

ATHLETICS FELL ON THE MIGHTY MATHEWSON AND WON YESTERDAY'S GAME

Yesterday's Contest in World's Season Series Won by Philadelphia by Score of 4 to 2.

Heavy Batting the Feature of the Game -- Barry and Baker Again Did the Trick With the Willow -- Mathewson Taken Out of Box and Wiltse Finished Game for Giants.

ONE OF NEW YORK'S LEFT HANDED TWIRLERS



GEORGE WILTSE

Philadelphia, Oct. 24.—Hitting the great Mathewson to all corners of the field, the Philadelphia Athletics defeated the New York Giants at Shibe Park this afternoon for the third successive time by a score of four to two, and the American League champions now need but a single game to again give them the world's baseball honors for the second year in succession.

New York getting the lead in the first inning, the Athletics came from behind, passed them in a fierce onslaught in the fourth inning and were never again headed. Nearly 25,000 persons witnessed the contest.

Mathewson, the malstay of the Giants, was fairly crushed under the fusillade of hits and at the end of the seventh inning he retired in favor of Wiltse. The latter pitched but one inning against the heavy hitting Philadelphia team and escaped with one two-base hit out of four men up. Ten hits for a total of 16 bases were made off Mathewson in six innings. In the seventh inning he gave his only base on balls to Baker.

"Chief" Bender, the Athletics' starting pitcher, while he did not equal the wonderful game he twirled against New York on the opening day of the series, was never in trouble except in the first inning. New York got but seven hits off him, only two of them coming in one inning. He struck out four men and gave two bases on balls. In the opening round the top of the New York batting list jumped on the Chipewah in a manner that made the timid ones fear that all was lost.

Barry the Star.

The Indian settled down, however, after New York had scored two runs on a single by Devore, a triple by Doyle and a sacrifice fly by Snodgrass, and had New York at his mercy practically all the way.

Barry, the brilliant shortstop of the Athletics, was the star man at the bat. In four trips to the plate he rapped out a single and two doubles, but none of his hits figures in the scoring. The sensational Baker came in time with a pair of two base hits out of three times up, and Murphy broke loose for the first time in the series and laced out two doubles that set the crowd wild with cheering. Captain Davis was in the pick of the battle, pounding out a two base hit in the big fourth inning when the Athletics passed New York by scoring three runs. It was in this inning that the greatest exhibition of hitting yet seen in the present world's series was given.

The only men on the Philadelphia team that did not get into the hit column were Oldring, Thomas and Bender. Oldring and Thomas, however, each had a sacrifice hit. Bender hit the ball to the infield in each of his four trips to the plate, but made no attempt in any case to beat the ball to first.

For New York, Doyle and Fletcher showed best at the plate. Devore got two singles in four times up; Doyle smashed a triple in three times at bat, and Fletcher had a pretty pair of singles, but only Devore's hit and Doyle's three base drive figure in New York's scoring.

Giants Started Well.

New York started like a winner in the first inning. Devore reached first on an infield tap and came in the way home on Doyle's triple to right center. The New York second baseman probably would have gotten only a single on his hit had not Oldring slipped in the soft turf of the outfield, the ball eluding him long enough to permit Doyle to pull up at third. Snodgrass brought Doyle home with a long sacrifice fly to Lord. This was the end of New York's scoring.

The two run lead looked big to the Athletics' partisans, but the fighting Athletics kept pegging away at Mathewson. There were chances to score in the second and third innings, but it was not until the fourth that the American leaguers showed their real batting strength. Baker, who was struck out on the first time up, caught one of Mathewson's outside curves and drove the ball to left center for two bases, much to the delight of the crowd. Murphy smashed a two bager to left, sending Baker across the plate, and Davis brought the spectators to their feet by driving a double to right field, sending home Murphy with the tying score. Davis moved up to third on Barry's out and came home on Thomas' sacrifice fly to Murray.

In the fifth inning Collins singled to right field and came in the way home on Baker's two base hit to right center. It was a great exhibition of running and his head work coupled with his fleetness won him a round of cheers. This gave the Athletics their fourth and final run.

The box score and summary follow:

New York		Philadelphia	
AB.	R.	H.	P.O.
Devore, If	4	1	2
Doyle, 2b	3	1	2
Snodgrass, cf	3	0	0
Murray, rf	4	0	1
Merkle, lb	4	0	1
Fletcher, 3b	4	0	1
Fletcher, ss	4	0	1
Mathewson, p	1	0	1
Wiltse, p	0	0	0
Becker, c	1	0	0
Totals	32	2	7

Athletics.

AB.	R.	H.	P.O.
Lord, If	4	1	2
Oldring, cf	3	0	0
Collins, 2b	3	1	2
Baker, 2b	3	1	2
Murphy, If	3	0	1
Davis, lb	4	1	1
Barry, ss	4	0	1
Thomas, c	3	0	2
Bender, p	1	0	1
Totals	32	4	11

Summary—Two base hits, Murphy 2, Baker 2, Davis, Barry 2, Myers, Merkle, three base hits, Doyle, Fletcher, 2, Oldring, Mathewson, 10 hits and 28 times at bat in 7 innings; off Wiltse 1 hit in 4 times at bat in 1 inning. Sacrifice hits, Oldring, Collins, Sacrifice fly, Thomas, Snodgrass, Double play, Baker to Davis. Left on bases, New York 1, Philadelphia 3. First on balls off Bender 2, off Mathewson 1. First on errors, Philadelphia 1, New York 1. Struck out by Bender 4, Mathewson 5, by Wiltse 1. Time of game, 1:49. Umpires, at the plate, Dineen, on the bases, Klem, left field, Brennan, right field, cannolly.

The Receipts.

Shibe Park, Philadelphia, Oct. 24.—The total attendance was 24,554. Each ticket taken in, \$40,957. This was divided as follows: Players, \$22,116; National commission, \$4,695; Each club, \$7,726.

Today's game ends the players' participation in the receipts they will receive \$127,916.61, of this amount the winner will receive 60 per cent, and the loser 40 per cent. Twenty-one men in each team are eligible to participate in the division of the money of each club.

MORAL—DON'T GET SHAVED BY A FAN.

New Orleans, Oct. 19.—Harrison Fogarty, a prominent citizen, made the mistake of choosing a barber who is a baseball fan when he wanted a shave Thursday. The tonsorial artist had a pair of gloves on and the hoodlacks of the establishment was bringing the results by innuendos from a saloon that was receiving bulletins. Fogarty says that when the score was tied in the ninth inning he got a razor wound in the cheek. The game proceeded breathlessly for the barber fan, patiently for Fogarty. The latter was trying to control himself when two runs were announced in the eleventh. Then Fogarty, who had a razor cut in the neck, or throat, to be more exact, it was an ugly and painful cut and the indignant customer left with lather still on his face. Fogarty says he will demand damages to the limit of the law.

Simonds Winners Will Celebrate.

A supper will be served at Marjall's tonight, Loch Lomond road, to the supporters of the victorious councillors for Simonds, Supporters in the parish and invited city guests will be present. Short speeches will be delivered by Hon. Robert Maxwell, M. P., J. B. M. Baxter, M. E. Agar, W. E. Tennant, G. Earle Logan and others.

St. Rose's Festival.

St. Rose's festival was continued last evening in St. Rose's church, Millford. The fair is proving an immense success and the attendance last evening was large. The pretty decorations of the different booths came in for much favorable criticism. The general amusement features were liberally patronized, and competitors in the various contests were keen. The voting contest for the most popular member of the St. Rose's Dramatic Society is proving exciting, and the friends of the candidates are working hard in the interest of their chosen candidate.

COMMERCIAL PIN STICKERS TO ORGANIZE

A meeting of representatives of the Commercial Bowling League will be held at Black's alleys on Thursday evening at 8:30 for the purpose of organizing for the winter. All commercial houses in the city are eligible for representation in this league. A prize of the value of \$100 will be awarded the champions in the winter's series of games.

A meeting will be held some time next week to organize the city league and draw up a programme for the season. A prize to the value of \$100 will also be given the victorious team in the games of this league.

The fall tournament in connection with the Balke trophy will be held on November 29th and 30th.

ST. PETER'S WON FROM C.M.B.A. MEN

St. Peter's bowling team defeated the C. M. B. A. No. 432 team in the interschool league last night, winning all four points. The scores follow:

C. M. B. A. No. 432	St. Peter's
Connel, 82	81
Coughlan, 68	90
Dever, 68	78
Kneeland, 72	77
Haggarty, 77	93
Totals	68

FOOTBALL GAME THIS AFTERNOON

The championship of the interschool league is hinged on the result of the games between the Rosethay college and the local high school boys this afternoon, as the Rosethay boys need the next two games to become the league leaders, and the locals need a victory today to put them in second place, a hotly contested battle will undoubtedly take place.

The lineup is as follows:

Rosethay College	St. John H. S.
Lockhart, Gorman	Forwards
Olliver, Evans	White
White, White	Sinclair
White, White	Harrison
White, White	Smith
White, White	McDonald
White, White	Bell
White, White	Quarters
White, White	Andrews
White, White	McKay
White, White	McKean
White, White	McDonald
White, White	Foley
White, White	Full Back
White, White	Anglin

HOW THEY REPORT A RING CONTEST IN AUSTRALIA

New York Herald's Sydney Correspondent Rhapsodizes Over Jack Lester's Defeat of Bill Lang - A Prize Fight Written Up in Antipodean English.

Sydney, Aug. 11.—Last night, in a sun-baiting air and beautiful moonlight, more suggestive of Beethoven's famous sonata and an appeal to softer emotions than a fierce, passionate boxing duel, William Lang, of Australia, and "Jack" Lester, of America, fought a battle of twenty rounds—one of the toughest, grimmest and most exciting struggles Australia has seen for a long time.

There was a great crowd of ten thousand in the Stadium, the popular contest being thronged to the first fierce upstart in the opening round which the fiery young American (introduced as "Tommy" Burns) protegee unexpectedly passed along to his burly opponent, and which gave him a lead he really never lost, the spectators were kept on their feet and expected as the contest was fought to the bitter end and an unforeseen triumph for Lester.

Lester, although improving is still a raw, crude, comparatively undisciplined fighter, but he has a wealth of ideas in his vocabulary, he is one of those hard, determined fighters who will not be beaten. There were times when his opponent, the bigger Lang seemed as if he would overwhelm the young American, but when the dust and smoke had cleared away, the English squares at Waterloo, fighting back, giving blow for blow, hanging on doggedly until a pertinent that really sickened the Lang faction. Would this husky young American bruiser ever fight? Not he, while there was fighting to be done. And so he took some smashing blows from the big Australian, smiled and came again.

Lester is a modest kind of fighter, who quickly makes friends. He fights fairly, in fact, quite innocently at times. There is nothing about him, and then, above all, from the spectacular point of view, he is full of adventurous enterprises.

Full of Fight.

It was clearly his fight up to the fifteenth round, so much so that the people's judgment of the battle found expression in such remarks as "Lang's beaten," "Nothing but a knockout can save him!" Lester's lead was so pronounced that he could with safety have played the defensive game and still won on points. It was not made of that kind of stuff. He is there for fight and he goes looking for it. He is a brave, hustling adventurer, and the locals need a victory today in the meantime that caused the great Stadium to fairly rock with excitement.

"Good boy, Lester!" and "Well done, Jack!" came in chorus from the thousands as the American hammered his big adversary round after round, and swiftly delivered, terrific uppercuts and clouts on the head. "That young fellow can fight," calmly and coolly observed an exulting crowd member from out back as he opened his mouth for the first time during the evening.

Lester's instinctive and unerring best bet, we have seen for a long time. No matter whether it is actor, soldier or athlete, who does what he has to do by instinct, he sometimes not knowing how, he will come through the ordeal with more distinction than the purely mechanical man. In boxing especially, unless there is some remarkable physical inequality, the instinctive, natural fighter never always wins the day. Lester, however, is not a world beater, but he will by and by make the best of them mind their P's and Q's.

The improvement, both skilfully and temperamentally, since May was remarkable. In the first contest he was a wild, reckless, impetuous young bull. Last night he was still a terrific young person, but there was mental discipline about him and such evidence of a completely different attitude. Why, the very men who were training him were down and warned their friends not to support him. "Lang is sure to win; Lester can't fight," this was the pessimistic belief of his own side. The only person who had any faith in him was Lester himself. "I'll beat it," he said the day before the battle. "It's a cinch."

As to the criticisms of Lester's chances it is remarkable that so many good judges, who are not in the least in their estimate of the result, "can't fight"—that was the beginning and end of their bad. "Fight? Why, that just the one thing he can do, and I think he proved that in the first dust up with Lang, although up to the point where Lang lost through a breach of the rules he had the worst of the deal. There was nothing in his first display to show that he would create the smallest conceivable doubt as to a boxer, pure and simple, but as a fighter—a hard hitting, bustling, brave lad, with an enormous capacity for taking punishment—he is another and more convincing proposition altogether. However, there are thousands who have improved their knowledge of boxing and Lester will now be interestingly watched.

Selling the Lion's Skin.

As showing the extreme confidence of the Australian, he attended the races in the afternoon. The sweltering sun and excitement of the ring are scarcely what you would prescribe for a man a few hours before a hard athletic encounter. Burns, when he last fought Lang, found as he was of a little bit of gavelty out of his engagements.

As to his actual work in the fight Lang was just Lang, slow, lumbering, stolidly brave and nothing more. It was the same Lang that gained the decision over Lester a few months before, through the remarkable, innocent behavior of the latter. He shows no improvement; he does not look like a man who has kept the other coming him up as a "white horse" against whom he has exchanged blows with the Australian. "Dis an joke." The position has not altered.

The position was far as Lester is concerned, he must not seriously be regarded in relation to Johnson. He is a raw, crude, and too inexperienced for that, while, deep, powerful, devastating. At least that is the opinion of

HOW THREE YEAR OLDS HAVE GONE

The following is The Horseman's list of the champion three-year-old pacers from 2:30 to 2:05.

Sol Miller, ch. f., Topeka, Kan., Sept. 12, 1884—2:29 1/2.

Wild Briar, b. f., Paris, Ky., Sept. 9, 1887—2:24 1/2.

Wickham, ch. f., Paris, Ky., Sept. 2, 2:24.

Dodd Pett, gr. c., Lexington, Ky., Oct. 14, 1887—2:22 1/2.

Gold Leaf, Oakland, Santa Rosa, Cal., Aug. 14, 1888—2:20 1/2.

Gold Leaf, Oakland, Cal., Aug. 27, 1888—2:19 1/2.

Gold Leaf, Napa, Cal., Oct. 3, 1888—2:18.

Yolo Maid, b. f., San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 12, 1888—2:14.

Manager, gr. c., Independence, Ia., Aug. 31, 1891—2:13 1/2.

Whirligig, b. f., Terre Haute, Ind., Aug. 2, 1894—2:10.

Eichel A., gr. f., Galesburg, Ill., Sept. 18, 1894—2:10.

Del Ray, b. c., Feb. 1, 1895—2:07 1/2.

Katawah, b. c., Peoria, Ill., July 15, 1898—2:06 1/2.

Katawah, b. c., Louisville, Ky., Sept. 28, 1898—2:05 1/2.

Jim Logan, b. c., Woodland, Cal., Aug. 19, 1908—2:05 1/2.

Del Ray, b. c., Fresno, Cal., Oct. 4, 1911—2:06.

W. H. Gocher, secretary of the national trotting association, announces the regular meeting of the board of review of that body at New York City Dec. 24.

man side to it by smiling and patting Lang on the back?

The twelfth round was remarkable for a bull, and then a terrible clash, both men recoiling from the shock. In the sixteenth round Lester delivered the best blow of the evening, a right hander on Lang's jaw, that immediately followed with another. Although it was obvious all up with Lang he never seemed to really lose heart or hope and he plodded on to the end.

As if to get a breather for the final trial, the eighteenth round was nearly all clinches. The following set-to was of the ding dong order. Lang was desperate. Lester was full of enterprise, Lang's one hope was a knockout. Lester was not satisfied with a point win. He wanted to floor his man. So he smashed at him to the end and a scene of tumult that had no parallel at the Stadium.

The sound of the gong saw the referee point to Lester as the winner and there was another outbreak of wild enthusiasm. "The finest fight we've seen for years." "A terrible go." "By Jingo, Lester's game." "Old Bill's too slow," were the comments heard in the din.

Lester was overwhelmed with congratulations. He had to bustle his way through the dense crowd, so eager were the hundreds to say "Put it there!"

It was a beautiful evening. He would just mop up that young fellow in the other corner like that reported gentleman with his ragged pants and unshaven beard that George Ade wrote about, collect the bottle and him into his best bed, to be his sweet towey Mel in the last act of "La Boheme." But five minutes later, when Lang was seeing more stars than were in the heavens, Lester's hand was on his forehead, that things are not what they seem. Lang was up against it from the first.

The quiet young man with the bad gilt in his eye and his hair nicely parted clothed in green trunks, with a pair of yellow socks that had brayed the battle and the breeze for a thousand years around his waist, was full of venom.

The proceedings were so enthralling that the referee, Snowy Baker, took his coat off for the second round. There was a lot of clinching, a rush, a blow and a bear's cuddle. This would describe a greater part of the fight. That is why it lasted the full 20 rounds. Had it not been for the human nature would have caved in long before.

Lang off His Feet.

Early in the tow this American panther claws and all, was swarming all over the Kanaroon, and in the ring he was yelling that was heard miles away told that Lester had smashed his left into Lang's throat, and the burly Victorian was literally scared out of his feet by this human-made in front of him. Lang was up again immediately, but Lester had scored the point. From this out Lester was the leader, although here and there the Australian with straight lefts, the cleanest hits he made, ended up matters.

Lester began the fourth round with a wicked uppercut and followed this up with a "loop the loop" smack that added to his points. Lang did well in the fifth, two heavy blows on Lester's head sending the American down for a second.

In these two rounds the Australian had the advantage, although only slightly so, and in this brief and sudden turn of the tide created a perfect frenzy in the Lang camp.

It is curious, though how even the wisest and best judges can be deceived by appearances, Lester really seemed to be weakening. In his corner he pulled like a grampus, and for two rounds he apparently looked dashed and fire. Lang smiled to his friends—a kind of telegraphic message that he could tell by the feel of the enemy that all was well, and that he might still hear the Queen of Song. Not that Lester flinched or gave way, but he seemed to be feeling the pressure of the weightier and heavier man in the everlasting clinches.

Then Lester came back. Smash went a right on to Lang's left eye and another before the contest started. The eighth round was fought in one continuous roar, and in the following one the right eye of Lang kept the other coming. Then came Lang's real moment in the light. He landed a terrific blow on Lester's throat. "Oh!" came from the crowd before the referee had time to say "He's got him at last!" they yelled as they jumped on their seats and waved their hats. "Dot who? What, that piece of bounding granite in front of him? Scarcely. In spite of the terrific stealer, Lester was after Long like an enraged tiger before the gong sounded. What a scene when the fighting ended and Lester gave a bright hue

Philadelphia, Oct. 24.—Hitting the great Mathewson to all corners of the field, the Philadelphia Athletics defeated the New York Giants at Shibe Park this afternoon for the third successive time by a score of four to two, and the American League champions now need but a single game to again give them the world's baseball honors for the second year in succession.

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Temple Fair Nov. 28-4

TURKEY DINNER Monday, Oct. 30 Thanksgiving Day 5:30 to 8 p. m.

Tickets To Fair and Dinner 40c.

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