larger purses, so entered the ring.

Although Tendler is a real lightweight—weighing less than 150 pounds, he met and defeated much bigger opponents with ease.

Among the notables he has whipped during his short and sensational career are: Frankie Callahan, Willie Jackson (twice), Johnny Dundee (twice), Patsy Cline, Rocky Kansas, Frankie Britt—all six-round bouts in Philadelphia. He also knocked out tough Tommy Toney, and Pete Hartley, the durable Dane; and won a fifteen-round decision over Willie Jackson, the boy who knocked out Johnny Dundee. As a matter of fact, Tendler has won every fight for over a year, and has highly elated the Philadelphia fans by whipping every New York fighter that has been sent over.

Since he quit the business of selling papers eight months ago, Tendler has earned over \$15,000 which is rather lippy, we should say.

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A MAJOR LEAGUE MAGNATE HAS MUCH TO PUT UP WITH

There is no Bed of Roses for the Owners of Big League Baseball Teams—How Rube Waddell Got \$150 Out of Hedges for the Purchase of Two Bear Cubs—Comiskey Believes He Would Die Should he Retire.

Curious was a fascination professional baseball has for some club owners, writes L. E. Sanborn in the Chicago Tribune.

Charles A. Comiskey, owner of the world's champion White Sox, firmly believes that if he should sell his ball club and retire a year through sheer dread of inactivity. Some of his friends who know him best agree with him, although the nervous strain to which he is subjected every day of his team's play is a great deal more than the life of an ordinary citizen.

Robert Hedges, former president of the St. Louis Browns, who got out of the game in the consolidation with the St. Louis Cardinals, just in time to keep him out of a sanitarium, is believed to be interested in the St. Louis Cardinals, although he will not admit it just yet. It is well known, however, that Judge Williams, an intimate friend of Hedges, is one of the 22 directors with which the new management of the Cardinals is affiliated.

As Judge Williams was one of the attorneys for organized baseball in the famous Federal league case and handled all of St. Louis American league club's legal business, it is safe to guess he is not interested in the Cardinals unless Hedges is.

Hedges a New Man.

It is different being a stockholder instead of the business head of a baseball team, sharing the criticism with the manager, or taking it all off his shoulders. So Bob Hedges is a new man by comparison with his last season as president of the Browns, when his friends were worried about his health. He still is loyal to his old team, which never won a pennant for him, and was in the second division oftener than in the first. And among the memories on which Hedges dwells most are his dealings with Rube Waddell, who was the world's greatest eccentric player as long as he lived.

In particular Hedges likes to tell about the schemes Waddell invented for obtaining money from his various employers. When the big southerner went to the Brown all of his peculiarities were well known to every body, so Hedges put in force a plan to conserve Rube's salary for him in spite of himself.

Waddell had no conception whatever of the value of money, and would give away ten spots as readily as dollars bills, if he had them, consequently the office orders were never to give him down to \$5 if possible, every time he drew any salary, always giving it to him in \$1 bills. This worked so well that St. Louis club managed to keep back enough of Rube's salary to carry him through the winter months all right.

One winter he was down in Arizona on a hunting trip, and Hedges got a wire from him asking for \$150 quick to purchase a couple of cub bears for pets.

Having visions of columns of publicity out of the spectacle of Waddell leading a pair of bears through the streets of St. Louis, Hedges broke the record getting to the telephone office to send the money.

Never Saw a Bear.

A week later Waddell returned without his menagerie, but with the story that one of the pets died just before he started and the other was left there through fear it was infected with the same disease. A couple of days later Waddell displayed a telegram announcing the death of the second cub, but was entirely unsuspecting of the fact Col. Hedges knew the difference between a sending and a receiving blank for wire messages. When asked point blank for the truth about his pets, Waddell admitted he never had any bears, but he naively added, "I sure did need that money."

James A. Hart is one retired magnate who does not hanker to get back into the game. Before he negotiated the sale of the west side team to C. Webb Murphy and Charles P. Taft, Jim Hart was almost a nervous wreck. Today he hasn't a thing in the world to worry about, and has refused several chances to get back into active connection with baseball.

His sole diversion in the way of baseball is to spend an hour "fanning" with some of his former friends or acquaintances about the old days, and invariably his friends are the gals in these fanning bees.

I sometimes wonder if C. Webb Murphy realizes how lucky he is in getting out of the game just when he did, for if he had followed his own inclinations to stick he would have lost a lot of the roll he accumulated.

"WILL GIVE 'EM FIGHT."

"We are in this to a finish, there is no better time to fight than in war time, and we will see this issue through," declared Joseph J. Lannin, chairman of the Board of Directors of the New League, who visited Newark recently.

"I should not be bothered with baseball at all," continued Mr. Lannin. "I am too busy a man, but if it is a fight these fellows are after, I'll put my back to the wall and give it to them."

You might say that Ben Johnson and I are the greatest of friends. Ben did not want me to sell the Red Sox, asking me to hold the club there, but I did sell and made some money too. After passing through the war with the Federal League, where practically everyone admits that the International League were the hardest hit, we are handed this sort of a deal.

"This league this season will be better fitted to go through the season than the big leagues, who cannot help losing money on account of the war. If the fans will be patient we will give them good baseball throughout the season."

GEERS HAS 24 HEAD.

Ed. Geers, the daddy of all the light harness drivers, will campaign a stable of twenty-four horses on the Grand Circuit this season, among them being St. Francis, Peter June, Gentry C. Sandie S. June Red, Judge Jones Harvest Hope, and the pacer Robert Gatewood.

THE MYSTERY OF ST. CLAIR FAMOUS HORSE OF FORTY-NINE

W. H. Gocher Writes Interestingly of the Early Career of the Famous Sire of a Palo Alto Family.

In 1840 when the call of the gold turned the world's mind towards California and lured thousands from their eastern homes across the isthmus or over the plains on horseback or under the canvas of a prairie schooner, St. Clair, the subject of this sketch, was six years old and eating his fodder in a stable near Springfield, Ill. He was a dark brown horse with the usual tan markings, about 15 1/2 hands high, and weighed a trifle over a thousand pounds in fair condition, writes W. H. Gocher of the National Trotting association secretary.

When the gold fever rolled along the banks of the Sangamon river the breeders of St. Clair gave the horse to one of his sons, before he moved away toward the setting sun to seek his fortune in the Sacramento valley. From that day all trace of the horse was lost while even the name of his breeder as well as the name of the man who