

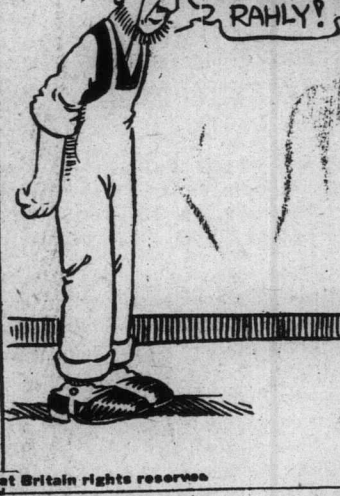
Sometimes Pa's Foolish--Like a Fox

YES, I HAVEN'T A DOUBT BUT THAT CEDRIC WILL RIVAL SHERLOCK HOLMES AS A DETECTIVE. HIS SKILL AT DISGUISE IS NOTHING SHORT OF MARVELLOUS!



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YAWSS, AW-IM THE PLUMBER'S ASSISTANT - 2 RABLY!



OH, YOU ARE, EH? WELL, I DIDN'T SEND FER NO PLUMBER, AN' YOU LOOK LIKE A SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER 'T ME!

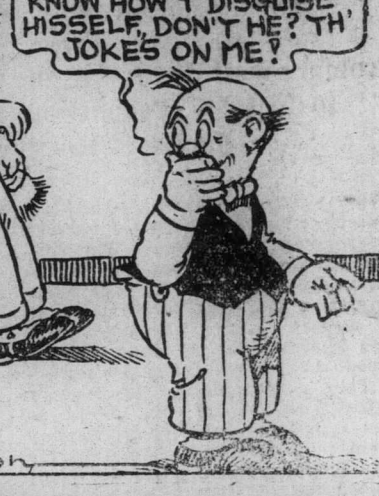


AN' I DON'T LIKE SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS! PA!



That Son-in-law of Pa's

WELL, WELL! SO THAT WAS CEDRIC IN DISGUISE? BY JINKS HE CERT'Y DOES KNOW HOW 'T DISGUISE HISSELF, DON'T HE? TH' JOKES ON ME!



St. Wellington

THE RED SOX ADD ANOTHER CHAMPIONSHIP TO THEIR LONG AND BRILLIANT RECORD

Yesterday Annexed World's Series For Fourth Time, Defeating Brooklyn 4-1—Shore Gave Only Three Hits—Olson's Error Cost the Game

By F. G. Menke.

Boston, Oct. 13.—Ivan Olson made a doubled-barreled error on one play in the third inning of yesterday afternoon's game—and right then and there there was written the word "finish" on the world series entertainment of 1916. That brace of fumbles by the Dodger shortstop put the Red Sox into the lead and never afterward were they headed. Olson's bobble-bobble enabled the Sox to win the fifth and deciding game in the battle for the diamond championship of the world and permitted Boston to retain untarnished its record of never having lost in a combat for the highest honors in baseball.

The thirteenth duel for the baseball title now is history—but it is not the kind that Brooklynites will read with any emotions akin to joy or pride. The story of these five games shows, on the whole, the Dodgers were outclassed; that they met a team better in every department of play than their own. And the inevitable resulted. In practically every pinch the Dodgers flithered. In every crisis they played their worst baseball. Time and again during these five games a timely hit might have won for them; just as often a bit of airtight work afield might have saved the game. But, always, except during the third game which they won, the Dodgers' sluggers were impotent in moments when it was necessary to produce a safety, and the infield insisted upon "cracking" just at those moments when a fizzle meant the loss of the game to them.

The Sox breezed through to victory because they played far beyond the game of the Dodgers. They performed with machine-like regularity. They never became rattled, never nervous, never afraid of the outcome, as did their foes. They just went along with one idea fixed coolly and calmly in their minds—to win.

And they won without any real effort. The Dodgers emerged from the series with a lone victory to their credit. And many there are who feel that it was something in the nature of a gift. Carl Mays was permitted to linger on the Red Sox mound in that battle long after it was apparent to most of the observers that he was losing his hold on things; that he was in distress.

Larry Gardner the Hero.

Every world series has its hero and the laurel wreath of 1916 properly belongs upon the dome of Larry Gardner, third-sacker for the Sox. He covered acres of ground around his station and his brilliant work in the field choked off several Dodger rallies. His home run drive in the third game was a terrific out, while his circuit swat in the fourth broke the hearts of the Dodgers and clinched the game for his team.

"Hi!" Myers played the best ball for the men of Brooklyn. He, too, achieved a homer and made several spectacular catches, but his greatest feat was in that second battle which went 14 innings. In the ninth, with the speedy Janvrin on third and the out, his great throw to the plate, following the snarling of Hoblitzel's liner, nipped Janvrin by several feet and staved off defeat for five more rounds.

It was one of the most perfect throws ever made on a ball field. The story of the final game that was played yesterday afternoon before that record-breaking crowd is much the same as the other Red Sox victories. It tells of the inability of the Dodgers to wallow when whallops meant tallies, of fissures appearing in their defensive work, just at the moment when it spelled ruin to them. It recounts, too, how the Sox, keen witted, took advantage of every opportunity and transformed it into a run.

The job of pushing the Dodgers

into oblivion as far as world's honors are concerned was delegated to Ernie Shore, the long and lean right-hander. And right nobly did he perform. He yielded only three hits during the entire game, and not a clear belt was made off his hurling until the seventh when Mowrey zipped one into left field. In the preceding inning Chief Myers made the first Dodger safety, a fluke one by bounding the ball too high for Shore to pull down in time to get his man. The final Dodger swat was exuded in the ninth by Stengel.

The Dodgers jumped into the lead in the second when Cuthshaw waited, was sacrificed to second, went to third on an out, and scored on a passed ball by Caddy. But their supremacy was short lived. In the Sox half of the same inning, Lewis jammed a smashing drive to left. It was too far in for Wheat to catch on the fly, so he elected to take it on the first bound, holding Lewis to a single.

But right there the famous "Boston Luck" made itself conspicuous. The ball took a freak bound just at Wheat was set for it, and leaped far over his head, rolling to the fence, while Lewis ran to third, scoring a minute later on Gardner's sacrifice fly.

It was in the third out that Olson put the blotto-bloote upon the Dodgers' hopes and caused the Red Sox band to boom forth with the strains of "A Perfect Day." It was right here that Olson presented the game to the Sox by making two errors on one hit, a baseball freak—Caddy, the first man up, singled. Shore went out on a foul, trying to sacrifice. Hooper got a base on balls and then came Janvrin. He bogged one to Olson. The Dodger shortstop fumbled it in trying to pick it up, ruining his chance of throwing out Janvrin at first. That was error number one. Then he became so excited that he threw the ball to Cuthshaw at second, hoping to force out Hooper, although Hoop-

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er already arrived at that station. The throw went wild and before it was recovered, Caddy had crossed the plate. Hooper was on third and Janvrin on second. The scoring in that session ended when Shorten sent Hooper home with a single.

Hooper Made Final Run

The final run of the world's series of 1916, was made by Hooper, the nemesis of the Dodgers in the fourth inning. Hooper singled and Janvrin immediately followed with a long double to left centre, which sent 'Andsome Arry' home. A boner made Janvrin's two bagger possible. Wheat could have made the catch, but Myers ran into his territory and when none of the Dodgers yelled orders, Myers kept on and could not reach the drive, while Wheat kept out of the way.

Jeff Pfeffer pitched a fair game for the Dodgers and nothing more. The Sox showed no fear of his speed and his curves. They stepped right into them and banged them. Unfortunately for Pfeffer, they acquired their safeties just at moments when it hurt the most in the run column.

The Dodgers made noises like a rally in the ninth inning, but soon became silent. Stengel opened up the round with a single to left. Wheat who followed, promptly and ingloriously fanned. Cuthshaw tried to "kill" the ball and was out. Janvrin to Hoblitzel, while Stengel advanced to second.

And then came Mowrey. He passed up two heaves and passed out the third. The ball soared into the air. Scott ran back into short left, set himself, and kerpunk—Mowrey was out. The side was out, the game was over.

And the world series of 1916 had come to an end.

Brooklyn— A. B. R. H. P. O. A. E.
Myers, cf. . . . 4 0 0 0 0 0 0

Daubert, 1b	4	0	0	10	1	0
Stengel, rf	4	0	1	0	0	0
Wheat, lf	4	0	0	5	0	0
Cuthshaw, 2b	3	1	0	2	3	0
Mowrey, 3b	3	0	1	1	3	1
Olson, ss	3	0	0	2	3	2
Meyers, c	3	0	1	4	2	0
Pfeffer, p	2	0	0	0	1	0
xMerkle	1	0	0	0	0	0
Dell, p	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	31	1	3	24	13	3

x Batted for Pfeffer in sixth.

Boston—

A. B. R. H. P. O. A. E.						
Hooper, rf	3	2	1	1	0	0
Janvrin, 2b	4	0	2	0	1	0
Shorten, cf	3	0	1	2	0	0
Hoblitzel, 1b	3	0	0	15	1	0
Lewis, lf	3	1	2	1	0	0
Gardner, 3b	3	0	0	0	5	0
Scott, ss	3	0	0	2	3	2
Caddy, c	3	1	1	4	1	0
Shore, p	3	0	0	2	3	0
Totals	27	4	7	27	14	2

By innings—

Brooklyn . . . 010000000—1

Boston . . . 01201000x—4

Summary—T. v. base hit, Janvrin.

Three base hit, Lewis. Sacrifice hits,

Mowrey, Lewis, Shorten. Sacrifice

fly, Gardner. Left on bases, Brook-

lyn 5, Boston 4. First base on errors,

Brooklyn 2, Boston 1. Base on balls,

off Pfeffer 2; off Shore 1. Hits and

earned runs, off Pfeffer, 6 hits, two

runs in 7 innings; off Dell, 1 hit,

no runs, in 1 inning; off Shore, 3

hits, 0 runs in 9 innings. Struck out,

by Pfeffer 2; by Shore 4. Wild pitch,

Pfeffer 2. Passed ball, Caddy. Umpires—

At plate, Connolly; on bases O'-

Day; left field, Quigley; right field,

Dineen. Time, 1:42.



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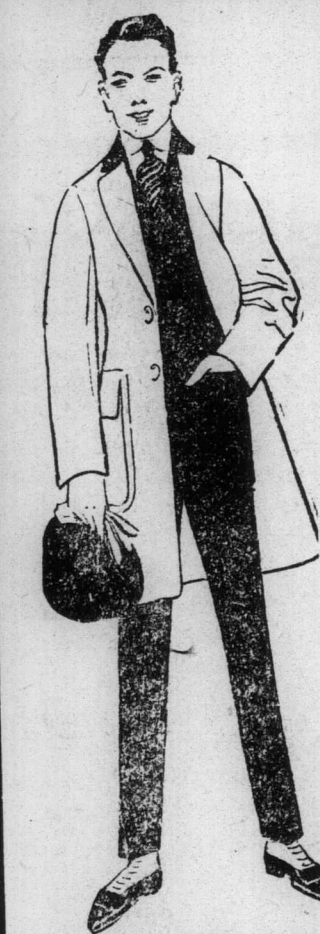
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