

RED SOX TAKE THE LEAD IN WORLD SERIES GAMES

JOE WOOD AGAIN WINS FROM M'GRAW'S GIANTS BY WONDERFUL PITCHING

Strikes Out Eight Batters and Keeps New York Hits Well Scattered—Wagner Played a Remarkable Game at Shortstop For Red Sox and Helped to Keep the Score Down.

New York, Oct. 11.—Joe Wood and lowering skies. Can anybody picture a combination more likely to bring grief to the opponents of the Boston Red Sox?

That is what the Giants were up against today and that they did not win is not half so surprising as that they scored at all. For a long time it did not look as though they were going to tally but finally, in the seventh inning, they shoved over a run, which, while valuable in breaking the shut-out, was just too short of a tie score and three less than would have brought them victory. From which statement the intelligent reader will deduce that the score was 3 to 1, and it was Boston's trio and "Gotham's solo."

New York fans, who long have harbored the delusion that the American League is a circuit in which a fly on the bounce is out, rapidly are being convinced that this fellow J. Wood is considerable of a pitcher, and when they are thoroughly convinced of this fact they will have learned one of the truest things extant.

HAS GIANTS BUFFALOED.

Twice in this series the smoky lad from the city of culture has placed the Giants in positions where they just could not make their bats behave. On Tuesday's exhibition, though Wood was hit a little oftener and did not strike out quite as many men as on Tuesday, was every bit as good a display of all that pitching should be. In results accomplished, Joe was just three times as good this afternoon as in the opening battle of the series, for only one run could the Giants get off him as against three their first time out.

Joe wasn't feeling right this afternoon at that, for he only struck out eight men against eleven on Tuesday. He was terribly nervous in the pinches, too, almost as nervous as one of those tortoises which live 999 years and then commit suicide by getting too lazy to breathe. A batter who goes to the plate with men on bases and Woody pitching, has just about as much chance to get a hit as the Republicans have to carry Louisiana, where the G. O. P. vote is strictly brunette in character.

Several pinches arose today, the second, sixth, seventh and eighth producing situations in which the nerve of an ordinary pitcher might be tried, but in which the human iceberg laughed in the faces of the poor paralyzed wretches who were trying to hit him. In the seventh, Joe cut it just a little too fine and an unexpected hit from Fletcher, who is concealed near the tail end of the batting order, produced the Giants' run, a very ornamental thing, but no more useful than a Christmas penwiper, or hand-painted shaving paper book.

NEARLY TIED IT UP.

There came very near being another and tieing marker in this seventh, a man being put out at the plate when he tried to score from second on an infield single. Cady, the receiving half of the Smoke twins, was the hero of this episode, and Arthur Fletcher was its victim. Cady received the ball some time before Fletcher hove in sight and waited calmly for his prey. The Giant came charging along and dove into Cady with spikes gleaming like scythes, whereupon the catcher who is a substantially built person and as timid as a tigress with cubs, tossed Fletcher, spikes and all several feet in the air. "Yer out," announced Umpire Rigler without waiting to count the ten customary when a man goes down.

Wood had today his celebrated displays two fingers, and a "hook" describes a beautiful arc around the bat. "Yer out," announced Umpire Rigler without waiting to count the ten customary when a man goes down. Wood had today his celebrated displays two fingers, and a "hook" describes a beautiful arc around the bat. "Yer out," announced Umpire Rigler without waiting to count the ten customary when a man goes down.

Except for a fast ball that leaped at just the wrong time for the batters' peace of mind, a curve that acted as though somebody had a string tied to it, and yanked the string at the psychological moment, a slow ball, perfect control, fendish cunning in mixing them up, and plenty of "innards"—that is the polite way to say it—Joe had nothing but his glove and toe-plate. Inning after inning, the Giants, after assailing the ambient, or watching a third strike, bisect the gutta-percha, strode back to the bench, and said: "This here guy ain't got nothing," and when ball players say this make up your mind that Mr. Pitcher ought to pay excess baggage for the amount of stuff he has on the ball.

Good Stage Career.

Joe and Cady ought to go on the stage with a mind-reading, second-sight, clairvoyant or whatever you call it, specially this winter. They seemed to know just what the Giants were expecting all the time, and the Giants got it, too; where little Willie forgot to use the soap and water. Mr. Murray, for instance, says to himself that the next ball will be a curve, and decides to look it over. Crouching Mr. Cady sticks out one long digit and a fast one cuts the plate so squarely that even the home fans forget to call the umpire a thief. Next time John, the Red, makes up his mind that Wood is about to whizz one straight over. Then Cady

tioned to being in such a large and financially important series as this, and today looked something like the ball club that spread-eagled the American League this season. If they ever become convinced that a world's series battle is just as easy to win as any other, and that the opposition is just as scared as they are, that 60 per cent "divvy" looks like their mutton.

Wagner and Yerkes Star. Some "Dromedary" holding a Y. Helne Wagner and Steve Yerkes helped Wood at times today. If this German pitcher keeps in much longer, from the Pittsburgh assassin, will throw out his chest when he is mistaken for Charlie, the Boston beauty there first grows suspicious among the persons who have the theory that Boston is using ten men in the line-up, two of them being Wagner and somebody who looks and acts just like him and who becomes visible only when needed.

It is not possible that any one human being could be in so many places at once as this Wagner man seems to be, nor that anybody could shift his position so quickly. Three times today Charlie grabbed balls hit through the box and sent his man at first base, one of these being a slow bouncer that he seized in front of second base, and another a fast one, traveling thumps that he intercepted behind the keystone sack, using only one hand to make the most difficult of these plays.

Having seen nobody but Fletcher regurgitate, the New York fans do not believe such things were really so, and they wanted McGraw to protest the game on the ground that Wagner had concealed a ball in his glove and thrown that to first instead of the one that was batted with such apparent safety.

Kills Doyle Kills Doyle. Yerkas had several chances that had to be handled quickly to avoid trouble, and one that called for a pinch of play, this being in the fourth inning when Steve came in on the grass and got a slow hopper from Larry Doyle's bat and threw the captain out without stopping to get his balance.

On the other side there was some snappy defense work, with a one-handed catch by "Red" Murray as the head-batter, and one that called for a pinch of play, this being in the fourth inning when Steve came in on the grass and got a slow hopper from Larry Doyle's bat and threw the captain out without stopping to get his balance.

It was an exciting game, as all those in this series have been, and one club or the other constantly threatening to do something. Boston was most assertive in the early stages, while the Giants came to life in the closing portion when action on the part of the Red Sox was lacking.

For the first four innings it looked as though Tesreau was in for a frightful mauling, Boston starting with a lead by getting a man on. Twelve Jeff was equal to the emergency and through good luck the ball traveled. "Let it hit you, Josh," urged McGraw of Little Devere, but Joshua, thinking of all the nice things that even the lowly spit of the world's series money will buy, decided that it was better to let soldiers at \$15 a month stop the cannon balls.

Big Jeff Tesreau, who appeared against wood in the first game of the series, looked home in this duel. The "Ozark Bearcat" pitched in this duel. The "Ozark of baseball, too, and if the Giants had been able to get him a few runs more have given Joe a warm argument. In the seven innings of the Tesreau regime, Boston got only five hits, and one of these was a scratch. One happened to be a triple by Gardner, however, at the start of an inning, while another came with a man on third by virtue of a fielder's choice, stolen base and infield killing. In this way, the Red Sox harvested the two runs they got off the big spitball manipulator.

Substitutes Leon Ames. In the last part of the seventh frame, McGraw, realizing that he must sacrifice defense to strengthen attack, took Jeff Ames, famous as the possessor of the quickest and one of the most elusive curve balls in the universe, during the last two innings. He got out of the eighth without being landed on for a run, but the Stabbs held a convention of two hits and a sacrifice in tie ninth and made their third and final mark on the board. Wood has the honor of landing home runs, and the honor of lighting his own labor just that much. He probably would have been able to get along on a margin of one run with only three more men to be disposed of, but two made it an absolute cinch, and most of the fans started for the exits. Boston played with a great deal more dash than either of the other games. The Sox apparently are becoming accus-

JOE PATCHEN WON AT ILLINOIS FAIR

Finished the Final Heat of the 2:15 Pace in 2:03 3/4, Second Best Time Made on Springfield Track.

Springfield, Ill., Oct. 11.—Joe Patchen won the 2:15 pace for a stake of \$5,000 at the Illinois State Fair, and by finishing the final heat in 2:03 3/4 gained the distinction of stepping the second fastest heat in a race since the local track came into prominence. The summary:

First race, 2:15 pace, stake \$5,000—Joe Patchen (Fleming) 1 1 1 Walter Cochato, blk. c. (Snyder) 2 2 4 Iowa Todd, br. h. (Smith) 3 5 3 Bessie Bee, b. m. (Parker) 4 3 5 Red S., br. c. (Colonel) 5 4 3 Warner Hall, Henry S. Williams, Wallace, Oille Bell, Rose Equity, Ben Mediam, Grand Opera, Franklin Pierce and College Jim started.

Time—2:06 3/4, 2:06 3/4, 2:03 3/4. Free-for-all trot, \$1,500—Dudie Archdale, blk. m., by Archdale (Jones), won; Nancy Royce (McCarthy), second; Fair Medium (Dean), third. Best time, 2:11 3/4. 2:14 trot, \$1,000—Katherine R. b. m., by Cecilia Chief (H. Jones), won; Hydromel (Burrigh), second; Radium Silk (McCarthy), third. Best time, 2:11 3/4.

2:12 pace, \$1,000—Prince Arlington, b. s., by King Arlington (Tobsey), won; Fannie Shirley (Pearce), second; Eagle Wing (Holt), third. Best time, 2:08 3/4.

ACCEPT OFFICE POSITIONS.

WESTERVELT SCHOOL PUPILS. Miss Harper, stenographer, Brownson & Co., Limited, Vancouver; Mr. Smith, bookkeeper, McConnell & Ferguson; Miss Johnston, stenographer, B. E. Telephone Company; Miss White, office clerk, W. Jenkins Company; Miss McKim, stenographer, Fraser Hat Company; Miss Manning, stenographer, Toronto Land Company, Limited; Mr. Redgood, stenographer, C. P. R., London.

JOE WOOD'S SECOND WIN

New York	A.B.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.	Boston	A.B.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Devore, i.f.	4	0	1	0	0	0	Hood, r.f.	4	0	1	0	0	0
Doyle, i.f.	4	0	1	4	1	0	Yerkes, 2b.	3	0	1	2	6	0
Snodgrass, c.f.	4	0	2	0	0	0	Speaker, c.f.	4	0	1	2	0	0
Murray, i.f.	4	0	1	8	0	0	Lewis, 1b.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Merkle, 1b.	4	0	1	8	0	0	Gardner, 3b.	3	2	2	0	0	0
Harzog, 3b.	4	2	2	1	0	0	Stahl, 1b.	3	1	0	0	0	0
Meyers, c.	4	0	0	4	6	1	Wagner, s.s.	3	0	0	2	3	1
Fletcher, s.s.	4	0	1	3	6	0	Cady, c.	4	1	1	0	0	0
Tesreau, p.	2	0	1	0	2	0	Wood, p.	4	0	2	0	2	0
McCormick	0	0	0	0	0	0							
Ames, p.	0	0	0	0	0	0							

Totals 35 1 9 27 12 1 Totals 32 3 8 27 12 1
1 McCormick batted for Tesreau in seventh inning.
Score by Innings—
NEW YORK 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1—3
BOSTON 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0

Summary: Hitters—Fletcher, Speaker. Three-base hit—Gardner. Two hits—Yerkes, Stahl. Stolen bases—Merkle, Stahl. Double plays—Fletcher to Merkle, Left on bases—Boston 7, New York 7. First base—Fletcher—By Tesreau 2, off Ames 1. First base on errors—New York—Struck out—By Tesreau 5, by Wood 8. Wild pitch—Tesreau. Time, 2:06. Umpires—At plate, Rigler; on bases, O'Loughlin; left field, Evans; right field, Klem.

THE FIGURES AND FINANCES.

	Attend.	Receipts.	Players.	Clubs.	Nat. Com.
Oct. 8, New York	35,520	\$75,127	\$3,520	\$15,000	\$7,513.00
Oct. 9, Boston	30,148	\$68,369	\$3,519	\$10,306	\$5,336.90
Oct. 10, Boston	34,624	\$83,142	\$4,098	\$14,365	\$6,314.00
Oct. 11, New York	36,502	\$76,644	\$4,387	\$13,795	\$7,644.00

TEAM RECORD FOR FOUR GAMES.

	Runs.	Hits.	Bases.	Bat. av.	Stolen	Er.
BOSTON	14	32	46	.7	4	3
NEW YORK	12	35	44	.4	5	8

Mathewson the Great Tells Idah McGlone Gibson Just How He Puts Over the Ball That Fools 'Em—Star Pitcher's Personality as Seen by Woman Writer

BY IDAH MCGLONE GIBSON.

Written for The London Advertiser.

Christy Mathewson came out of the dressing-room at the Polo grounds and looked at me inquiringly, but graciously said yes when I told him I had a photographer outside who was anxious to snap him.

I did want to get Mathewson before he changed from his street clothes, because, between you and me, a baseball player in uniform is not a thing of beauty, although he is sometimes a joy forever (or until he becomes a Marquard). This is Mathewson's thirteenth year with the New York Giants, and he still retains his youthful enthusiasm and interest in the game. This, I believe, is the secret of his long usefulness.

"I have never played one game of ball," he said, "that was just like any other game. There is always some little interesting twist which makes it absolutely new. Of course, the people in the stands recognize the big plays, but often the most interesting plays are only seen by the expert."

Mathewson looks 10 years younger than Jake Stahl, although they are the same age, 22. He is perhaps the best talker of all the baseball men I have interviewed. His words are chosen with good taste, his intonation is cultured, and he points his speech with sincerity.

"To what do you attribute your long success?" I asked him. "To my careful analysis of the batter and the recognition of his weakness. After a pitcher has attained control of the ball, which is purely a technical facility he must acquire, he must depend entirely upon his head. Some of my critics say I put the ball too straight over the plate, and I have always tried to do this, but in doing so I always know just where the batter's "groove" is and avoid it. I study his method and change mine to beat him out, if possible."

Mathewson had a great deal to say about the morals of his profession. Like Jake Stahl, he believes it is one of the best callings for the college man.

"I do not know of any other profession," he said, "where the young man is started immediately upon leaving college at \$3,000 salary and where, if he is successful, he may in five years be earning from seven to ten thousand dollars. TODAY THE YOUNG BALL PLAYER'S POSITION AMONG MEN IS JUST AS GOOD AS THAT OF THE YOUNG LAWYER OR PHYSICIAN."

Mathewson seems to think that Tesreau is THE coming pitcher. "The Giants call Tesreau 'Jeff,'" he said, "because he is so big, and, in a way, we think he looks like Jeffries."

The Giants' star pitcher would make no prophecy in regard to the world's series, although he gave the entire credit of winning the National League pennant to Manager McGraw, of whom he says: "He is the best molder of men that I have ever known."

ANOTHER RECORD MADE AT LEXINGTON

Uhlen 1:58, and Lewis Forrest 2:06 1/4 Lower the Trotting Record to 2:03 1/4.

ANNA AXME A WINNER

Darkness Postponed the Third Event of the Day After Three Heats Had Been Run Off.

Lexington, Ky., Oct. 11.—Another world's record was broken at the trotting meeting here today, when Uhlan, 1:58, and Lewis Forrest, 2:06 1/4, owned by C. K. G. Billings, were sent out to lower the record for a pair of trotters to the pole. The original record stood at 2:07 1/4 until this pair of famous trotters made the mile in 2:03 1/4, thus clipping off four and one-half seconds.

The horses were sent away on the second scoring, and it was evident almost from the first quarter that the record would be shattered. Not a break was made during the trial, both horses working like machines. The racing card was featured by the pacing division of the Kentucky Futurity for 3-year-old pacers, with a valuation of \$2,000. This event was won after four heats by Anna Axme, by Ask Me Not, a heavily-backed favorite.

The closing event of the day was postponed after the third heat on account of darkness. After this heat Dr. Mack stood with the first heat to his credit, while the second and third were won by Jack London.

During the afternoon the season's record of 2:06 1/4 for a 4-year-old trotting mare, held by Margaret Parrish, was lowered one-quarter of a second by the same mare.

Hester C., a yearling filly by Silent Brook, also made a new world's mark of 2:13 1/4 for a yearling filly. Summary: The Futurity, pacing division; 3-year-olds; value \$2,000; 3 in 5: Anna Axme, b. f., by Ask Me Not (Murphy) 4 1 1 Ed. Locanda, ch. g., by Locanda (Bacon) 1 3 2 Director Jay, r. c. (Valentine) 2 2 2 The Manager, b. c. (Proctor) 3 4 4 ds Princess Peter, b. f. (Allen) 5 ds

Time—2:12 3/4, 2:10 3/4, 2:08 3/4, 2:08 3/4. 2:15 class, trotting, purse \$1,000, 3 in 5: Miss Davis, b. m., by Col. Eaton (Lase) 1 1 1 Mack's Mack, b. h. (McDonald) 2 3 2 Herbert M., b. g. (Todd) 3 3 8 Amy, b. m. (Cox) 4 8 3 Miss Directed, br. m. (Caldwell) 7 4 6 Dr. Wilkes, b. g. (McVine) 9 7 4 Rainbow, ch. g. (Geary) 8 6 6 Kilpatrick, br. h. (Willis) 5 9 9 Angelo, b. g. (Doble) 6 7 7 Time—2:10 3/4, 2:10 3/4, 2:10 3/4.

2:09 class, trotting, purse \$1,000, 3 in 5 (unfinished)—Jack London, ch. h., by Constanar

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ATHLETICS ARE ONE KIND OF CHAMPIONS

Defeated the Phillies for the Championship of Philadelphia, Winning Four Out of Five.

Philadelphia, Oct. 11. — Contest No. 5 of the city series went Athleticward by the score of 5 to 2, giving Connie Mack's boys the local championship, they having won four of the five games played, the Phillies making the first Young Carroll Brown had the honor of stowing away the final encounter. The Mack recruit was never in danger, holding the slugging Phils to seven widely-scattered bungs. Eppa Rixey, who started the strife for the losing combination, was replaced by Chalmers.

There was not much of a turnout to the deciding game, interest having waned after the manner in which Athletics outclassed the Phils in the second and third sections. The score: Nationals—0 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0—3 11 1 Cheney and Archer; Cicotte, Walsh and Eastery and Sullivan.

CUBS AND WHITE SOX AGAIN PLAY A TIE

Cheney Holds Sox Until the Ninth, Then Allows Them to Tie the Score.

Chicago, Oct. 11. — Another drawn battle was uncovered in the Chicago city series here this afternoon. Monday's contest was sensational, but today's encounter was even more so. Cheney went the entire 12 innings for the Cubs and permitted by 13 hits off his delivery. Cicotte was Callahan's original choice, but when the Cubs started to crowd his offerings, "Big Ed" Walsh was summoned to the mound and stopped the rush of the National Leaguers.

The Murphy-owned combine grabbed off what looked to be a winning lead in the eighth round, but the game Sox evened the count in their portion of the ninth. There was no scoring in the three following innings. The score: Nationals—0 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0—3 11 1 Cheney and Archer; Cicotte, Walsh and Eastery and Sullivan.

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MRS. GIBSON INTERVIEWING CHRISTY MATHEWSON FOR THE ADVERTISER. SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPH BY DONCOURT.