

# PINCH RUNNER AND PINCH BATTER LANDED YESTERDAY'S BALL GAME FOR THE RED SOX

Fourteen Innings of Hair Raising Baseball Before Brooklyn Team Went Down to Defeat by Score of 2 to 1—The Greatest World Series Ball Game Ever Played—Gainer of Boston the New Member of Baseball's Hall of Fame—His Was the Hit That Brought in the Winning Run After More Than Two Hours' Play

Boston, Oct. 9.—Tearing world's series records and traditions to shreds, the Boston Americans defeated the Brooklyn Nationals by a score of 2 to 1 in fourteen innings here this afternoon. It was the second contest for the championship, and was decided only after a struggle that evolved in the fertile mind of a baseball fiction writer.

For more than two hours the teams, pennant winners in their respective leagues, battled with almost superhuman skill and courage through a one-run tie. Then, with the stage set as for the thrilling climax, a pinch hitter, and a pinch runner won victory for the Red Sox, just as twilight threw its mantle of semi-darkness over Braves field. Of the heroes who rose from the playing field like the warriors from the dragon's teeth, named by Jason in tales of Greek mythology, Delos Gainer was the star. It was his single in the gathering darkness of the final inning that scored from second base Michael McNally, running for Hobbs, with the tally that won the second straight victory for the Carriagettes over the champions of the senior league.

The contest opened with a sensational circuit smash by "Big" Myers in the initial inning, and not for a moment afterward did the struggle halt or lose interest for the forty odd thousand fans who hung on every play with an intensity equal to that of the members of the two teams battling for fame and financial rewards. For a short space of time the lone run scored by Myers appeared to be the margin that might give Brooklyn an even break in the series. In the third inning, however, Scott tripled to center and scored the tying run, when Cutshaw juggled Ruth's rap and had time only to make the play at first base.

From that point the Red Sox and Superbas battled in a baseball game that rolled through eleven periods of play without the slightest advantage for either club, while eleven deeds of amazing skill held spectators enthralled. Sizzling hits, wonderful catches, scintillating throws and the best of baseball generalship succeeded each other so rapidly that the preceding were forgotten in the stunning brilliancy of later events.

Thus it came about that, with gray shadows creeping down over the stands to the field, the Boston players made their last stand at the plate. Sterrod Smith, Brooklyn's southpaw, who had fought a splendid twirling duel against Carlin's left-handed star, "Babe" Ruth, faltered for an instant with Hobbs at the bat. He could not locate the plate in the twilight and passed "Hobby" to Daubert's station. Lewis moved his clubmate to second with an infield sacrifice. Here the Red Sox manager showed his baseball acumen by sending McNally to run for Hobbs and taking Gainer from the bench to bat for Gardner.

Gainer set himself for his effort, and slashed a line drive between short and third, which came to Wheat on the second bound. The latter playing in deep left, whipped the ball toward the plate with every atom of his strength, but McNally had sprinted with the crack of the bat and slid home with the winning run before Catcher Miller could clutch the flying sphere. As a result of Gainer's hit the Boston team left for Brooklyn tonight with two of the necessary four victories to their credit and will renew tomorrow.

at Ebets field, the struggle for further honors. Almost simultaneously the Brooklyn players departed for their home grounds, confident that their fortune will change once they are back upon familiar fields and bearing with them the admiration of every spectator who witnessed the desperate battle against what is conceded to be one of the greatest baseball machines of modern times.

Brooklyn, in the role of vanquished, garnered almost as much praise and honor as the triumphant Red Sox. Their fighting spirit will go down as one of the most remarkable in the annals of the game. In holding the Carigan clan for fourteen innings before admitting defeat they established a new record for world's series play, eclipsing the three-to-three thirteen-inning tie game played by the Chicago Nationals and the Detroit Americans in 1907.

While Gainer's hit, coming as it did at the climax of a remarkable game, has earned him a place in the hall of fame reserved for baseball players, there were others whose play showed the heights to which a player can rise on occasions like that of this afternoon demand. "Hy" Myers, already a hero with his home run in the opening inning, robbed Hooper of an extra base hit in the sixth inning, with a running catch in which he picked the ball off the ground and finished with a complete somersault. Great praise fell also to Pitchers Ruth and Smith, who swung through fourteen innings of the closest kind of play with a steadiness of service and pitching judgment seldom equalled. Fifty-one batters faced Smith, and of this number but seven got hits for a total of 12 bases. Of the 48 that stepped before Ruth's delivery but six got hits for a total of ten bases. Scott was the only player to get two hits, his collection consisting of a single and triple. The total attendance figures for the two games stand:

Attendance, 77,490; receipts, \$159,115.50; players share, \$85,922.37; each club share, \$28,640.79; National Commission, \$15,911.55.

Brooklyn, AB R H PO A E  
Johnston, rf. 5 0 1 1 0 0  
Daubert, 1b. 5 0 1 18 1 0  
Myers, cf. 5 0 1 5 1 0  
Wheat, cf. 5 0 0 2 0 0  
Cutshaw, 2b. 5 0 0 4 6 1  
Mowrey, 3b. 5 0 1 3 5 1  
Olson, ss. 2 0 1 2 4 0  
Miller, c. 5 0 1 4 1 0  
Smith, p. 5 0 1 7 0

Totals 43 1 6x40 25 2

—One out when winning run scored.

Boston, AB R H PO A E  
Hooper, rf. 5 0 1 2 1 0  
Janviri, 2b. 6 0 1 4 5 0  
Walker, cf. 3 0 0 2 1 0  
Walt, cf. 3 0 0 1 0 0  
Hobbs, 1b. 2 0 0 21 1 0  
McNally, 2b. 0 1 0 0 0 0  
Lewis, cf. 3 0 1 1 0 0  
Gardner, 3b. 5 0 0 3 7 1  
Gainer, 2b. 1 0 0 0 0 0  
Scott, ss. 4 1 2 1 8 0  
Thomas, c. 4 0 1 5 4 0  
Ruth, p. 5 0 0 2 4 0

Totals 42 2 7 42 31 1

2—Batted for Gardner in fourteenth.

22—McNally ran for Hobbs in fourteenth.

Innings: Brooklyn 1000000000000—1

Boston 0010000000000—2

Summary.

Two-base hits, Smith, Janviri.

three-base hits, Scott, Thomas; home run, H. R. Myers; sacrifice hits, Lewis, Thomas, Olson, two; double plays, Scott, Janviri and Hobbs; Mowrey, Cutshaw and Daubert; Myers and Miller; left on bases, Brooklyn five, Boston nine; first base on errors, Brooklyn one, Boston one; bases on balls, Smith six, Ruth three; hits and earned runs, off Smith seven hits two runs in 13 1-3 innings; off Ruth six hits one run in fourteen innings; struck out by Smith two, Ruth four. Umpires, at plate, Dineen; on bases, Quigley; left field, O'Day; right field, Connolly. Time 2:32.

Statistics of the Game.

The National Commission announces the following official figures for today's game: Total receipts \$28,626; players' share \$44,618.04; each club's share \$14,872.68; National Commission's share \$8,262.60. Attendance figures, 41,273.

## HOPPE IS NO MORE THE BOY WONDER

Billiard Champion Thirty Years Old—Walker Cochran is Now the Champion Star of Green-topped Table

As William Hoppe has begun his thirtieth year, it is scarcely accurate to continue referring to him as the "Boy Wonder" or the "Infant Marvell." The billiard world has a new juvenile prodigy, however, in the person of Walker Cochran, the Iowa youth who has lately flashed across the billiard firmament like a comet. Cochran may not be another Hoppe in precocity, but he is certainly a mighty smart lad, and great things are to be expected of him.

Cochran was twenty years old Saturday, as he was born October 7, 1896, in the village of Manson, Iowa. In his youth he was a "newsy," and he began to play billiards about seven years ago, putting in all his spare hours at the green-topped table. The youngster soon made the natives sit up and take notice. He then went to Chicago, where he was instructed in the finer points of the game. The handicap tournament in New York late last year was the first professional tournament in which he participated. His playing in that event was a revelation for one so young and of so little experience.

In his professional debut he showed a brilliance of play approaching genius, but he also displayed a spirit of recklessness which needed restraining. The veteran Maurice Daly then took Cochran's charge, and since then he has improved in steadiness. Young as Cochran is, he was just starting his professional career at an age when Willie Hoppe was taking the world's championship from the French wizard, Vignaux. Hoppe had the great advantage of having been introduced to the game when he was a little more than an infant. Hoppe's father kept a billiard room, and Willie was educated from his childhood with the one end in view of making him a champion with the cue. Cochran had no such opportunities for the development of his skill as a lad, and in view of his late start, his progress has been truly remarkable. Hoppe saw Cochran in his first professional match, and predicted great things for the Iowa youngster.

The Universal Liberty Serial Company is now working on the eighth episode, and continue with their activities at the Old Universal City ranch.

## GEORGE CARPENTIER IS NOT THROUGH WITH RING

France's Great Boxer Tells Some of His Experiences in the Air—Will Enter Ring when War is Over.



Georges Carpentier, the heavyweight boxing champion of Europe, who is now in Paris on leave from war service, has written for a London newspaper a little story of his experiences and his prospects. He looks forward to re-entering the ring and is convinced that it won't be long before he is free to put on the gloves for fighting of a different sort from that in which he has been sharing for many months past. Expressing this confidence he says:

"Will I be glad to get out of this hell? A thousand times yes, but not before we have seen to it that the gates of hell have been shut so tight that they will never be flung open again."

"I shall always remember that when I fought your Bombardeur, Wells at Ghent, Belgian people screamed that boxing was cruel and ghastly and must be no more. Then they did not know. A squeamish Belgian can never be again. For Belgians have lived too long in a world of horror."

Relating his experiences at the front, he writes:

"I have seen sixteen months on the firing line as a pilot. Much have I seen. I have had my fights high in the clouds. I have been wounded. I have received the War Cross (Croix de Guerre) and I have been recommended for and shall receive it shortly by the Medaille Militaire."

"I have been lucky, immensely so, for I have been in many tight corners. It may be that some of the charms given to me when I left London instead of fighting Young Ahearn have brought me good fortune."

"I would tell you what the Order of the Day, which is what you would call your Gazette, says, what I did to win the Medaille Militaire. It is that I flew over the German lines at a height of only 200 yards and that when I returned to our lines my biplane was found to have received no fewer than fifteen rifle bullets."

"When flying, if it be that you are chasing your arm, shall I say, you have no sense of danger. I never in all my fights thought or even dreamed of being beaten. I always believed in myself. It is so now with my machine. It is as some human. You feel that it knows you, that it is a part of yourself; you come to believe it is invincible and although in my last big fight, when I can now well believe that I was hugging and wrestling with death all the time, I did not once quake with fear. I was of course, conscious that I was being potted at all the time."

"To fly as low as I did was risky, perilous, but the knowledge that it had to be done if I were to be of service to our artillery seemed to fill me with a sense of security. It was only when I got back into our lines and saw fifteen bullet marks and the holes that had been riddled in my machine that I realized that I was as near being knocked out as ever I have been in my life."

"These days my duties, though often exciting and dangerous, do not consist in hunting enemy aeroplanes. Indeed, my orders are even to avoid engaging them. But I have been compelled to do so on several occasions and under a heavy handicap because of my machine not being fast or handy enough."

"It is my business to assist in the direction of our artillery fire by means of wireless messages and signalling. I like my work ever so much, for it asks that I shall always have my wits about me, very like the boxer, who though he is winning by ever so many points, has always to be on the lookout for a swinging right that might knock him out. There is such a thing as being able to regard whatever you do as so much sport, and I can assure you that ever since I have been with the army I have found much joy in being able to believe that I am in some great game—a fierce, murderous game, it is true, but a game, nevertheless."

Carpentier professes pride in the fact that he gave up an income of many thousands a year to join the army eight months before his class was called up. He says, "It was worth it," and tells his readers that if they could come with him and see what he sees they would agree with him. He goes on:

"I am now 23 years of age and I find that I have lost the better part of the fortune that I made. For two years—indeed, since my France went to war—I have not put a boxing glove on for money, and until it is over the ring will not know me. My earnings when I left London after my contest with Gunboat Smith—remember the contracts I had and the possibilities open to me—would have probably totalled anything up to \$10,000 or \$15,000 a year. For two years I have earned nothing. I am in the same position—perhaps not as bad—as thousands of my countrymen. Much have I lost."

"When I was earning thousands of pounds in a night I put my money by. I invested much of it in the coal mines at Lens, which is my home, and where I worked as a little boy until Francois Descaups took me out into the world to box for a living. My investments, had this war not come, would have made me a rich man, but now they have gone, for the Germans have had Lens and the mines in their hands for some 21 months. And, worse than all, for all that time I have not heard directly from my father or mother or two sisters, who are shut up in Lens."

OLD TIME FIGHTERS.

Old timers of the fistie game never tire of telling how much better the boxers of ten, twenty or thirty years ago were than the present crop. John L. Sullivan and Ruby Robert Fitzsimmons bob into print every once in a while to express their contempt for latter day fighters. Charlie Mitchell and Jack McAuliffe are the latest veterans to take a whack at the modern game and its exponents.

Mitchell, who fought Sullivan thirty-nine rounds to a draw in France back in '88, recently paid a visit to America for the first time in ten years. Charlie was only a middleweight, but in his prime he was easily the greatest boxer in the business.

"The boxers of today are a badly sad lot, with a few exceptions," quoth the veteran. "All they do is clinch and cuddle and dance. When they're not hugging each other they are giving an imitation of a Russian dance. It makes me laugh."

Jack McAuliffe, the old lightweight champion, is equally peeved at the scrappers of the present.

"Commercialization is ruining the game," declared Williamsburg Jack. "The fighters are all money mad, and all they think is of grabbing the kale. If they don't let up and give the public a run for its coin they are going to kill the goose that lays their golden eggs."

The public, we gather, is the goose. Sometimes we think so.

## INTERESTING CONTESTS

A Name Contest  
A BOY'S AIR GUN, OR A GIRL'S BEAUTIFUL NECKLACE AND PENDANT will be awarded to the kiddie who sends in the largest number of Christian names beginning with the letter "P," such as Pearl, Peter, Phyllis, etc., together with the usual coupon, filled in, not later than October 18th, written in their best handwriting to

UNCLE DICK,  
THE STANDARD,  
ST. JOHN, N. B.

Whose decision must be considered as final.

## A Coloring Contest



Marie has met with a mishap. She was just returning from milking her cows—when? Get out your best box of water-colors or crayons and see what a beautiful picture you can make out of this. You may find it easier to paste this picture on a piece of white cardboard before painting. Be sure that it is dry before you begin work. To the boy who sends in the best colored picture, I shall award a splendid Building Engine, and for the girl's best painting, I shall award a Necklace and Pendant. All entries must have the usual coupon attached and reach this office by Wednesday, October 11th, addressed to

UNCLE DICK,  
THE STANDARD,  
ST. JOHN, N. B.

whose decision must be considered as final.

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Address .....  
Age ..... Birthday .....

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## Bringing Up Father

